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American Ornithology.

For the Home and School.

EDITED BY CHESTER A. REED, B. S.

Vol. 4.

WORCHESTER, MASS.,
CHAS. K. REED, PUBLISHER,
1904.

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VOL. IV **JANUARY, 1904.** **NO. 1**

Although it is now ten days before the 1st of January, as this is being written; we are glad to see that the greater part of our readers for the past year are hastening to get back to the fold for another year. Owing to the completion of the "Color Key to North American Birds" which has engrossed his attention for the past year, the editor feels that with the additional time which he will be able to devote to American Ornithology, he can safely promise that the present volume will be ahead of any that have preceded. From now on, our bird articles will be illustrated with colored plates showing the male, female, and young where there are differences in the plumages.

So great has been the call for the new book, "Color Key" that a second edition is in preparation, and it bids fair to surpass in sales any other work on birds that has hitherto been placed before the public.

We neglected to mention in the December issue that last year's magazines would be bound the same as in former years and we have received many inquiries in regard to this. They will be bound in an attractive illuminated cover, uniform with the preceding volumes at a cost of 75 cents. Send your magazines flat and well wrapped. The postage is one cent for each four ounces or fraction, and eight cents additional if you wish it registered.

Owing to the large and increasing subscription list, we have installed one of the latest mailing machines having a capacity of 20,000 addresses per day. The date which will hereafter be printed on the envelopes is the date up to which the subscription is paid, i. e. Jan. '05 indicates that the subscription is paid up to but not including January.

AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY
FOR HOME AND SCHOOL

VOL. IV. JANUARY, 1904. NO. 1.

Photo by J. H. Miller.

YOUNG KINGFISHERS.

(Winner of second prize in Class 2.)

A FEBRUARY WALK IN THE WOODS.

I've been sitting here in the watch tower for over an hour, watching the daylight die out over the glistening snow fields, the far blue hills and the near green pines. Masses of purple and pale lilac clouds have drifted into the west, glowed warmest red and softest pink, and faded slowly back to purple and lilac gray.

I think of Elizabeth and her peonies and lilac and the spring days that "seemed to melt away into a dream of pink and purple peace." For this has been the third day of spring, in spite of the calendar. In spite of the Calendars, I might say, for I sat this afternoon in a room with no less than seven of these monitors of the flight of time, each one declaring with more of less vociferousness that as the month was February, it must be winter. But a calendar in an insentient, dull affair of paper and ink, while I am a sentient being, and I felt the Spring begin Saturday.

For a week there had been a vague intermittent hints of a change. A difference in the early morning look of the sky, something changed in the mists that hung over the river at mid day, and two or three times at sunset a pink flush over the maple grove on the Rolway that spoke of swelling buds. On Thursday, taking a walk over the North Hill, I found the crust quite strong and walked wherever my fancy led; on Friday the sun shone brightly all day; and on Saturday the Spring came. On that day I went for a walk over through Burwell's Grove and out on the road beyond, and found the snowbanks so much reduced, not so much in depth as in bearing qualities, that it behooved me to walk the straight and narrow way. Several times I proved the inadvisability of trying any adventurous journeys cross lots and finally gave up, going out of the road only where some particularly promising branch grew quite uncompromisingly to the right or left.

I wanted a bundle of whips, pussy willows and dogwood preferably, but anything that looked growable finally, so I wandered along looking for twigs with swelling buds and listening for birds.

Once, faint and far off among the hemlocks, I heard a "Chick-a-dee-dee," and twice, from among the beeches where the snow forbade my going, a nuthatch called "Yank-yank-yank," and these were the only sounds I heard until I was well up the hill, when a faint tapping made me look into an oak tree just a few yards away and there was a Downy Woodpecker just beginning to hunt for his supper.

The faint tap had been merely preliminary, for as I watched, he grew more and more energetic in his assaults until at nearly every stroke, bits of

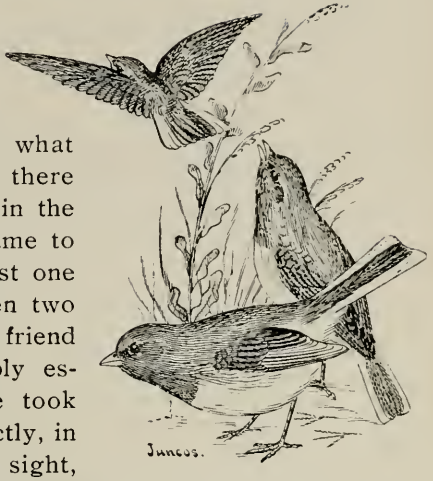
oak bark would fly to the ground where the snow was soon dotted with irregular dark spots. How he worked! His little head flew back and forth with an energy that made my own neck fairly ache, while his pauses seemed to be scarcely long enough to eat the larvae or egg he had uncovered. I wonder if I were suddenly to become possessed of a mad desire to gain my sustenance by boring through solid wood and oak wood at that, if Nature would see fit to change my nose into a hard bony chisel. There have been fewer Woodpeckers than usual this year, owing I believe to the entire absence of beech nuts and the scarcity of other food. Last winter when the beech nut crop was remarkably large the beechwoods had quite a colony of winter birds and it was unusual to go there without finding both Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers and White-breasted Nuthatches.

Some days in November and December, before the snow was deep, I would come upon places where the crows had been nut gathering. The snow would be brushed away and the leaves would be lying about in little heaps or tossed to one side to lay bare the nuts beneath. Even after it grew quite cold and I thought they would have gone, I came upon their drinking place, a hole in the ice which covered the brook, and the snow was marked all over with the tracks they had evidently just made, for the light snow then falling had not obliterated them. Their home was in a pine woods across the river, and every morning I could see and hear them as they flew across the valley on their way to the beech woods. They seemed to start from home in a close company, save for two or three leaders, and in five minutes they would be out of hearing, and in five minutes more out of sight. But when they flew back at night they played along the road like boys coming from school and sometimes I could hear them for fifteen or twenty minutes from the time the first one started for home until the last straggler disappeared cawing among the pines. This winter I have not heard a crow since November, and in winter when birds are few, one misses the touch of animation they give to the woods and snowy fields. I had meant to cross the field above the beeches and go home along the meadows of the North Hill by way of making going home a continuation of my walk; but the result of several excursions after twigs and branches warned me that the snow would not bear my weight, and I turned to come back along the same road, only now I was facing the west where the sun was going down behind banks of purple clouds that hung low over the hills or moved slowly toward the south.

Something was going on in the hemlocks which hung over the last bit of the road just before it leaves the woods and loses itself and its individuality in the common placeness of a village street.

Photograph by R. H. Beebe.

YOUNG KINGFISHERS.



I could hear twittering and chirpings from some small birds that kept provokingly out of sight among the top branches, but peer and look as I would, I could not tell what they were. They did not sing and there was nothing specially characteristic in the little chirps and whispers that came to my ear from time to time. At last one of them flew across the open between two trees and I recognized my small friend chickadee, when he was comfortably established in his new situation he took time to sing his name very distinctly, in case I had failed to reconize him by sight, but he had no need, for his fluffy gray suit and black cap and cravat mark him at once. There were perhaps a dozen of them getting their supper from the tiny seeds of the hemlock, and, in the road, the snow which had been spotless an hour before was covered with the little brown cones and feathery bits of green where they had nipped off a twig just for fun. Such a chattering and fluttering and chirping as they kept up, just like any other five o'clock function! Between courses one of them would fly from the branch where he had been eating and, hanging upside down on the very tip of a twig would sing his sweet, homely little song over and over by way of adding to the festivity of the occasion showing his own appreciation of the good cheer. And yet, I fancy that as winters go this has been a trying one to the birds that do not migrate and it must be a very frugal repast, this meal of hemlock seeds. Commend me to any creature who will sing so cheerily over so scanty supper, and even leave off eating to entertain the company. How glad they will be to have Spring and an abundance once more. When they are in little companies and all talking together they do not sing Chick-a-dee-dee-dee; but a little song something like a repetition of the first three notes. It sounds very cheery and companionable when I am walking in winter and is so often the only bird I hear. I am ashamed to think that after their bravery in facing and singing through a northern winter, I shall turn from them to follow the first gay warbler that goes whisking by from the South.

My bouquet contains branches of beechand wild cherry tree, red-osier dogwood, a branch of raspberry bush and another of elderberry with buds already swelling. These to be put in a jar of water and watched as they develop, I hope, their leaves and blossoms. And besides my bunch of promises I have a few long feathery sprays of white pine, good, green, always-with-us pine, just because I love a pine tree above every other and like always to have a bit of its faithful greenness on my desk or near at hand.

M. S., DeCoster, N. Y.

KINGFISHER WITH FISH.
(Winner of first prize in Class I.)

Photo from life by R. H. Beebe.

WITH THE KINGFISHERS.

By R. H. Beebe.

On June seventeenth last, while out on a photographing trip, I discovered the entrance to a Kingfisher's home. It was situated in a gravel bank a few rods back from a creek. Having noticed for some time previous, a pair of Kingfishers in this vicinity, I at once concluded that undoubtedly the nest contained young birds.

The entrance to the nest being very near the top of the bank it was an easy matter to dig back to the young, simply by making a trench in the top of the bank. I found the six young Kingfishers after I had dug back about four feet from the entrance; they were about two feet farther back but in easy reach so it was unnecessary to dig the entire distance. They were taken out and placed in a row on the bank where the photograph which shows them with their feathers just starting, was made. They were then placed back in their under-ground home, and a board procured which would just cover the top of the trench I had dug, and then by placing some stones and gravel on top of it, I made them fully as secure as they were before they had been disturbed; still it was an easy matter for me to get to them at any time that I wished afterwards.

The creek in this vicinity being quite shallow and very plentifully stocked with mullets, made a fine fishing ground for the old birds, and later for the young when they became agile enough to try their hand at it.

In each of three different photos that I was able to secure of the adult birds, in each instance it had a mullet in it's bill, so undoubtedly this variety of fish were their staple article of diet.

In obtaining the photos of the old birds, I first made a blind out of sticks, stones, and grass, just large enough to conceal the camera. I also placed a dead branch in the side of the bank and about five feet from the blind. This formed a perch for the old birds to alight upon before entering the nest. The next day, June twentieth, I placed the camera in the blind and after focusing on the branch and concealing the camera as much as possible with grass I attached a thread to the shutter and ran it back for about three hundred feet to a clump of bushes where I could conceal myself. After waiting about an hour one of the old birds returned and I made the exposure which shows him with the

fish. The picture was made with a Goerz lens, series 3, No. 3; 1-75 sec. exposure, stop f. 11, on a Seed's gilt edge plate.

On June twenty-fifth I again visited the nest and made the picture of the six young birds. At this time they were nearly full grown, very lively, and determined to hang on to my fingers with their beaks; they also seemed possessed to grab each other and it was no easy matter to keep them all quiet and together even long enough to make their photograph, but after repeated attempts in catching and arranging them, they at last remained quiet for the desired fraction of a second.

The old birds were very wild and at no time did they come near while I was in the vicinity of their nest, due undoubtedly to their being shot at so much by hunters, who as a rule never let the opportunity pass to send a charge after them if they happen any where near within reach.

Photo by R. H. Beebe.

YOUNG KINGFISHERS.

A FAVORITE HAUNT.

CHILDREN as a rule, especially those born and raised in the rural districts, have some favorite haunt where they especially delight to spend their time and where certain pleasant associations are formed, the memory of which is treasured in after years.

The writer was no exception to this rule, and I will endeavor to describe a certain "Deserted Limestone Quarry," which, in my case, was the favorite haunt of childhood. A perusal of the following will give my readers an idea of the general appearance of the locality. In the centre was a large pond of deep water, bounded on three sides by steep banks, partially covered by huge rocks and sandstone boulders. On the fourth side was a cart road leading to the double stone lime kiln, then out of use. The south bank was bordered by a piece of woodland, through which ran a little brook, and the other three sides by pasture fields. Within the deep gulch, and extending around about two thirds of the body of water, was a combined cart road and pathway, at the extreme end of which, lying under two large, over-hanging rocks, was a spring of most delicious water. It was quite deep, yet so clear that you could see the white sand and pebbles at the bottom very plainly. Around the edges of the spring grew a choice variety of cress. Hanging from the banks above mentioned were numerous sumach bushes and blackberry briars. Such were the natural surroundings of my favorite haunt. A charming place indeed; where marvelous blending of light and shade intermingled colors:—the rich green of the mosses and ferns; the dark gray of the rocks, with patches of lichens here and there, and the beautiful reflection in the water made by the surrounding forest trees.

Now a few words regarding the many bird friends with which I associated, and whose habits and daily lives I studied. In one of the steep banks referred to, a pair of Kingfishers made their burrow, but in a place where it was inaccessible; however, I noticed them flying in and out of the opening and the probabilities are that a family was raised there. Within the lime kiln a pair of Pewees built their nest among the old logs composing the structure, and they could be seen almost

any time perched on a near-by twig looking for passing insects. Among the briars on the bank, the Song Sparrows reigned; in the piece of woodland referred to I found the nests of Blue Jays, Crows, Cat Birds, Wood-Thrushes, Cardinals, Vireos, Crested Flycatchers etc. The quarry was also frequently visited by a pair of Green Herons and I think they had a nest in the vicinity.

Owing to the large number of insects around the water, the quarry was a favorite feeding ground for King Birds, Pewees and Swallows, and the latter could be seen skimming over the surface of the water, or circling high in air, from early dawn until evening. They present a pretty sight, flying here and there, the rich coloring of their plumage flashing in the sunlight, and ever accompanied by their pleasant sociable twittering.

The clear call of the Killdeer would frequently ring out from near-by fields, and the song of the Meadow Lark from the low lands; Redwings were also often there, and I found a nest on two or three occasions. Sometimes a Hawk would pass over the locality--and what a sudden change--all voices were hushed, not a feathered citizen was to be seen anywhere; they had all completely vanished; there was a stillness as of death. These conditions would last for a time, and finally the more venturesome denizens would come forth and if all danger seemed to be past, others would follow their example until things resumed their normal state.

Aside from this large bird population, there were many other things of interest, among which may be mentioned land and water turtles, snapping turtles, frogs in all stages of transformation, sun and cat fish, many beautiful insects and a family of little gray rabbits; I had the pleasure of seeing the latter when they were scarcely larger than small kittens. Along the borders of the wood were gray squirrels, ground squirrels and ground hogs. Thus in this one particular locality, opportunity was afforded for the study of a large number of natural subjects. Here, too was the pleasant odor of fresh green mint and the scent of wild roses.

In the early spring time a profusion of wild violets (blue and yellow), dog-tooth violets, blood roots, spring beauties, anemones, "jack-in-the-pulpit", belwort and hare bell were to be found in the strip of woodland, and later in the season the pasture fields were covered with buttercups and daisies. Were all details entered into a volume could be written concerning this old quarry and the many happy hours spent there, but I have simply recorded a few of the scenes and occurrences which come up more prominently before me.

BERTON MERCER.

BIRD NEIGHBORS.

How is it that the people, generally speaking, manifest such little concern in our common birds? Are they so constituted that they can not appreciate even the merry warble of the friendly bluebird as he flits from limb to limb and from post to rail as the welcome sunshine bursts forth on a cold February or March morning? See him salute you with his wings as he alternately raises and lowers them; see the reflection in his plumage of the bluest sky that God ever gave; and note his implicit confidence in man, evidenced on his part by a desire to build his little home in any place about the house that man may provide for him.

Who can not appreciate the spirited little wren, despite the fact that he on some occasions appears to be rather irritable, and a scold. He confides in man and by his cheerfulness and activity sets examples that man may well afford to emulate. I mention these two birds particularly, because they are true bird neighbors and are quickly recognized by most people. There are many others,—in fact all of the birds, with rare exceptions, common to our country, are well worth associating with and appreciating. I am of the opinion that God gave to the birds their varied plumage and song, so beautiful in both, for the purpose of contributing to the pleasure of man, and I think we should esteem them as such.

The birds are sensible little creatures and are quick to recognize a friend, and there remains such little for us to do in order to assure them of our friendship.

Do not harm them yourself; protect them as far as possible from those who would harm them, and then invite them to become your neighbors. I was impressed in the Spring of 1902 with the ease with which this can be done. Noticing a wren about my house, I took a small box, cut a hole in it, nailed a lid on and tied it to the limb of a young apple tree, about six feet from the ground, and my children and I, too, were delighted to see wrens building in it before the day had gone. Succeeding so well in this, we next prepared a larger box, labeled it in pencil: "For a blue bird," to amuse the children, and placed it on a ten foot pole near the house of the wrens. The Bluebirds were preparing a home in it before two days had elapsed. Both broods were reared without being molested, except frightened occasionally by a neighbor's cat and those detestable little pests, English sparrows. At the former enemy I threw many brick bats, and I make it a rule to shoot the latter when they come within reach of my target.

C. W. Wilson.

PINE GROSBEAK.

A. O. U. No. 515. (Pinicola enucleator leucura.)

RANGE.

Northeastern parts of North America; south in winter through New England. Breeds from northern New England northwards.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 8.5 in. Adult male—Rosy red, brightest on the head, rump and breast; belly grayish; back brownish black with the feathers edged with rosy; wings and tail blackish, the former crossed by two wing-bars. General plumage of the female is grayish with the head, rump and sometimes the breast tinged with a more or less bright greenish yellow. Young males are similar in plumage to the female although the color varies from the greenish yellow of the female to orange or reddish.

NEST AND EGGS.

Pine Grosbeaks breed from the northern parts of the United States northwards placing their nests chiefly in coniferous trees. The nest is made of twigs and rootlets and lined with fine rootlets and grasses. Three or four eggs are laid during the latter part of May. The eggs are pale greenish blue and are specked and blotched with brown and lilac.

SUB-SPECIES.

The Pine Grosbeak has recently been sub-divided into the following:

"515a. Rocky Mountain Pine Grosbeak (P. e. montana). Similar to No. 515, but decidedly larger, and coloration slightly darker; the adult male with the red of a darker, more carmine hue. Range. Rocky Mountains from Montana and Idaho to New Mexico. (Ridgway).

"515b. California Pine Grosbeak (P. e. californica). Similar to No. 515, but male with red much brighter; feathers of back plain ashy gray without darker centers; female with little if any greenish on rump. Range. Higher parts of Central Sierra Nevada, north to Placer county and south to Fresno county, California. (Grinnell).

"515c. Alaskan Pine Grosbeak (P. e. alascensis). Similar to 515, but decidedly larger with smaller or shorter bill and paler coloration, both sexes having the gray parts of the plumage distinctly lighter, more ashy. Range. Northwestern North America except Pacific coast, breeding in interior of Alaska; south in winter, to eastern British Columbia, Montana, etc. (Ridg.)

"515d. Kadiak Pine Grosbeak (P. e. flammula). Similar to No. 515, but with much larger, relatively longer and more strongly hooked bill; wings and tail grayish brown instead of dull blackish. Range.

PINE GROSBEAKS.

(Male and Female.)

Kadiak Island and south on the coast to Sitka, Alaska. (Ridgway)." (Color Key to N. A. Birds).

HABITS.

To most of us who reside within the United States, Pine Grosbeaks are known only as winter visitants. The first snow storm or long cold period in the fall brings them down from the north in bands of from three or four individuals to as many as thirty or forty. The male birds in the rosy plumage average about one to every five of the gray and yellow ones, so it is to be assumed that each flock contains four young birds and an adult female in company with each adult male. Their call note and also note of alarm is a clear piping whistle. It is occasionally uttered while they are perching, and is nearly always heard when they are on the wing. The chorus of a large flock makes a very pleasing melody on a cold wintry day, when few other birds are to be heard. While they are very often found in orchards, they are much more frequently met with in localities where there is a small growth of pines. When the ground is bare or the snow is not too deep, they feed on the seeds that are left hanging to various weeds.

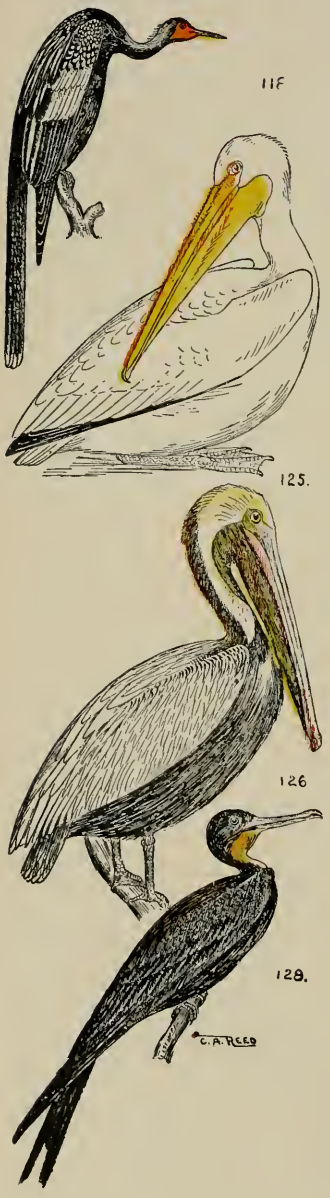
This year they have been more numerous than usual in Massachusetts, first putting in an appearance about the first of October. They are exceedingly tame birds, being so unsuspicious that they have frequently been caught in butterfly nets. It is said that they are very easily tamed and they are sweet singers. Their flight is very easy and is made with a slight undulation; they never appear to be on the lookout for danger and a number of times I have involuntarily dodged, so near my head did they come when they flew from one tree to another. This winter I have followed one flock with unusual interest. They have remained in one locality, a certain hill which is set apart by the city for a park, for over two months. This hill is covered by scattered clumps of firs and the ground is carpeted by grass and weeds which make a fine feeding ground for Grosbeaks. The entire flock numbered in the neighborhood of fourteen birds but was generally found broken into two or three bands on different parts of the hill. They were first discovered by a reporter on one of the daily papers. Although he did not then know what they were, he soon found them to be tamer than any birds that he had ever met before. They were feeding on the ground and he did not notice them until about four or five feet from them; seeing that they showed no disposition to fly away from him he tried to see how near he could get; noticing that they were feeding on the seeds of a particular weed, he picked one of the same variety and then cautiously approached them a few inches at

a time; reaching out the hand that held the weed he placed the tip of it before one of the birds and the latter proceeded to regale himself from the supply offered. The bird finally allowed him to reach forth his hand and stroke his back before flying. The next day I verified this report and found the birds more tame than any that I had seen before, although I did not attempt to touch them, being content to get a number of photos of them. About the only thing that would startle them was a sudden noise, such as the focal plane shutter on the camera; the first two snaps they flew a few feet away but after that paid no attention to this noise.

The following day the hill was dotted with people looking for the birds. On this day I enjoyed studying human nature even more than the birds. Very few had any idea what the birds were like and fewer still knew what their notes were; party after party went by within ten or fifteen feet of the birds without seeing them though they were in plain sight, and without hearing them although they were calling repeatedly. One man stood for several minutes sweeping the hillsides with his field glasses; between he and I and within ten feet of him were eight Grosbeaks, one an old male; one bird stood on a stone with his head turned on one side looking up at the man and not more than three feet from his feet. Yet he did not see one of them and was astonished when I called his attention to them. How observant we are!

The movements of Grosbeaks are very slow while on the ground; they will eat all they can reach and then slowly move to the next stalk either by hopping or walking as their fancy dictates. If they wish to reach a spot a yard or more away they very rarely walk to it; they think flying is much easier than walking. In the trees the same slowness of motion is characteristic of them. The whole flock generally takes wing as if by one impulse, and with much calling to each other flies away. They have a very pretty song; it introduces a great variety of notes and warbles and is modelled something after the style of the Rose-breasted Grosbeak, though it is not nearly as loud, in fact at times it seems as though the bird were singing to himself, the tones hardly being audible. They seem to sing the most when alone either leaving the rest of the flock for that purpose or else having strayed away by accident.

Identification Chart, No. 24.



No. 118. Anhinga or Snakebird, (*Anhinga anhinga*).

Length 31 in.; extent, 36 in.; tail 11 in. Male. Head, neck, upper and underparts glossy black. Greater and middle coverts silvery white. Back more or less streaked with white. Tail tipped with brownish white. In summer the neck is covered with short silky white plumes; these are absent in winter. The female is similar except that the head and neck are brownish. Breeds in the Gulf States and occasionally north to South Carolina and Illinois.

No. 125. American White Pelican (*Pelecanus erythrorhynchus*).

Length 60 in., extent from five to six feet; tail 12 in. Whole plumage white except the primaries which are black. Bill and pouch orange and yellow and in summer adorned with an upright knob about midway of its length. Found chiefly in the interior portions of North America, breeding from the northern portions of the United States northwards to the central portions of Canada. Winters from the Gulf States southwards.

No. 126. Brown Pelican (*Pelecanus occidentalis*).

Length 50 in. Head and sides of neck whitish; rest of neck brownish; back and wings grayish; below blackish. Pouch greenish brown. Found in the South Atlantic and Gulf States. Accidentally found as far north as Maine.

No. 127. California Brown Pelican (*Pelecanus californicus*).

Very similar to the Brown Pelican but averaging larger. Found along the Pacific coast from British Columbia southwards.

No. 128. Man-o-'War or Frigate Bird (*Fregata aquila*).

Length 40 in. Male wholly black, glossy above. Pouch orange. Female brownish above and white below. A tropical bird found north to the Gulf coast and southern California.

No. 517. Purple Finch (*Carpodacus purpureus*).

Length about 6 in. General color a dull rosy red, brightest on the head and rump. Back with brownish centres to the feathers. Belly white. Female. Upper parts grayish brown each feather having a dull whitish margin; below whitish streaked with brownish. Found in North America east of the Plains and breeds from the middle portions of the United States northwards.

517a. California Purple Finch (*C. p. californicus*).

A somewhat darker subspecies. The female is olive greenish above instead of the brownish of purpureus.

No. 518. Cassin Purple Finch (*Carpodacus cassini*).

Similar to No. 517, but the colors clearer. United States west of the Rockies.

No. 519. House Finch (*Carpodacus mexicanus frontalis*).

Length 6 in. Form like the preceding but the rosy color much brighter and confined chiefly to the crown, throat, breast and rump. Back grayish brown, belly white streaked with brownish. Female, brownish gray above streaked with darker; below white streaked with brown. United States west of the Plains.

No. 519b. St. Lucas House Finch (*C. m. ruberrimus*).

Somewhat smaller than No. 519 and with the red more extended. Found in Lower California.

No. 520. Guadalupe House Finch (*Carpodacus amplus*).

Similar to No. 519, but deeper red. Guadalupe Island, Lower California.

PILEATED WOODPECKER.

A. O. U. No. 405. (Ceophloeus pileatus.)

RANGE.

The Pileated Woodpecker is found in the United States south of South Carolina. Its subspecie, the Northern Pileated Woodpecker is found throughout the northern parts of the United States and Canada in heavily wooded regions.

DESCRIPTION.

Length about 18 in. General plumage a dead black. Inner half of the primaries and secondaries white; this shows only at the base of the outer primaries when the wings are folded but when spread shows on the under side, fully half of the wing being white. The male has the whole top of the head and crest bright red and also the fore part of the stripe that runs from the bill down the sides of the neck. The female differs in having the fore part of the crown blackish or brownish and in having no red mustache as the stripe immediately back of the crown is termed.

NEST AND EGGS.

These birds nest in the heavily timbered woods making the excavations high up in the trunks of the trees, generally from thirty to sixty feet from the ground. Their bills are very powerful and chisel-like and they frequently make their nests in the heart of a living tree. They lay from three to five glossy white eggs which average in size about 1.3 in. by 1 in.

HABITS.

With the exception of the Ivory-billed Woodpecker this is much the largest of any that we get in this country. They are very imposing birds and appear quite regal with their large vermilion crests. They were formerly quite common throughout the United States and southern Canada. As they live only in the densest of woods composed of very large trees, the advance of civilization has steadily encroached upon their domain until now they are never found in some localities and very rarely in others.

They are practically resident wherever found, being one of the few birds that are equally at home in the compartively tropical clime of Florida or the severe weather that is encountered in northern Maine and Canada. They are generally very shy birds although sometimes one will be met with who has little fear of man. Through the south they commence nesting the latter part of March or early in April, while in the north they rarely have full sets of eggs before the end of

PILEATED WOODPECKER.
(Male and female.)

May. With their stout chisel-like bill they can bore into a tree with astonishing rapidity. They are quite cunning, especially the older birds that have learned by experience that they can not take too much pains to conceal the whereabouts of the nest. As they dig into the tree, they will carefully remove the chips to a distance before dropping them. It is only in the case of an unwise young bird, when you can find evidence of the boring by chips surrouncing hhe tree in which the nest is. The opening to the nest is three to six inches in diameter and the cavity is often made over two feet in depth. They generally leave a layer of chips to line the bottom of the cavity. The eggs are hatched in about three weeks and the young leave the nest in about the same length of time after.

A great many hunters who go to the Maine woods bring home one or more of these woodpeckers, not because they are of any use but because they are impressed by their size. They are very commonly known as "Logcock" or Crow Woodpecker. Their flight is generally somewhat slow and heavy like that of the Crow showing only a little of the undulation common to the Woodpeckers. They make very conspicuous objects when in flight, owing to the alternate flashing of white and black as their wings rise and fall, exposing the white under surfaces.

They feed largely on woodboring insects which they chisel out of the trees; their diet is also supplemented with ants and berries which they descend to the ground to get. It is said that they often feed on insects from under the bark of trees, by hammering in the crevices in a slanting direction and forcing large pieces of the bark off. A large portion of some trees, mostly decayed ones, are largely denuded of the covering by these birds in their quest for food. Its principal notes are not unlike those of the common flicker only slower and much louder.

SNOWY OWL.

A. O. U. No. 376. (Nyctea nyctea.)

RANGE.

Snowy Owls are found through the northern portions of the Northern Hemisphere, bot hin the New and Old World. In North America they breed from the central portions of Canada northwards. In winter they migrate to the northern boundaries of the United States and a few stragglers are observed in many of the middle tier of states.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 25 in. Male.—White more or less barred with brownish black. Occasionally birds will be found that are entirely white and unmarked, but they are almost always slightly barred. A female is very much more heavily barred than the male and as a rule is considerably larger.

NESTS AND EGGS.

The Snowy Owl's nest during May, placing their eggs in ahollow of the moss on a dry portion of some marsh. Sometimes a few grasses and feathers are used for lining. They are said to lay from three to ten eggs. These are oval in shape, of a white or creamy color, and average in size 2.24 X 1.77 in.

HABITS.

None of the owls with which we are familiar in the United States can compare in point of beauty with this inhabitant of the far north. In regard to size and strength they are also the leaders. They weigh slightly more than the Great Horned Owl and are fully his equal in muscular ability, and as for the Great Gray Owl which is found in the same regions as the Snowy, the latter is fully twice as heavy although the soft fluffy plumage of the Great Gray gives him the appearance of being the larger of the two.

During the summer months they find an abundance of food in the far north; Ptarmigan and rabbits abound, and they also feed on ducks and waders and are also said to be experts in catching fish.

Their appearance in the United States depends upon the severity of the weather and the conditions of the food supply. In some winters they come down in great abundance spreading out over the country and being found in quite southerly latitudes. They frequent the open country almost exclusively both in the north and during the winter when they are in this country. They lurk about stone walls and fences from which places they watch their opportunity to make a dash and catch some unwary bird or mammal, and they are very frequently caught by placing a steel trap on the top of some fence post.

SNOWY OWLS.
(Male and female.)

THE LOGCOCKS.

By E. F. Mosby.

Last summer I was surprised by seeing a large bird with a scarlet crest running along an old log; another followed and I quickly saw that they were Logcocks, the largest woodpeckers of the east, very black and with white and black stripes along the head and a handsome scarlet crest.

There were some large pokeberry bushes loaded with dark crimson berries near the log and the birds climbed into them and ate eagerly. I saw one of the Woodpeckers swing, head and back downwards, like a Chickadee while he held on with his claw and gathered the fruit with his bill, from a branch that spread outward. It was very odd to see such a large heavy bird in the attitude of our tiny Chickadees and Kinglets.

They did not seem shy and I saw and heard them frequently. They came near the house and were in the outside yard with its great oaks and chestnut trees. Sometimes my attention was called to them by the large chips or layers of wood which they chiseled off the tree with their strong beaks. They always seemed to strike the tree sideways instead of boring holes from the front like the Sapsucker and Downy Woodpecker.

There were usually two together and they uttered low, curious two syllabled calls to each other. I noticed the two on an old fallen log, to which one was clinging in the usual sidewise way and throwing off bits of wood now and then.

Some of their notes are very near like the Flickers only louder; another common sound was like a loud cackling. They often made this when disturbed and about to rise in flight. A note that I frequently heard when they were flying overhead sounded to my ears like "Quick, Quick."

A BIRD TRAGEDY.

Spring time in the county! Why those poets of the old Smoky-city class room were not so flightily unreal after all. Spring is a wondrous glorious panorama; and we who, many years ago, more than half believed in the wonderful Genius of Alladins Lamp, stand today in awe before the wondrous transformation wrought by an unseen hand. Yon trees but yesterday bleak, black, lifeless, laugh now in leaves of tenderest green or in blossoms pink or white; the air is redolent of blossom breath and vocal with the song of birds.

Previous to this, my first experience of Springtime in the country, bird life was quite unknown to me. I admit, too, a feeling somewhat of irritation at the frequent allusions to birds made by poets, prose writers, spring enthusiasts, etc. But as so frequently happens, that which one condemns in another comes sooner or later to dominate over him, and I find myself today fairly fascinated by the birds. Bird magazines, Audubon and even bird poets are eagerly sought, and now, for the first time, understood. Shelly's "Sky Lark" unfolded a whole world of meaning as I read it whilst listening to the vesper strain of the little Song Sparrow; I too echoed:—

Teach me half the gladness,
That thy heart must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
That the world would listen then
As I am listening now.

The other day I watched a duel unto death between two Chipping Sparrows. For some time the issue seemed doubtful and either might have sought safety in flight; but the Spartan-mother war cry—Return with your shield or upon it—was evidently the spirit actuating the combatants.

A dexterous peck at the eye gave advantage to the stronger and the injured bird fell to the ground; the ensuing scene was simply murder. O, the joy of triumph, satiated revenge! Why, the spirit of Marius seemed palpitating in that little hate-embodiment as he pecked and pecked, and chirped and pecked, and dragged his victim and shook him even long after life had, at least apparently, departed from the poor tortured little form.

Another bird which from a neighboring tree had evidently watched the fight now fluttered down to the scene. He or she, more probably the latter, perched on a stone nearby and intently watched the struggle, whether with looks expressive of admiration for victor or secret lament for victim, I could not tell. Perhaps my own feelings protruding themselves through my field glasses perceived in her the latter; certain it is she did not join the triumph song, but just as certain it is that she flew away under the voluble protection of her triumphant lord and master. And there lay the dead Chippy, his chestnut head dyed crimson now and his poor bleeding eye closed forever; and there, right before my eyes, on this glorious spring day, had been enacted just another expression of that tragedy old as the world.

A very demure Robin has her nest in a locust tree near my window. She is evidently a staid old matron, secure in a nest that proved faith-

ful last year and only kindly tolerant of all the chatter and fuss of the inexperienced young nest builders about her.

The Red-headed Woodpeckers may be seen flashing in crimson and white amid the foliage, and performing acrobatic feats apparently for the amusement of his admiring mate. Another bird not often seen, tho' frequently heard is the Turtle Dove; its plaintive "Coo-coo" breaks sadly upon the country stillness. Its note is that of warning, nay that of rebuke, to the chattering, quarreling, carroling, rollicking young warblers around it. Yet if Cassandra-like, it tells of storms and cats, and bad boys, and telegraph wires and all the thousand ill that bird flesh is heir to, it is, also Cassandra-like heard but not heeded. The morning concert wakens hopeful as ever, nature demands have as joyous fulfillment, and no tomorrow shadows darken the happy today of our wise little brothers in birdland.

S. M. FIDES.

THE WINTER WOODS AND THEIR TENANTS.

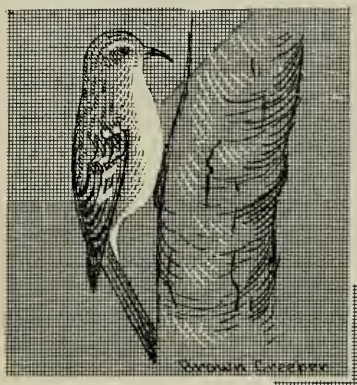
By NORMAN O. FOESTER.

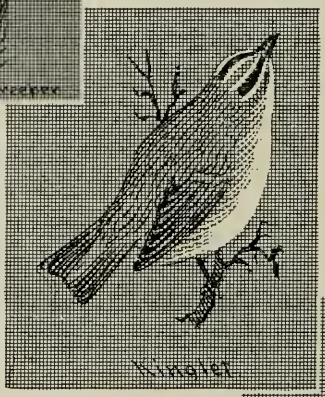
"The sky is gray, a few great snowflakes are softly falling on the autumn-painted leaves; it is the first snow of winter, and, as the flakes grow thicker and thicker, and the shadows of a November afternoon stretch out their dusky fingers across the whitening ground, another year's foliage is laid to rest. How changed the woodland as we stand looking out across the meadow to the woods! The earth has donned her polar robes and greets the fiery sun, immaculate. Shall we break that even mantle, pierced by weed and scarred only by the birds and mammals tread? We feel as we part the virgin snow, that we are intruding into Nature's sanctum, winter woods."

In such a setting as this we meet the tenants of the winter woods. One of the most interesting of these hardy birds that brave the rigors of our winter is the Brown Creeper. Chapman's description of him stands unequalled. "The facts in the case will doubtless show that the patient, plodding Brown Creeper is searching for insects, larvae, and eggs which are hidden in the crevices in the bank; but after watching him for several minutes, one becomes impressed with the thought that he has lost the only thing in the world that he cared for, and that his only object in life is to find it. Ignoring you completely, with scarcely a pause, he winds his way in a preoccupied, nearsighted manner up the tree trunk. Having finally reached the top of his spiral stair-case, one might suppose that he would rest long enough to survey his surroundings, but like a bit of loosened bark he drops off to the base of the nearest tree and resumes his never-ending task." His note is a contented chirp, uttered as if he were not aware of the fact. He is one of

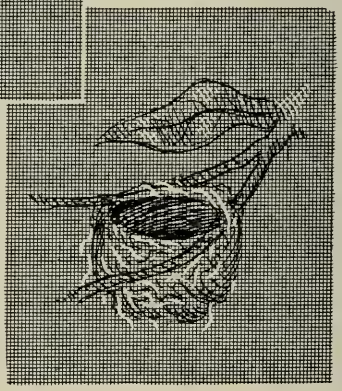
the few winter birds that do not congregate in flocks; and his may be the only bird heart that beats within a very large radius.

The White-breasted Nuthatch plays the acrobat as bravely in January as in June. His loud nasal "yank, yank" that comes from the wood so often on these still, biting mornings in January when the sun makes no impression on the snowdrift; warms many a bird lover's heart. It is a heart's assurance of his presence, and generally of the military Tufted Titmouse. These latter birds, in parties of five to fifteen scour the woods, calling, rascals they, for I have often been deceived, "chickadee-dee-dee" as boldly as any Chickadee. But his voice is hoarser and suggests a Chickadee that has taken cold. Occasionly he gives his whistle, a single high note repeated a varying number of times.





His better side the Chickadee, is the most famous of all the feathered tenants, praised in poetry and prose. Ah, but he is deserving of his popularity! No transient look of interest such as the Nuthatch deigns to glance; no complete indifference such as the Brown Creeper holds to; no wariness, he gives us his full measure of confidence.



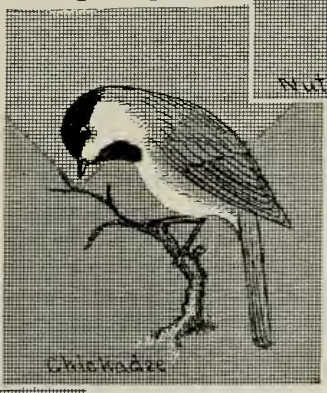
His trust, just because it is so complete, is seldom misplaced. None but the most brutal heart could offer violence to this gay little sprite.

A man who was just starting a collection told me how he obtained his first Chickadees. It was midwinter; the snow completely covered the frozen ground, and had an icy crust; a glistening layer of ice hardened the north sides of the trees making food scarce. When he had suddenly come upon a party of Chickadees, their curiosity was somewhat unusual. He had leveled his shotgun and was about to fire when a disconcerting tap on the

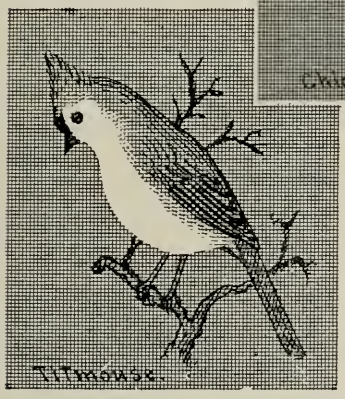
barrel destroyed his aim; just in time for the gun went off, stirring the branches on the trees where the Chickadees were but without harming them. Thus the little bird had unwittingly saved the lives of his companions. Needless to say the man did not further molest that band of Chickadees on that day. The cardinal whistles occasionally in mid winter as if to keep his bold voice from becoming rusty, but on the whole we see him very seldom.

The crows are conspicuous gleaners of the woods and fields in the season of ice and snow; as they flap slowly by, their dark shadows on the snow betraying them.

The Golden-crowned Kinglet's generally thrice repeated lisp may be heard frequently. It is an insignificant sound, but it means much—"fearless sparks of life."



Robins and Bluebirds wander through the cold woods in search of the berries of wild trees. To see one of these in January is to see an almost forgotten friend.



This is the season for studying birds' nests. The bare trees expose them and the wintry blasts carry many to the ground. Except occasionally where a Red Squirrel has converted one of them into a home, they are tenantless and we can examine them without harming any one. This is the season during which you can most readily estimate the number and kinds of birds which inhabit a certain locality. These deserted homes tell the silent story of the happy birds that occupied them for so brief a period and by counting those that still remain a fair idea of the bird population may be gained. Of course this pertains only to those birds which nest in trees or bushes, the large numbers and varieties which nest on the ground leaving no discernable trace of their homes.

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

We wish you each a Happy New Year as we meet in our corner the first time in 1904. We welcome the new comers, to whom we would like to say a word about the Bird Chats.

Our aim is to help forward a good fellowship among our young bird lovers, and also between them and the out-of-door world, to that end we have a kind of wireless telegraph from Connecticut to Oregon, and welcome messages from all along the line. In the Roll of Honor are printed the names of those who send correct answers to the puzzles of *two months* previous; the little journey among some of the curious homes of this country and other lands was begun in November and will be ended next month.

We thank the boys and girls who have sent us so many pleasing accounts of bird-life during the year past. One little girl who walks five miles to school daily, shows her interest by taking time to send the answers to the puzzles each month.

Those of you who live where Old Winter storms and blows, nipping the ears and fingers, will attract a cheerful company if you hang from the trees about your homes, small open-meshed bags filled with nuts, berries, suet, etc. Suspend them from the twigs and you will soon hear Mr. Nuthatch laughing ha, ha, at the way in which the English Sparrows have been cheated.

Cordially your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
Charles Alexander, Gloversville, N. Y.
Louise Jordan, Defiance, Ohio.
Abbie Wedenburgh, Curran, Ill.

ANSWERS TO DECEMBER PUZZLES.

Hidden parts of a Bird.

Tail,	Crest,
Bill,	Song,
Wing,	Feather,
Beak,	Covert.

ENIGMA.

(a) Marsh Hawk.
(b) Night Hawk.
(c) Indigo Bird.
(d) Carolina Wren.
(e) Field Sparrow.
(f) Bald Eagle.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

Painted Bunting.

MAIL-BAG EXTRACTS.

I had a funny experience with a pair of House Wrens last spring. I made a bird house especially for Wrens and put it up on our shed. It had two compartments and the door to one was about the size of a quarter and that of the other was some larger.

About the first of May, a pair of Wrens appeared around the yard and the male soon found the house. It suited him, so he tried to get his mate to inspect it. He sat in a vine nearby and sang, and sang, and finally coaxed her to go into it and look it over. She soon came out and flew away, while he scolded and chased after her. After that by a great deal of singing he got her to look the house over a number of times, and at last she decided to build in it.

On May 14th, I saw the female picking up twigs and starting to build in the house, but then the trouble began, for each of them liked a different compartment.

The male liked the one with the small round door, and the female

liked the other. When the male was there, she built in the side he liked, because if she did not, he would fight her, but when he was away she would build in her favorite side. There was a great deal of argument and some fighting, so that building operations soon came to a standstill.

I was afraid I would lose the pair, so one day I went out and tacked a piece of cardboard over the male's favorite side as I thought the female had a right to the side she wanted because she would have to stay in it. Everything was immediately set right, and the female began to build again. The male would sit nearby and sing by the hour but he never did a bit of work. The nest was finished about May 28th, and was made of twigs lined with horsehair and feathers.

The young ones hatched on June 12th, and the father disappeared just about the same time.

The mother had to feed them alone and it kept her hustling. About the time the male disappeared from our yard, one appeared at a near neighbors which sang and acted just like it. As it was alone all the time it must have been the same one but I thought it very curious that he should desert his family. I enjoyed watching the mother bird feed the young and clean the nest. She always carried the excrement out to the street about seventy feet away and dropped it there, after which she would clean her bill vigorously. The young left the nest on June 28th and soon after a male and female appeared on the scene and again started housekeeping in the house. The male disappeared from the neighbor's at the same time.

I have identified 76 birds this year, I have seen 41 species of birds right here in our yard, Robins, Cedar Waxwings, Wrens and English Sparrows nested in our yard this year.

EARLE TIFFANY, LaCrosse, Wis.

This bird "The English Sparrow" should be treated as the pest that it is and no interest in it aroused in the children's minds.

ABBIE WEDENBURGH, Curran, Ill.

During 1903 I saw fifty-two different kinds of our feathered friends. For two years I have kept a number of flower pot saucers in the yard full of water. Robins, Brown Thrashers, Catbirds, Bronzed Grackles, Chipping Sparrows and Blue Jays take baths and drink the water. It is amusing to see two or three robins in the larger of my saucers, and all trying to take a bath at the same time. One may see an insect and jump out and get it, and then run and jump in again and finish his bath. They often fight one another to get to take their bath first and often drive the Chipping Sparrows away.

NAOMI E. VORIS, Crawfordsville, Ind.

TAME HUMMINGBIRDS.

I would like to tell you about our three humming birds. We had a large bed of salvias and I had noticed the birds among the flowers for some time. One day in September while I was out near the flowers a bird came and held himself suspended close in front of me and seemed to be trying to get acquainted. I kept quiet and he seemed to make up his mind that I meant him no harm, so he settled himself to his dinner. Two more soon came and from that time until September twenty-first they were here most of the time, and seemed to have no fear, often resting in reach of my hand, and one day eating from a bunch of flowers that I was holding. We enjoyed their visits as often as we had time to go into the garden. The twentieth and twenty-first of September they seemed to be very hungry, but I think it was because they were preparing for flight, as after that time they came no more. They had great sport playing tag around us and knocking each other down and screaming about it and then coming to us and sitting on a bush near us and chipping. We shall miss the dear little sunshine birds and watch for their first appearance in spring.

LAURA B. SHAILER, Haddam, Conn.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 23 letters.

7-8-3-17-18 is a common bird.

20-2-19 is an insect.

4-8-2—15-9-4 have 5-8 work to 9-11-10 this, 20-14-5 I think you can 12-8—10-6-9-5.

Always try to be 19-8-8-23 and 4-8-2 will be happy.

G. L. HARRINGTON, Langdon, Minn.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. How do Flickers, Hummingbirds and Doves prepare the food for their young?

2. What bird has the power of moving the tip of its upper mandible independently of the lower one?

3. What water bird uses its wings as a second pair of legs when traveling over the ground?

4. What five gaily dressed birds have dull colored mates.

CURIOUS HOMES.

(continued)

Now we will seek the ravines among the purple mountains which raise their heads in the distance. Here on a shelving rock where the spray of a crystal mountain torrent dashes over it, is a beautiful eliptical globe of soft green moss, the home of the American Water Ouzel. Could we enter the circular door in the side, we should find its strong arched walls of twigs, leaves and grasses, plastered over with mud.

Some nests are placed behind waterfalls, and the birds are obliged to pass through the water in going to and from the nests.

Descending to the prairies, let us pause at one of the open doors which confront us, around the doorway are scattered bits of the skins of rats, mice and even rabbits' ears. What shall we find in this underground home, prairie-dog, badger, gopher or snake? No, we have delayed our visit too long to find the original tenants at home. Now the uncanny occupants are burrowing owls who have refurnished the apartments with feathers, fine weed stalks and other soft substances. They are very sociable birds, for we may find as many as twenty nesting together in one hole. Here we come upon several sitting in the sunshine near their dugouts, they bow and bend to us with the greatest politeness, and we can now understand why the name of the How-d'y-do owl has been given them.

Cigam! Now we are in our new possession off the Florida coast. Here we will make the acquaintance of a striking figure in the landscape. A bird five feet in length, with long legs and neck, its bill resembling a bent spatula in shape, its plumage of a brilliant scarlet, with wings tipped with black. This is the Flamingo.

Here we find Mrs. Flamingo at home, her ungainly legs doubled beneath her as she sits upon the nest, built (probably soon after the rainy season) of mud scooped up from about the base, sometimes bound together with grasses and sticks. She will have need of patience for it will be more than a month ere the young birds will emerge from the two white eggs. To guard against inroads from water the nest is built about a foot high, tapering from a base a foot in diameter to ten inches at the top, which is hollow. Frank Chapman described a colony of these nests on Bahama mangrove flats which contained, by actual count, two thousand mud dwellings.

Here in the sunny south we will linger until February, when we will return to New England on our magic rug and end our journey amidst the interesting homes of her granite hills.

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A 16-page, bi-monthly magazine devoted to the study and protection of North American Wild Birds.

Edited by

REV. H. C. MUNSON, Buckfield, Me.

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EDITED BY CHESTER A. REED, B. S.

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Key to North American Birds, by Elliot Coues, A. M., M. D., Ph. D. Dana Estes and Company, 1903)2 vols. $10.00. At last this great work, early publication of which has been announced at frequent intervals during the past two years, is off the press, being formally published on December 17th, within a few days of four years after the death of its distinguished author, Dr. Elliot Coues. This, the fifth edition, embodies all the salient features of the preceding edition with many additions to the text, which fact together with the addition of numerous illustrations made it necessary to publish the work in two volumes, which combined include about 1200 pages. In regard to the main body of the work it is unnecessary to make comment, as it has, as embodied in the fourth edition been universally known for years as one of the standard works on the subject. The present edition will remain for many years as a crowning tribute to the memory of a talented author. The only opportunities which the new work offers for adverse comment are in the illustrations, many of which are decidedly crude, and in the mechanical make-up, in which latter respect it is not up to the standard of the fourth edition, neither the paper nor the printing being of a quality to bring out a half tone as it should be.

DESERTED HOMES.

With footsteps screaming o'er the snow,
I walk in the piercing air,
Where winds are sighing soft and low
Through the branches brown and bare.

The homes are all deserted now
Of the friends I held so dear,
The nest clings to the naked bough,
The birds are no longer here.

Slow sways the bough of green bereft,
Where the thrush at evening sung,
And but a few frail twigs are left
Where the wild dove reared her young.

There in the tree-top bleak and high
Sways the grackles empty nest
Where her young, e'er they learned to fly
Nestled 'neath her sable breast.

The kingbird's home for days has lain,
A sad ruin in the snow,
And nests for which I searched in vain,
Now in bushes plainly show.

The yellow warbler's small abode
Hangs dismantled in the cold.
Where silver notes in beauty flowed
From an instrument of gold.

As in a volume worn and old,
One finds blossoms old and dry,
But on whose leaves are stories told
Of happier days gone by.

So in each empty nest I find,
A memory of some sweet lay
That wakes an echo in my mind,
Though the singer is far away.

HATTIE WASHBURN.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

By Harry R. Caldwell, China.

A person who has paid special attention to bird life in the temperate portion of the middle and southern States, upon arriving at the barge port of Foochow, China, and looking out upon a climate always breezy and balmy would naturally think he would soon meet a great number of friends among members of the feathered tribe. He soon begins to recognize a great many very marked inconsistencies however, for though he stands in the midst of one vast flower garden of nature, he does not see any variety of the little Humming-bird so common to a spot like this in the homeland. This is one of the first facts which the observer meets, and here begins a long series of just such disappointments. During the almost three years of my stay in China I have seen but few, if any, of the Warbler family. This is quite as surprising as the above, for the climate and surroundings seem especially adapted to such birds. During the Spring and early summer the Flycatchers seem to predominate, but these too, with the exception of possibly two or three varieties remove to other quarters as the nesting season draws nigh. One very beautiful variety of this family is the Paradise Flycatcher. This bird arrives from winter quarters just as the trees are fresh and green with their Easter attire. Its beautiful rich brown color blends nicely with its surroundings as it dashes and whirls amid the foliage and flowers in quest of its food. The male bird has a very glossy black head and neck, belly and underparts silvery gray, and entire upper surface a very deep shade of brown. The two central tail quills are prolonged to nearly twice the length of the bird. This addition of tail seems to come with age however, for I have seen many male birds which were deprived of such ornament. The nest of the Paradise Flycatcher is well in keeping with the grace and beauty of the bird. It is a structure of green moss, lichens and webs on the outer surface, deeply cupped and lined with fine rootlets and palm fiber. The nest is generally placed in a vertical fork from ten to forty feet from the ground. One interesting feature of this otherwise very interesting specie, is that the male bird willingly takes his turn in incubating. It is a rather interesting spectacle to see this bird nearly fifteen inches in length incubating on a nest not larger than the ordinary Blue-gray Gnatcatcher's nest.

One has not arrived long in the port of Foochow when he hears the familiar note of the Chickadee from some of the overhanging boughs of the ever green olive trees. To all appearances of sight and sound he has now met his little friend Parus atricapillus, but here too, he meets a surprise as well as a disappointment. I had carefully observed sev-

eral pairs of these birds during the greater part of an entire nesting season and had become much perplexed upon finding myself unable to locate the nesting site. But finally I saw the female bird fly to the top of a high pine with a worm in her beak, and a moment later drop from that height like a stone to the ground. Upon examination I found a small hole in the almost level ground and after excavating near fifteen inches disclosed a typical nest of the Chickadee family containing seven well fledged young. Since that day I have found many nests of this bird in like locations and in one or two instances in the cavity of trees. One or more very peculiar nesting sites which have come under my observation might be worth mentioning. The fields and hillsides in this section are terraced for the growing of rice. These terraces are generally from one to three feet high containing several inches of water. I once found the home of a Chickadee in one of these terraces though it hardly seemed that there could be a dry spot between these two surfaces of water. This bird had found a very small hole in the dyke but a few inches above water line, and in this home had a family of six little ones.

During the spring months there are indeed a great variety of birds to be found throughout this section, but as the nesting season draws near they gradually disappear until the month of May finds comparatively few species who make this their summer home. Of these there is no family better represented than the heron. There are a number of species of the heron which are marked only by a difference of coloration. Some are snow white, others white with buff colored head and back, others white with very deep brown head and neck and others almost black. These birds live and nest in great colonies in the massive banyan trees overhanging some temple court or the narrow busy street. There are three or four large trees in the heart of this city (Ku-cheng) which have hundreds of nests of these birds. It seems as though every available place has a slight platform of sticks through which can easily be seen the pale green eggs or incubating bird. During the breeding season these birds may be seen by hundreds gracefully flying to and from the nearby rice fields where they feed.

It is estimated that one of these large banyan trees would produce from five hundred to one thousand eggs of this specie, but still we find it difficult to secure sets of the eggs. Such trees as these massive banyans are held sacred and often worshipped. Each tree is supposed to represent one or more gods. Though the Chinaman is willing to do many things in order to earn his rice, it is almost impossible to find a person who would dare climb one of these trees to collect a few sets of heron eggs even though he be offered a bowl of rice for every egg.

There is a fixed belief that the god who makes his home in this tree would be very angry if a person would intrude upon his rights to the extent of climbing into his home. This superstition has protected these herons to the extent that they nest yearly by the hundreds in certain of the many massive banyans overhanging the busy streets.

MYIARCHUS CRINITUS AS A POLYGAMIST.

While walking through an orchard one day, June 5, 1902, I came upon the nest of a crested flycatcher. It was built in the hollow of a decayed branch of an apple tree and was made of dried grass, some hair and a few feathers. It did not contain any snakeskin as they often do. The nest contained ten fresh eggs, five of which were very light and thinly marked, while the other five were heavily blotched, which undoubtedly proves that two females occupied the nest. There were only two birds in the vicinity but the other may have been away. As I was unable to again visit the nest I do not know how things turned out. Have read of a few similar cases but this is the first that came to my notice.

WILLIAM WILKOVISKI, Mich.

A ROBIN TRAGEDY.

By LEANDER S. KEYSER.
Author of "Birds of the Rockies," "In Bird Land," etc.

One day I found a robin's nest in a thick hedge fence. About two weeks later a fellow bird-lover and I were passing that way, and I desired to show him the nest thinking it might present something out of the common for his camera. And sure enough, it did—something quite unexpected and tragical.

As we came to the place and peered into the hedge, each of us gave vent to an outburst of consternation, for there the robin hung, having been caught on a vicious thorn in the skin of its throat. A horizontal branch ran above the nest a few inches, on the upper side of which was a thorn pointing straight upward. In some way the poor bird had got caught on the thorn, which had penetrated clear through a fold of the skin of the throat, so that the sharp point stuck out on the other side. Her tail and feet were hidden behind the walls of the nest over which she was suspended.

One blue egg lay in the cup of the nest. When broken, it showed no signs of incubation having been begun. My companion cut away a few of the intervening branches, and photographed the poor bird and its nest.

How the disaster occurred can only be surmised. It is probable that the robin was driven by an enemy and sought refuge in the hedge,

and in her haste to reach the nest flew against the thorn, which penetrated the loose skin of her throat, and when she dropped her full weight upon it, she could not free herself. There was no evidence of a struggle about the bird or her nest, and so it seems likely that the bird's sufferings were brief. Perhaps the thorn pierced the windpipe sufficiently to cause speedy death by strangling.

Photo by W. Leon Dawson.

ROBIN TRAGEDY.

This is the first bird I have ever seen caught in this way on a thorn. Many birds, such as the thrashers, robins, cardinals and shrikes, often build their nests in the most wicked looking thorn-bushes and hedges, into which they frequently plunge with seeming recklessness, and I have often wondered how they avoid impaling themselves; but it is a real comfort to know that fatalities of the kind described are of rare occurrence. The only one bearing a close resemblance to the robin tragedy that has come under my eye was that of a song sparrow which

Photo by W. Leon Dawson.

ROBIN AND YOUNG.

had been caught in a sort of thorn trap in the midst of a thick bush. It had perhaps crept into the place to escape an enemy, and found it impossible to back out.

In contrast with the disaster that overtook the robin of the hedge, I present the picture of a happy and fortunate robin family. The nest was built in a grapevine trailing over the side of a barn in a yard adjoining my own. This was right in the midst of the residence part of the town, and where people passed many times a day going to the barn. The little nursery was about four feet and a half from the door, partly in front of a window.

The photographer arranged his camera, and then waited, bulb in hand, about an hour before the mother bird ventured to feed her young; but after she had given them their rations, she sat quietly in the branches a little above the nest while the camera man arranged his plates for several exposures. Madam Robin hunted for worms for her bantlings in my rear and front yards,coming close to the house and showing little fear of her human neighbors. I could sit in plain sight on my back porch and watch her hunting for food and feeding her hungry bairns.

Photo by R. H. Beebe.

YOUNG BLUE JAYS.

BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER.

A. O. U No. 667. (Dendroica virens.)

RANGE.

North America east of the Plains, breeding from the New England and Middle States north to Hudson Bay. Winters in Mexico and Central America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length about five inches. Adult male.—Throat and breast black, this extending down the sides in streaks. Sides of head yellow; upper parts greenish yellow; wings and tail grayish, the former with two white bands and the latter with the outer tail feathers white on the inner webs. Female and young.—Like the male except that the yellow of the side of the head invades the throat and the black feathers of the breast are tipped with yellowish white.

NEST AND EGGS.

Black-throated Greens nest in coniferous trees placing the nest well out towards the end of the branch. They make a neat little nest of shreds of bark, moss, grasses, and wool, and line it with horse hair. They lay four eggs which have a white or creamy white ground color and are specked with shades of brown and lilac chiefly around the larger end.

HABITS.

These pretty little warblers may be seen or heard in their breeding range from early in May until late in the summer. Owing to their abundance and to the peculiar song they are one of the most conspicuous birds to be found in the pine woods. It is characteristic of these birds that especially in the nesting season they are always found in pines, from which on pleasant days their strange notes come to the listening ear. These notes are wholly unlike those of any other warbler and must be heard in order to gain any correct idea of their sound. "Tzee-twee-zeep-zeep" with the latter notes of a higher tone than the first, will perhaps render it as well as the English language is capable of. Although one or more pairs nest in nearly every small clump of pine trees in New England, the majority of them prefer the lower growths that cover many of the hillsides. Here hundreds of them will build their little nests, but so cunningly do they conceal them that it is a very difficult matter to find them. Not only are the nests well con-

BLACK-THROATED GREEN WARBLER.
[Male, lower fig; female, upper.]

cealed but the birds themselves have many ruses that they use successfully to draw the intruder away from their homes.

On one hillside that is well covered with small pines, and where there could not have been less than a hundred pairs of these warblers nesting, I have searched nearly every season for a great many years and have been rewarded by the finding of only four nests with either eggs or young. Many a morning have I arrived upon the grounds early with the intentions of making a day of it, in the attempt to locate their domicile. Around me in all directions echoed their peculiar song, while from the tips of the branches of some of the nearer pines would come the excited chirps of the owners of homes nearby. After remaining quietly beneath the lower branches of the spreading trees for a long time, the excitement dies out and the alarmed chirps cease.

Another long wait and a faint chirp calls our attention to the top of the tree beneath which we are. A cautious glance upward shows that the female has returned and has a piece of nesting material in her bill.

A moment later and we see her deposit it far out on the end of one of the highest branches. A few minutes later the male arrives with a similar load which he carefully deposits in the same place. We are confident that, at last, we have found what we have searched for so long and quietly withdraw from the vicinity, that they may work in peace. Great is our astonishment when upon making a call a few days later, we find that nothing more has been done; just the few pieces of grass remain just as the birds had left them.

Several times I have been fooled in a like manner and it is my belief that the birds intentionally bring the straws and place them where they know I can see them, in order to draw my attention away from the real nest. This opinion is strengthened by finding in one case, a nest with young, only a few feet from where a pair had started a fake nest a few days before. The real nest surely had eggs in it at the time I was first there, and as there was but one pair of anxious birds, the pair that fooled me must certainly have been the owners of the bona fide nest. On one occasion I got ahead of a pair of these warblers by creeping into concealment without their observing me, and then had the pleasure of watching the real nest-building. Both birds brought the nesting material, but the male merely threw his down on the foundation leaving it for the female to adjust and weave it to suit herself. She was so fastidious in regard to the appearance of her home, that nearly all her time was taken up in the forming of it, while the male brought nearly all the material. They were both very industrious and they made the whole of the outside structure while I was watching them. They were a happy pair and the male would pause after delivering

each load to sing his loudest and sweetest refrain, always using the very tip of the tree for this purpose.

In the fall when they are migrating they depart from their usual habits and may often be met with in other woods, especially birches, in company with other species on their way south. At this time they sing very little.

GREEN-TAILED TOWHEE.

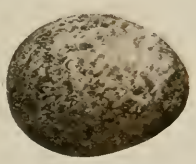
A. O. U. No. 592.1 (Oreospiza chlorura).

RANGE.

Breeds from the Rocky Mountain and plateau region west to the Sierras and San Bernadino Mountains. Migrates to Mexico although a few remain in the San Diegan district of California.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 7 in.; bill conical; tail long; rounded; tarsus long. Adults;—top of head bright chestnut; upper parts olivaceous; wings greenish yellow as is the tail; throat and belly white; breast and sides grayish. Young birds have the crown very dull, nearly the same color as the back. They are also duller below than the adults and have both the back and the breast streaked with dusky.



NEST AND EGGS.

This species nest in the thick sage brush or thorny deer brush. It is a small neatly cupped affair composed of small twigs and lined with grass. The four eggs have a whitish ground and are thickly specked with cinnamon.

HABITS.

One evening just before sunset, I drove into a narrow valley in the high Sierras, through which ran the swift clear stream of the American river, while on either side of the vivid green and flowery meadows which bordered it, rose steep rocky walls at whose base were long slopes of granite talus, overgrown with a tangle of thorny underbrush. From this miniature forest rose such a chorus of sweet song as would have delighted the heart of any bird lover, and here I decided to stay. There was no room for me in the small inn, but a cot in a thick clump

GREEN-TAILED TOWHEE.

of young firs near the stream was much more to my taste and gave a far better opportunity to watch the birds.

I soon found that this chorus arose from only two species of birds, the Thick-billed Fox Sparrow (Passerella iliaca megarhynca) and the Green-tailed Towhee. Then the perplexing question to decide was from which bird any individual song came. Both are typical brush birds and rarely, or only for short intervals, show themselves above the surface, being perfectly satisfied with a life of obscure safety, lost among the aisles of their miniature forest. How they even find their own homes seems a mystery to the outsider, for the bushes look just alike, and the granite blocks are tumbled in monotonous confusion while miles upon miles of hillside are covered in the same way with these hardy shrubs which grow in barren and rocky soil.

I found, however, that the Thick-bill had more ambition than his fellow townsman, the Towhee, and would at times, mount high in the bare trees near his nest, and there pour out his rich and melodious strain for a considerable length of time. His tone is more powerful and penetrating than that of the Towhee, and the song rather longer continued. However, the Towhee's is by no means to be despised, in its shrill sweetness, and when such a multitude sing together as I heard in Strawberry Valley, the effect is delightful. The quality is finchlike, not at all like that of the other Towhees. Surely the English name as well as the Latin generic name should be a new one and belong alone to this charming bird.

The first nest which I found was built close to the stage road at a height of about two feet from the ground, and near the top of a tangled thicket of thorny ceanothus. I found it by chance, while spending the hours in the heat of the day, watching some solitary wasps near by. The pair were seen going in and out of the thicket, and became quite accustomed to my presence before a friend put his hand on the nest. It then contained four young with the eyes just opening. They responded to every jar of the bush by opening their beaks. They also knew the voice of their parents. The peculiar mewing note, like that of a young kitten "mew-mew-eep" was the only one used by them when approaching the nest. They fed them altogether with small smooth larvae, mostly green ones, and were very busy.

During the mating period the female calls the male to her by a different note— a chirp—and by displaying her pretty white throat in an engaging attitude. The red top of the head is the most noticeable feature, as it is raised and lowered in excitement. The yellowish green color of the wings and tail only shows clearly during flight. This nest full of young ones was unfortunate for some reason. They kept

squirming and tumbling out of the nest, though never when I was in sight. My friend on several successive days found the young helplessly suspended in the bushes and nearly dead from the cold. She replaced them and they always revived, but one day they had all disappeared, though not yet well fledged. Mrs. Bailey states that the nests are usually placed on the ground. Is it possible that this particular family had not the instinct evolved as yet to make them stay in a higher nest until able to fly. The nest was well built and deep enough.

Photo by Anna Head.
Green-tailed Towhee.

I have also seen the bird in winter on the very southern edge of California. Here it is more silent and secretive than on its nesting grounds.

Anna Head,
Berkeley,
Calif.

A WINTER RAMBLE IN NOVA SCOTIA.

By C. E. Forest.

AFTER the Thrushes, Warblers and other summer visitors have gone south, and the dead leaves fall silently into the deserted nests, many true lovers of our birds are inclined to think that their forest rambles are over, not to be resumed until next year's Robin heralds the approach of spring. But he who misses the winter rambles, misses much of what Nature has to show, besides that supply of vigor with which one finds himself filled after a walk in the crisp air of a winter's morning.

Occasionally some one comments upon the scarcity of birds in the Atlantic Provinces in the winter. It is true that comparatively few birds stay with us during the cold months, but the impressions made upon one by meeting them in their winter haunts, seems to be more distinct and to remain with one longer than those made when we are surrounded so thickly by birds and bird voices that we cannot sometimes separate the individual calls or songs in the chorus. The winter soli-

tude of the forest brings out the individuality of a bird to as great an extent as the white carpet of snow makes it distinct to the eye.

Two miles north of my native village is a small woodland lake fed by innumerable springs. From this lake flows a brook which is dammed up at the village to form a mill-pond. Between the mill-pond and the lake is a wood-clad hill which makes it necessary for the brook to flow in a wide curve around its base. To go around the edge of the pond, follow the windings of the brook to the lake, and then return to the village by skirting the base of the hill on the opposite side, makes one of the best rambles to be had anywhere. As we start from the village in the morning, while the sun is still among the branches of the spruces on the hill we can see out in the rushes of the pond, the rough heaps of sticks, roots and grasses that the muskrats have made into homes for the winter. Any calm evening last fall we would have noticed that the surface of the water was broken by the long V-shaped ripples made by these animals as they were gathering the material for these houses.

Fortune seems to be with us at the very first, for before reaching the head of the pond, we see, picking at the red berries on a dog-wood, a flock of large heavy-billed birds. These are Pine Grosbeaks, most of them females and young as is shown by the yellowish tinge, although a few males are shown to be present by the pink flashes that we see as the sun glances from their plumage.

As we leave the pond and start up the brook, we are no sooner in the shadow of the spruces than we hear a "kip, kip, kip" followed by a whir which sounds like a peal of thunder. We start involuntarily, then look at each other and laugh. Everyone starts when a Ruffed Grouse whirs away, and knows that his neighbors do. The Grouse rumbles away a few rods at full speed then we see him set his wings and sail lightly downwards. But we have to go up some distance beyond the the place where he appeared to alight before starting him up again for he will probably run when he strikes the ground.

Old Nature with its beautiful blanket of snow, appears to have turned over a new leaf, and many are the stories, and not a few tragedies that can be read from the white page. The ground is covered with tracks, many of them being made by the red squirrel. Here from this stump are the tiny tracks of a wood mouse; they disappear under yonder flat stone. Here the track of a rabbit crosses our path, and we can almost see him loping along, stopping occasionally to browse the tender buds within reach. As we follow the tracks we find where the clear cut trail of old Reynard has joined in. We follow the double track to see what the outcome will be. Here the lengthened tracks of Bunny show that

he has taken alarm and is trying to reach his burrow in advance of his enemy. A little farther on we find that he succeeded for his tracks end in front of a small burrow under the roots of an immense maple. We read in the snow where Reynard had stopped to sniff down the hole, and we can almost see the disappointment in his wicked, sharp-featured visage, as he trotted off to look after his breakfast elsewhere.

As we stand, silently applauding bunny for his escape, we hear the familiar "Chickadee-dee-dee" We soon discover the authors of the song; they are flitting about among the under branches of the spruces a short distance away and appear to be slowly working their way in our direction. Here they come flitting from branch to branch, the most cheerful little feathered beings that can be found in our winter woods. Right on their flank and almost over our heads are two other Chickadees with brown caps instead of black and with much brown on their under parts. These are the Hudsonian Chickadees, less common in Nova Scotia than the Black-capped but still often met with in company with the others. We find also in company with the Chickadees, a number of Golden-crowned Kinglets and a pair of Red-bellied Nuthatches.

As we continue our tramp and reach the lake, we startle a flock of seven Black Ducks that have come in from the coast to get a drink of fresh water from the brook, which because of the swiftly flowing water rarely freezes. With much splashing and quacking they are off and settle down into their well known whistling flight, their wings keeping perfect time.

After examining some mink tracks along the edge of the brook we strike off back of the hill and make our way back to the village.

MARSH HAWK.

A. O. U. No. 331. (Circus hudsonicus.)

RANGE.

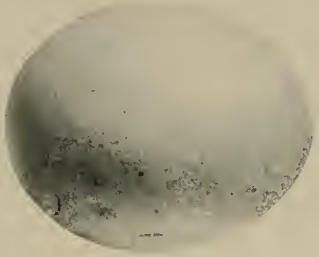
This bird ranges over practically the whole of North America, breeding throughout its range but more especially in the northerly parts than in the extreme south. It winters in the southern parts of the United States and in Cuba and Mexico.

DESCRIPTION.

Length from 18 to 21 in. the female being the larger bird; Iris and feet bright yellow. Male.— Very old males have the whole of the upper parts except the rump a light bluish gray; most specimens, however, are plain gray sometimes washed with dusky; the upper breast is always grayish generally mixed with some brownish; rest of under parts pure white with long brownish spots and some bars. The upper tail coverts in all plumages of both the adults and young are white.

MARSH HAWKS.

Female and young.— Upper parts dark brown with many of the feathers having lighter brown edgings. Under parts light brownish or yellowish brown with dark brown lengthened spots. Upper tail coverts white.



NEST AND EGGS.

Marsh Hawks nest on the ground in marshy places. The nest is generally made almost entirely of grass or hay, this being wound around to form a neat cup about a foot in diameter and two or three inches in depth; sometimes a few sticks enter into its make-up. Their

Photo by P. B. Peabody.

MARSH HAWKS.
(1 week old.)

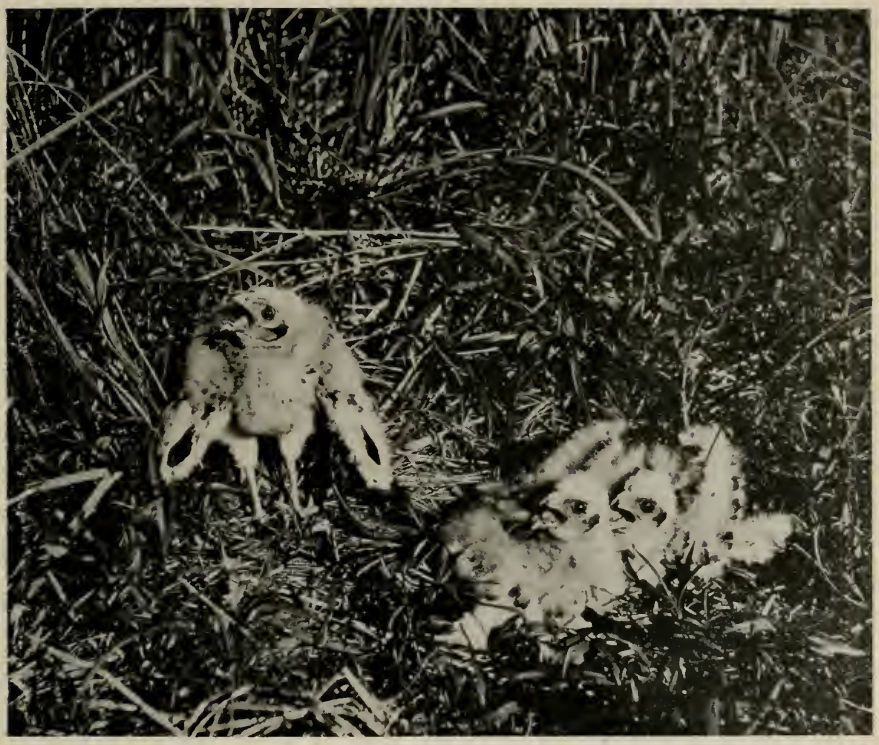


Photo by P. B. Peabody.

YOUNG MARSH HAWKS.
(3 weeks old.)

breeding season commences soon after the first of May. Complete sets of eggs number from three to six, most often four or five making the number. The eggs are a pale bluish white or greenish white and are oftenest unspotted although very often sets will be seen that have faint shell marking or spots of pale brownish.

HABITS.

This long winged and long legged harrier is one of the most common of the Raptores. The species can always readily be distinguished from any other by the white upper tail coverts which are present in all stages of plumage and by the general coloration. Their flight except when in the pursuit of prey, is generally quite slow, probably due to the eagerness with which they are watching the ground below for the slightest sign of animal life. Although slow their flight is very graceful and they will sail back and forth over the meadow with their

Photo by L. S. Horton.

NEST OF MARSH HAWK.

wings fully extended, scarcely a tremble being perceptible to the eye.

When they are suspicious of the presence of quarry under some grassy cover, they will hover over the spot for a moment, and woe betide the animal that shows the slightest motions, for that eagle eye which is searching every blade of grass will detect it and— a sudden rush and the merciless talons have the unfortunate victim in their relentless grasp.

On cloudy days or just before dusk is the most favorable time to see these hawks, as this is the time when the meadow mice are the most active and therefore is the favorite meal time for the hawks. Besides meadow mice and moles, they feed largely upon grasshoppers, frogs, small birds and even snakes. The percentage of birds that they eat is relatively small as compared to the mice that they destroy and they are classed as one of the most useful of the hawk family. When a favorable opportunity occurs or when other provender is scarce they also try their hand, or rather feet, at poultry raising, generally with considerable success. I am inclined to think it is individuals rather than the majority of the species who are given to chicken stealing.

As these hawks are generally seen in pairs even during the winter it is believed that they remain mated through life. Unless robbed frequently of their treasures the same pair will return to the same nesting grounds year after year.

During the mating season or that period immediately preceding the nest building, they are very active and a pair may often be seen chasing one another, in the meantime uttering the most piercing of whistles or screams. A nesting site is chosen a short distance from the water or it may be that it will be placed in a small clump of grass entirely surrounded by water. Weeds and grasses are gathered and arranged in circular form until the exterior of the nest is two or three inches above the ground. In case it is very damp they may first build a platform of sticks and twigs. Both birds take part in the nest building and also in the incubation of the eggs which lasts about three weeks.

The young are covered with a soft white down, through which at the end of the first week a few pinfeathers begin to show. These increase in number and size, gradually bursting the tubes and exposing the dark feathers, until at the end of the third or fourth week the hawk is able to flap his wings and clumsily make his first flight. For several weeks after they are able to fly they are followed and fed by their parents, who gradually instruct them in the arts and ways of catching their own food. The young when in the nest are generally wild and will bite and scratch if any attempt is made to handle them.

NOTES ON THE HERMIT THRUSH.

UCH praised, as this bird certainly is and few of our songbirds have been paid the tribute, either in verse or prose, that is accorded to the "gentle hermit of the dale," yet a great deal more may be said concerning his shy, wildwood ways, and his beautiful voice, without fear of filling too full the catalogue of his virtues. And I make my excuse, if any is needed, the fact that I have seen him and heard him sing, in circumstances which were to me most interesting, and which may have in them something new to many who take pleasure in watching our birds and listening to their songs.

We were camping, my friend and I, in the mountains north of Katahdin Iron Works; spending the day trout-fishing in the swift waters of the Pleasant River, and most of the night in sleep. On this particular night we had finished supper just as the dusk was falling, and for a long time we sat there quietly, not caring by word or motion to break the strange, vocal silence of the deep woods. Over the hushy whisper of the brook came the weird hoot of an owl, greeting the rising moon, and just as the silver light was spreading softly over everything and sifting down through the trees in little bright patches that made the shadows still more dark, burst from the depths of the wood the rich sweet prelude of the hermit's song. Many times before I had heard the song, but never like this. It was all as mysterious and unreal as a vision of fairyland, yet the wonderful sweetness of that voice swelling up out of the woods left an impression that I can never lose. For a long time we sat and listened, unwilling to miss a single note, but at last the weariness which comes from following all day the hard course of a tumbling mountain stream got the better of us and we went to sleep on our bed of spicy fir, and left the bird still filling the forest spaces with the happiness which was too much for his little soul to hold. At midnight I awoke, and as I lay for a moment listening to the soft woody sounds, again broke forth the untiring song. At four in the morning we were both awake for the day, and as we bestirred ourselves in preparations for an early breakfast, the Hermit sang his morning hymn, the lively little Winter Wren playing a rippling, running accompaniment.

Once more in that same summer I heard the Hermit Thrush under singularly favorable circumstances. A party of us were climbing one of the steep rocky mountains of Mt. Desert Island, Maine, and had stopped for a moment to rest on the favoring shoulder of a ledge. We were above the wood line, and had left, as we thought, all the birds

save the hawks and eagles far out of hearing distance, when suddenly floated up from beneath us the first note of the Hermit's song, and for some time we were favored with as fine a display of his vocal powers as I have heard.

My next meeting with this meistersinger among birds was in a scene far different from these and strangely incongruous. In smoky Chicago I occupied a tiny room in a boarding house on Dearborn avenue; scarcely a mile from the busy center of the city, and not a hundred yards from a rattling cable line. My window looked out on a diminutive back yard, to which a solitary tree gave some appearance of life and verdure. On a morning in April I was drowsing away the early hours, uncertain whether to wake up and begin the day or to fall asleep again; when I was startled to wide wakefulness by a rich, clear note which seemed to come from my little yard. Could I mistake even that short fragment of the song? Yet how impossible that a Hermit Thrush should be there at all, to say nothing of his singing at such a time and in such a place. I obeyed my first impulse, which was to jump out of bed and run to the window, and there, sure enough, was a solitary Hermit.

It was a long cold spring, many of the birds that breed farther north long overstaying their usual time, and I had an opportunity to see several Hermit Thrushes in the parks and in the woody suburbs, but not once again did I hear so much as a call note from one of them, they all passed noiselessly from bush to bush, biding their time until they could give full voice to their joy in living, in their beloved northern forests.

FREEMAN FOSTER BURR.

WATCHING A FISH HAWK TAKE HIS PREY.

James E. Goss, Pa.

SEPT. 15th, was an ideal late summer day for the nature lover to take an outing. The writer spent the greater part of the afternoon in a stroll along the banks of the beautiful Neshaminy Creek.

All the insects, birds, fish and small animals that arouse the curiosity of the observer were out in full force, particularly the caterpillars, which compelled this particular observer to beat a hasty retreat from the sheltering shade of a clump of bushes that must have been alive with them.

While resting later on the gnarled projecting stump of a swamp oak on the bank of the creek, the shadow of a huge bird flitted across the surface of the water directly before me. Glancing quickly upward toward the sun, a magnificent Osprey was seen poised in the air as motionless as though he had been stuffed and strung there on wire stretching from the tall trees on either side of the stream. Here was something more than usual to watch and the observer turned his attention from a sunfish in the shallow water to his enemy poised in the air. For five minutes or more this close relative of the king of birds hung almost perfectly still over a portion of the creek possibly two or three feet deep. Its powerful eyes were watching with intense eagerness all that was taking place in the liquid depths below. Suddenly the big bird quivered and then became instantly more rigid than before, if possible. Then with the seeming quickness of light, it threw its center of gravity forwards, dropping headforemost until it reached the water, which it entered with talons spread to catch its prey. The monster bird was completely submerged and it was several seconds before he re-appeared, dripping from his plunge but bearing, as it were triumphantly, his quarry in his claws.

Luckily the broad winged hunter had not seen his watcher, who was waiting to see the closing act of this tragedy of nature. The bird flew but a few yards up stream and then alighted upon the bare branch of a white oak to make disposal of his game. The fish which seemed to be a mullet soon disappeared and the hawk flew away.

AN ORIOLE'S NEST.

If one wishes to find birds of almost every species in their glory and in the midst of their spring house-keeping let him spend the months of May and June in Elkhart, Wisconsin. Baltimore Orioles were very numerous and one of our chief joys there. To watch the whole reconstruction of a last year's nest from a point of vantage under some cedar trees only a few feet from the great elm from which the nest was swung, was a three days delight. That ones faces and necks were scratched by the sharp pointed cedar twigs, ones hair pins loosened and scattered, and ones position, back-breaking in the extreme, were matters of absolutely no importance.

We were fortunate enough to spy Mother Oriole from our piazza whence she came to look over last year's home to see whether it would admit of renovation for this year's family. She evidently decided in the affirmative and while she flew away for her first supplies we scrambled under the nearest cedar trees and waited breathlessly for her next move which proved to be not one more but a succession of the most rapid pullings, peckings, and clawings of the old nest, a sort of architectural survey to decide upon the the best plan for transforming the old home into a new.

On her next sally from the tree she brought back a white string which she fastened by the simplest, shuttle-like motions of her bill, to the drooping sides of the nest. Then, bringing the string over a twig a foot above the nest, she constructed, thereby, a veritable pulley, and when the loose end of the string had been fastened also to the nest, the result was a loop strong enough to secure the little home against the chances of wind and weather. Mother Oriole's front door had to be changed to suit the present position of the nest and hours were spent in deftly weaving with that little nervous bill, a network of threads and grass across the disused opening. Then she was obliged to make over a hole caused by the tearing of outlying twigs during the storms of the previous winter, into a presentable new entrance. When we found she seemed not to object to our proximity, we returned to send forth from hiding one of the smallest members of our group to place strings and thread on a little stump close by. This she immediately secured, adapting it to her uses with the most marvelous dexterity. All her motions were so dainty and graceful and quick! And yet one felt the power of determination and strength in the little active body.

Father Oriole in the meantime was the victim of our scorn: "Why doesn't the lazy fellow help his wife? He might at least furnish mater-

ials." But we soon learn that this was not Orioles way and that Mother Oriole expected her mate to stay on guard in a tree near by, not assisting except to drive away occasional intruders and send her now then an encouraging remark, which we are forced to admit, she answered in a somewhat shrewish tone. But perhaps it is trying to the nerves to work so hard and see ones husband looking so handsome and brilliant with nothing to ruffle either feathers or nerves. When we came out on the third morning of the "reconstruction period" what was our amazement to see, dangling from the nest, a long white thread with a shining needle swinging at the end, the whole thing evidently filched from our sewing left out doors over night. Oh, why did not Mother Oriole reserve this crowning glory, of adding a real lightning rod to her home, till sleepy humans were awake to see! We left Elkhart during the days of rest to which Mother Oriole felt entitled after her successful labors, so we could not watch the rearing of the brood, nor have the satisfaction of watching Father Oriole engaged in his share of the labor.

FLORA STARR ROSS.

OSPREY.

BIRD CHATS WITH OUR YOUNG FRIENDS

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:

I know you will be interested in the account one of our readers gives of his success in making friends with the winter birds.

As the cold and snow deplete the supply of food in the woods, the confidence of the nuthatches and chickadees especially seems to be increased, and many of us have so enjoyed the fearlessness with which they perch on head or shoulder, and take food from our hands, that it seems the fault of man himself that these gentle ones scatter at his approach.

We heard a bird-lover tell of a bluejay which at his call would come from among the tree-tops, for its breakfast each morning from his hands.

I hope some of you can name the bird which one of our readers describes so well.

We would remind our young folks to be sure and send the answers with all puzzles which they send to this department.

Cordially your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ANSWERS TO JANUARY PUZZLES.

Numerical Engima, Ruby-throated Hummingbird.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

heRon
quAil
maVis
veEry
fiNch

ROLL OF HONOR.

Louise Jordon, Defiance, Ohio.
Huldah Chase Smith, Providence, R. I.
Stafford Francis, Exter, N. H.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. Doves not only gather the food for their young, but swallow and soften it, this "pigeon's milk," as it is called, is then pumped from the parent's crop into the fledgling's throat. Flickers and many other birds also prepare the food in like manner: even the dainty humming bird sips the sweetness from the flowers, to regurgitate it for the two mites which occupy her nest.

2. The American Woodcock uses its upper mandible like a finger to assist it in drawing its food from the ground.

3. Grebes are poorly fitted for land travel, and when in haste use their wings as a second pair of legs, thus going on "all fours."

4.

1. Rose-breasted Grosbeak,
2. Indigo bird,
3. Scarlet tanager,
4. Cardinal,
5. Purple Finch,

MAIL-BAG EXTRACTS.

Taming the Birds.

I have been greatly interested lately by a flock of chickadees, (both the Eastern and Mountain species), which have been lingering about my doorsteps to receive various scraps of meat, suet, crackers and bread, thrown out by admiring hosts. I have been diligently persuading these little mites to eat out of my hand but have not succeeded well until very recently, when one of our own truly Western Mountain species gratified my keen desire by perching on my finger and eating from the bone held within my hand, as if it was oyster soup and mince pie. After this their timidity vanished and now they light upon my head and shoulders as if an old acquaintance.

To any passer-by the trees surrounding the house must present a ludicrous appearance indeed, as a large per cent of them have an appetizing bone suspended within their branches, while some are the proud possessors of two.

This assortment has attracted a great variety of birds, among them: the aforesaid chickadees,the White and Red-breasted Nuthatches, Rocky Mountain Jays, (or Camp Robbers), Downy and Nuttall's Woodpeck-

ers, Winter Wrens, and Magpies. A Sharp-shinned Hawk also visited the feast, seemingly to obtain a good meal off of one of the many chickadees present, he was peremptorily dismissed upon the advent of a young man with a gun however.

CLAIR MACMORRAN,
Newport, Wash.

A STRANGER BIRD.

The other morning my father called me to come and see what bird it was that he saw.

I went out doors and by going slowly, I got about six feet from him. He was a soft gray, all over, except his wings, tail, and the crown of his head. His wings and tail had white feathers in them, and his crown was yellowish white as nearly as I could see. His breast near his throat was rather pinkish, and he was a little larger than the robin. When I went toward him he made a mournful whistle, singularly sweet and penetrating. Since then I have often heard him whistle, and have wondered what he was.

SALLY W. ORVIS,
Manchester, V..

I do not like to hunt, because I think it is cruel to kill the birds, especially since they help to keep down the destructive insects and eat the seeds of noxious weeds.

G. L. HARRINGTON,
Langdon, Minn.

PUZZLES.

A Diamond.

Centrals read downward and from left to right spell the name of a game bird.

X	A consonant
O X O	An animal
O O X O O	Cheerful
O O O X O O O	The sportsman joy
X X X X X X X X X	A game bird
O O O X O O O	Common in Dakota
O O X O O	A reward of merit
O X O	A bird's treasure
X	A vowel

MARIETTA WASHBURN,
Goodwin, S. Dakota.

ENIGMA.

My 1st is in rope but not in twine,
My 2nd in good but not in bad,
Mr 3rd is in bat and also in ball,
My 4th is in silk but not in thread,
While my 5th you will find in the small word in,
And my whole is a bird you have often heard of.

STEWART M. FIRTH,
So. Orange, N. J.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

My name is long and contains 20 letters. See if you can find out who I am.

Of 7-12-5-15. 4 great and worthy efforts have been made to 17-3-5. 8-19-20 girls and boys to shoot birds with cameras and kodaks instead of guns. May it have 1-2-3-4-5 success and stop the murder of animals and birds for "fun." 11-7-12-9-14 beauty has been a 5-2-18-3 help to many horses. If you 16-3-4-7 out kindness to animals they 4-2-15 always grateful. On the 16-3-13-10 of a 7-4-2-1-15 steamer were piles of 1-2-15-12-5-6-4-1-s of wheat. Before the end of the trip several of the 11-4-1-s had 9-2-4-13-10-3-16 and a good 16-15-4-19 of the grain had been lost.

JEAN LAMPTON,
Florence, Italy.

SOME CURIOUS HOMES.
(concluded)

Are you ready to journey onward? Cigam! Now we open our eyes upon familiar scenes. Yes, this is Old New England, and here we shall find architects as worthy of our attention as those we have travelled far to see. In this tunnel in a clayey bank four feet long with an abrupt turn at right angels at the further end. There we find the eggs of the Kingfisher in a large jug-shaped pocket.

Had we the time we might visit some of the large colonies formed of the nests of the passenger pigeons; they seem to prefer cities of their own, to scattered dwellings, for there are records of millions of these pigeons' nests built within a short distance of each other: every boy and girl has seen the nests of various kinds of swallows, so close that each householder could gossip with his neighbor without stirring from his own threshold. The Red-winged Black-birds and many other birds seem to prefer company during the breeding season.

We cannot end our journeyingswithout a glance at th e dearest little home of all. What is it? I think you will all cry at once—the Ruby-throated Humming bird's nest! It hardly seems possible that this dainty soft cup, carefully covered with the tiny bits of grey lichens, could be made by this little bird. How cunningly she hides it! It seems but a knot of the branch upon which it is glued.

But time is passing swiftly, and we must pass by many interesting nooks. There are the woven pockets of vireo and oriole, the Fly-catcher's nusery fitted up with the skin of a snake; here is the nest of a Nuthatch tucked behind a bit of loosened bark; on every side there are homes which tempt us to tarry.

Besides our feathered friends there are many other little folks whose nests we should like to examine;— wasps and hornets, the paper-makers, mice, squirrels and beavers in fur coats, fishes, toads, and even alligators, but our journey has already been too long, so for the last time we will speak the magic word, *Cigam*, and with a roll, and a toss the enchanted rug goes sailing away to its ancient master, and we find ourselves again by our own warm fireside.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

When the birds described below have been rightly guessed and written one under another in the order given, the central letters will spell the name of a bird noted for its sagasity.

1. A bird with a long, sharp bill.
2. A very shy bird found in many countries.
3. The European Song Thrush.
4. A common American thrush.
5. A small sweet singing bird of bright plumage.

HULDAH CHACE SMITH, Providence, R. I.

GLEANINGS.

Then the snowbirds all said "Cheep and chee,
Hurrah for ice and snow,
For the girls and boys,
Who drop us crumbs,
As away to their sport they go!"

Hurrah for the winter, clear and cold,
When the dainty snowflakes fall!
We will sit and sing,
On our oaken swing,
For God takes care of us all!"

All bird students will recall the pretty way in which most of the Plovers let the world know who they are. As soon as they alight they stand for a moment with both wings raised up to display the beautiful pattern on the wing linings. A pattern that is quite different in each kind, and that is like the national flag of the species, for it lets friend and foe alike know what species is displaying it.

ERNEST THOMSON SETON.

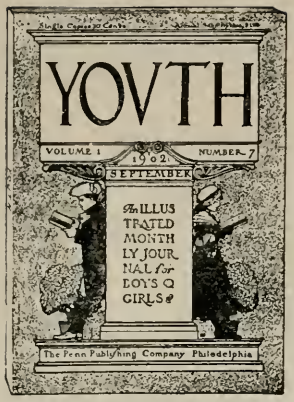
A BRAVE PAIR OF CROWS.

Crows in many cases show themselves to be great cowards as well as thieves, but in the following instance a pair proved what they could do in defense of their nest.

It was a warm clear day, but there was a very strong and disagreeable wind blowing. I was walking along slowly with ears and eyes wide open for any signs of bird life, when suddenly a series of coarse, rattling "caws" drew my attention to a huge pine tree not far away. The next instant a large hawk appeared soaring away on motionless wings, with two angry crows in hot pursuit. At first they came my way, until almost directly over my head, giving a good chance for observation. The crows made repeated sallies from above, but scarcely ever struck their marks, for the hawk although apparently indifferent, always tipped his body to one side or turned at just the right moment, and the blow was evaded by a hair's breadth.

But the hawk knew what he was about. Soaring round and round in a large circle he slowly went higher and higher; but the crows persistently followed until the whole three were mere dots against the blue sky. The wind must have been terrible at that height, and the crows found that they had all they could do to take care of themselves and keep right side up. The hawk finding himself free seemed to go farther yet into the sky, until he melted away into nothing. The pair of crows finally gathering courage shot down toward their nest much the same way as a hawk would have done.

ARTHUR C. OGDEN, Mass.



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VOL. IV **MARCH, 1904.** **NO. 3.**

ARE YOU EQUIPPED FOR SPRING BIRD STUDY?

From the first of April until the middle of May, occurs the great spring migration. The two following articles as well as a note book and pencil are essential if you wish to get the most value from your observations of the birds.

FIELD GLASSES.—You cannot trust to your eyes, especially when watching a small bird flitting about among the branches. The eyes aided by a good pair of field glasses see birds plainly and are not mistaken. We have tried a great many makes and find that the ones advertised elsewhere in this number at $5.00, to be the best that can be obtained for the price. They are well made and optically are equal to a glass costing three times as much. They magnify about three diameters so that you can see a bird about ten times as plainly with them as with the eyes. These glasses are nearly always used by the editor of this magazine rather than a pair of binoculars costing $75.00.

Chapman's COLOR KEY TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.—Having seen a bird, you wish to find out what it is. You can readily do so if you have this book. It is a complete illustrated dictionary of birds, showing in colors nearly every species found in North America. It is the most useful book on birds that has been written and is equally valuable in all sections of the country. The price of this book is $2.50 (See ad. in this number.)

SPECIAL.—During March, April and May we will mail prepaid to any address, both the above FIELD GLASSES and Chapman's "COLOR KEY" for $7.00. Address, Chas. K. Reed, Worcester, Mass.

Photo by J. A. Munro.

NEST AND EGGS OF LOON.

A LOON'S NEST.

Many miles north of the summer excursionists last camping ground, there is a beautiful sheet of water called Silver Lake. A dense growth of hemlock, balsam and spruce forms an almost impenetrable barrier to the waters edge, and in the transparent depths every twig is perfectly reflected. From our camp, beside a pile of giant granite boulders, covered deep with moss and lichen, a full view of the lake's expanse could be obtained.

The birds that interested me most, were a pair of loons that spent the day floating motionlessly on the unruffled surface or else performing wonderful diving and swimming feats. Their wild cry was the first sound heard after getting up in the morning and the last one at night. One bird was always to be seen on the lake, but the other, the female, was absent most of the time.

I was determined to find their nest, but for several days was unsuccessful. Many hours of laborious pushing, through the shallow, weedy lagoons or arms of the lake, only brought to light, a Black Duck's nest, a brood of young Hooded Mergansers and a few Blackbirds' nests. The day before breaking camp, I paddled completely around the lake and found the entrance of a narrow lagoon that had hitherto escaped my notice. In the shallow water, rushes and peablowers were growing luxuriantly and it was hard work pushing the canoe through. Coming out suddenly from behind a bunch of rushes, I came into view of an old muskrat house and sitting on the top was a Loon. It lurched forward into the water, then took a slanting course into the air. The bird seemed very much bewildered at the apparition that had penetrated its domain, and at first seemed undecided what to do. It circled once around the nest, then took an erratic course towards the open water of the lagoon, where I could see its head and neck above the water and hear its wild reproachful cries.

There was a slight depression on top of the pile of mud and rushes and in it the two brown spotted, drab eggs were lying with no protection from the hot June sun. It was in a difficult position to photograph the eggs, as the mud at the bottom of the lagoon was too deep to allow my getting out of the canoe. Finally I managed to steady the canoe with a paddle stuck into the mud and by placing two legs of the tripod in the canoe and one against the muskrat house I succeeded in focusing the camera. Unfortunately my position only allowed my getting a portion of the nest and when I developed the plate I found that the eggs were shown at rather a disadvantage. The legs of the tripod must have slipped after I put in the plate holder.

As I paddled out of the lagoon, the Loon kept about a hundred yards ahead of me, looking back uneasily all the while. When I reached the lake, she dived and swam swiftly towards the nest.

J. A. Munro, Toronto.

THE BIRDS OF A CITY HAUNT.

By Guy H. Emerson.

I have visited some very beautiful and interesting birding-places since the love of Nature study was awakened in me; some places were distinguished for their natural beauty; some for the rarity of the birds to be found within their limits; and others for their great variety of species. I know of no single haunt, however, which so well combines these three qualities, and which is, at the same time, so small as a little place not far from the gilded dome of Boston's Statehouse. In our little ornithological circle it has been familiarly known as "The Haunt," and I shall so refer to it in these papers.

The few acres which make up the Haunt are portions of three estates, and the section is not in the least private; in fact its beauty makes it very popular for walking, and it is traversed by two roads and several paths. Within its small compass are an oak grove, a stubbly pasture, a bush-grown lowland, a pond with a winding brook which empties into the Charles River, and a large dump-pile. Electric cars pass on two sides of the Haunt, and all points in it are in view from some of the nearby houses.

I was fortunately situated just across the street from this little "*rus in urbe*," and it was my custom for over two years to visit it daily except during the mid-summer season. As a result I have made a list of over eighty species there from personal observation, and other reliable records which have been kindly furnished me bring the list up to one hundred. I shall try to describe my friends in the Haunt during the different seasons.

When

> "Heaped in the hollows of the grove,
> The withered leaves lie dead
> And rustle to the eddying gust
> And to the rabbit's tread:"

when the bright summer songsters are gone, and the evenings grown chilly, there appears in the Haunt a little band of cheerful birds which are to me the most typical of the winter season. I have called them the "Winter Friends;" they are the Chickadee, Downy Woodpecker, Golden-crowned Knight, Brown Creeper and White-breasted Nuthatch. One of the unmistakable signs of approaching winter is the flocking of birds. As soon as the moulting season is over birds begin to wander about, and the vast "roosts" of Robins, and the gathering together of large numbers of warblers, finches, and shore-birds illustrate this habit. In the case of the Winter Friends the rule that birds of a feather flock together is not borne out, although the general tendency is more forci-

bly illustrated in their case than in the others; for while it seems natural for birds of the same families, as warblers and shore-birds, to associate in their southward journey, it is strange to see five different species so inseparable. From the standpoint of human nature this alliance on the part of the Winter Friends is the most natural thing in the world. During the long, cold winter season we should be inclined to pity two tiny Kinglets wandering alone through the woods, or a demure creeper wending his way up trunk after trunk without any happy voice nearby to cheer him.

These birds are essentially *Winter* Friends; their company is not complete in the Haunt before November, and with the first definite signs of spring the staunch little friends part and go about household cares until another cold season.

The Chickadee is the guiding spirit of the company. He is the trumpeter, and at the same time the general. Let us go out and see if we can find them. The grove is silent in the cool morning; the light west wind makes the dead oak leaves tremble and toss; a few patches of snow remain from the last storm. As we walk along, talking quietly, a faint "chick" is heard, and another; we pause, and after a minute one of us whistle "phoebe." At once the notes become more plentiful. and after the phoebe note has been repeated several times, a pair of chickadees fly into the tree under which we are standing, and are soon joined by three more, all apparently busily engaged, while they are trying to conceal their curiosity. One scolds "chick-a-dee-dee-dee-dee-dee," the last notes with a hoarse tone as if he were really quite enraged, at our presumption. One answers our whistle in an uncertain manner. Meanwhile several little Kinglets are noticed very busily engaged in picking bits of food from the tips of the smallest twigs. The Kinglet has always impressed me as an extraordinarily good-natured little fellow; he finds plenty of room for a large heart. Not over, nor yet too shy and retiring, he gives his little "zee-zee-zee" in a cheerful manner. Sometimes in this same grove the Kinglets will descend to the ground to pick about under the leaves which completely bury their tiny bodies.

With a spirited "yank-yank," the Nuthatch flies up and proceeds to climb over the larger branches with considerable speed. He is a friendly bird, too, and is never without interest in a visitor, though he can spare but a moment to give evidence of his friendliness. As he works steadily, head downward, he stops to look up at us in that very characteristic way of his.

On the next tree, hitching rapidly up the trunk is a brown creeper. Unless we had expected him, we might have missed him entirely, so closely does he resemble the bark. He seems to prefer a somewhat

irregular spiral course, from right to left, as he works up the main trunk of this tree, and then when he reaches the first branches he flies to the bottom of another trunk and gives his single note, a lisping "cree." The creeper is the best example of protective coloration which the Haunt affords, and he shows very decidedly that he is aware of this gift. I have frequently come within three feet of a creeper as he clung, flattened against the trunk of a tree, before he would stir. Then he would fly or dodge to the other side of the tree like a flash, and keep the trunk between himself and me as I endeavored to see him further. But as a rule the creeper is a very busy bird in winter and has no time to stop for visitors unless they be of the hawk or owl family. Were it not for the fact that he follows the others so faithfully I might be tempted to think the creeper a very matter-of-fact and unsentimental bird.

The downy brings up the rear of the company. As we watch him, he impresses us as being very thorough in his work. He stays for a long time on one tree, until the other birds have all passed on; then with a sharp note, he passes them with bounding flight and goes to work again.

Ever moving, the Winter Friends disappear as suddenly as they came, and with a sense of satisfaction we pass on to see other sights.

During the winter in which I have had a band of Winter Friends under observation in the Haunt (probably the same birds each winter) I have never been unable to find two or three of the five species, and generally all five have been at once in evidence.

I have found this group of birds interesting from an economic point of view. Day after day they go over the same trees, the Chickadees and Kinglets rapidly, and the Nuthatches, Downys and Creepers with great care; yet they never exhaust the supply of food. Now when we consider the number of insects and *larvae* which such a group of from a dozen to fifteen birds destroys during a winter, we can realize the economic value of the smallest birds.

Speaking of small birds, I had a little visitor from November to January one year, in whom I took much interest. He was a Winter Wren; a diminutive little brown fellow, with his short tail turned up, and a complete aversion to remaining still even for a moment. I first met him near the dump-pile, if the truth must be told; hearing a note which I thought was Song Sparrow's common call. I was about to note it down when I saw this small bird mount for an instant to the top of a pile of brush, bobbing up and down most excitedly. A slight movement of my hand sent him out of sight, but by making a few noises with my mouth he was induced to mount again into view. He gave his

Photo by Lispenard S. Horton.

CHICKADEE FEEDING HER YOUNG.
[Winner of first prize in class II.]

call once more, but this time the notes were in pairs, the emphasis on the second so that they were easily distinguished from those of Song Sparrow. To the end of the wren's stay, I was unable to distinguish with certainty between his single note and that of the Song Sparrow. I found that the Winter Wren was much more easily noted than many large birds because he always made his presence known by his loud note or attracted the eye with his constant motion.

Song Sparrows, Tree Sparrows, and Goldfinches find food in the Haunt all winter. The Goldfinches are in flocks and liven the scene greatly with their full-spirited, bounding flight, and add a very definite amount to the attractiveness of a trip with their undeniably cheerful note; they are anything but *tristis* as their name implies. From time to time the Haunt is visited by the first cousins to the Goldfinches, the Pine Siskins.

These ten are the small birds of the Haunt during the severe part of winter. They all seem happy, and indeed it is easy to see how they can obtain their food while the trees are dry and the ground is clear;

but when the north wind drives the rain and sleet against the branches, and this is turned into a coating of ice, and when the snow covers the ground and the seed-bearing shrubs, then would one fear for these small birds. One day, after a very long rain storm which had been followed by freezing, I went out as usual to visit the Haunt. The band of Winter Friends appeared at once, seeming as cheerful as ever. I noticed, however, that the Creeper hitched straight up the tree-trunks instead of following a spiral course, and I found that this was the south side of the trees, which had been somewhat protected from the wind.

The Chickadees and Kinglets seemed unable to work, and flew about somewhat aimlessly. I remember last year one storm in particular; I quote from my journal: "In the evening it snowed hard, and as there was no wind and the snow was very adhesive, the limbs of the trees and every tiny twig had a complete covering of snow. As I looked at the grove all white it seemed like some wonderland in the soft light of late evening. It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen in Nature;" yet I cannot help wondering how the Kinglets and creepers enjoyed it.

Of the larger birds, Herring Gulls are casual; I see them flying over occasionally; I have one record of Hairy Woodpecker and one of Kingfisher, in winter. One of the larger birds is of particular interest to me, and he is frequently seen or heard in the Haunt. In my journal of January 22, 1902, I read as follows: "In the evening a dull thick mist overhung the land to the height of the tree-tops, and through its damp veil the moonlight penetrated with difficulty. Everything looked unnatural; queer shadows crept and swayed in the wood, while high above was a clear starry sky, and a nearly full moon. All at once as I stood wondering at the strange appearance of my familiar haunt, I heard a call, a cry, wierd and indescribable, from the grove. It came slowly nearer and nearer, till close by, it made me feel an awe of the place. I moved closer to the sound as if drawn by some unseen power, and the cry grew farther and farther away, until it seemed to mingle with the soft rustling of the slightly swaying branches, blending with the mist, and then dying away completely. I waited some time and then walked home, vainly trying to fit words to the call, and for a long time I felt the strange effect of that experience."

It was, of course, an owl; these birds with their silent, down-covered wings are to me the greatest woodland mysteries. Rarely seen, but when once seen long remembered; not loved, but rather held in awe, and admired. It is not strange that the owl is the symbol of wisdom. I have often smiled to see them turn their faces quite over their backs,

or at the strange contrast between the great round head of an owl and the diminutive head of a Kinglet.

Blue Jays and Crows are always to be found in the Haunt. Many a pleasant hour have I spent watching the Crows at their play. The inevitable sentinel perched on some conspicuous branch has often been the object of thought; I have tried to see if any definite series of notes signified any special situation, or conveyed any particular warning to the birds. I have had little success which I feel would be of interest; to others; I have noticed, however, that there is considerable difference between the notes of a sentinel-crow when he becomes aware of a person's approach, and the notes of the other Crows at the sametime. I have fancied that I heard a conversation carried on by a Crow on the top of a tree beneath which I lay concealed, and some Crows at a distance which resulted in their all coming to my tree; this, and many other events, lead me to believe that the Crows' notes have a definite significance, and are not mere bursts of sound to attract each others attention. One cannot help, however, after some study, coming to the conclusion with Mr. Torrey, that there is no more sagacious yankee in New England than the Crow.

(To be continued.)

Photo by W. H. Davis.

LOON.

MANGROVE WARBLERS, [nat. size.]

(Male lower; female upper).

MANGROVE WARBLER.

RANGE.

A. O. U. Number 653. (Dendroica bryanti castaneiceps.)

Southern parts of Lower California and the western coasts of Mexico and Central America.

HABITS.

This handsome Warbler belongs to the group of Golden Warblers, which includes the Yellow Warbler or Summer Yellow bird. It is given a place among the birds of North America from its occasional occurrence in Lower California.

It is represented by various forms throughout Mexico and Central America. The males differ from the Yellow Warbler, in the chestnut hood and in having the chestnut streaks along the sides much narrower; the female is generally not distinguishable from that of the Yellow Warbler although occasionally she may have chestnut streaks on the head, indicative of the hood.

They are described as lithe and active in the pursuit of insects, and their habits and nesting habits are said to differ from those of the Summer Yellow bird in no essential particular.

THE STATUS OF THE ENGLISH SPARROW.

Since the first number of American Ornithology appeared, we have received a great many communications and articles relative to the English Sparrow. Some of these roundly condemned the species from the tips of their bills to the tips of their tails; others regard them as most desirable of birds to have; still others were inquiries concerning the best method to employ to get rid of the "pest." Personally we do not regard these birds with any favor, but we have decided to devote some space to the subject in the May number of the magazine. We would like to hear from any of our subscribers relative to the English Sparrow, from their own observations. Write just what you can on the back of a postal card. We do not not care for any lengthy articles. Boil your information down and bring it right to the point: Are English Sparrows of any value or not, to the community? We would like to hear from all sections of the country.

A BIRD THAT SANG ON ITS NEST.

By W. C. Knowles.

THE Rose-breasted Grosbeak is one of our most interesting birds to study during the nesting season. One day when I was stepping softly under blossoming apple trees, I heard a sharp warning call, "squick! squick! squick!" and a black and white bird flew across the greensward. I had caught a glimpse of the first Grosbeak and heard that characteristic call that tells us each May that our rose-breasted singers have returned from the south.

An untrained ear hearing the Grosbeak carolling at noonday from the top of an oak frequently takes the singer for a sweet voiced oriole, but the orioles do not care for oak trees. They sing as they feast among the sprays of apple bloom and swing their cradles from the maple and the elm. Give a Grosbeak the crown of some monarch oak and the June sky above and "his musical horn of plenty" literally overflows.

Creep up softly under the white oak tree and observe our singer. The soft gray leaves droop around the pendant catkins and the birds carmine throat, which has been likened to "a candle of flame" is scarcely hidden by the gray foliage. Notice when our steps startle the songster how he turns his shiny black head from side to side in listening talkative attitude.

A pair of Grosbeaks with whom the writer became well acquainted built a careless cradle of sticks and twigs in the scraggy top of an apple tree overshadowed by their favorite oak. By the middle of June there were young birds in the nest. From the attic windows, I could look down directly upon the family.

The little birds were fed with the regularity of clock work from day light until long after my supper time. Both parents shared in the work. The female Grosbeak was extremely quiet both in leaving and returning to the nest. The male always seemed aware of her silent approach. During her turn brooding the young she scarcely stirred and I could hardly distinguish her brown back from the branches. The shifting patches of sun light on the leaves revealed no secrets except when an oriole frightened her as he winged his way to a basket nest in a neighboring maple or when she raised her head to catch a tantalizing insect and tucked her birdlings back with her bill.

The male behaved very differently from his shy brown mate. He frequently sang as he started out on the quest for food and rarely returned without gently carolling his approach from a neighboring tree-top. If any strange object appeared he would light on the lower branches of the nesting tree and utter an inexpressibly low sweet warble

(there is nothing like it for tenderness in all bird language) and then hop cautiously up the leafy back stairs to the nest. He would perch on a twig, feed the young and after a merry little carol glide into place. I could see his carmine throat peeping through the fragile nest and the jetty head against the dark background of leaves.

As the young birds warmed beneath his breast, he would break into joyous song. Time after time I left my work and noislessly opening the house door crept softly under the tree expecting to find my fair singer perched on the great white oak where he carolled so many hours when there were blue eggs in the nest. I saw his carmine throat swell with song and there was not a doubt of the singer's identity. I learned to tell when it was his turn brooding the young for snatches of song frequently floated down from the old apple tree. It was not so strange after all, with the June sky above and the sunshine dancing on the leaves how could a happy bird keep such a secret to himself.

ANHINGA.

A. O. U. No. 118 (Anhinga anhinga)

RANGE.

Tropical America, breeding along the Gulf coast and north to Iowa and South Carolina.

NESTS AND EGGS.

Anhingas nest in many locations, the majority being at a low elevation while some are in high trees; as a rule, no matter where the nest may be situated as regards elevation, it is always located over water. Sometimes they nest singly or in isolated pairs, but more frequently in large communities. They build rough shallow nests of sticks and twigs on which they lay from three to five eggs; they are bluish or greenish white in color and are covered with a white chalky deposit which is generally scratched and seared by the birds feet. Their nesting season in Florida continues from March until June.

HABITS.

The Anhingas are often called Water Turkeys, but perhaps are most frequently known as Snake Birds because of the snake-like appearance

ANHINGA OR SNAKE-BIRD.

Length about 30 in.

[Female, front; male, back.]

of their long neck and slim head. This species is not uncommon within its range, frequenting ponds and lakes of fresh water rather than salt. They are very peculiar birds, similiar in construction to the Cormorants, but with a more slender body and with a longer neck and smaller head. The feet are totipalmate, that is all the toes are connected by a web. The legs are short but stout and placed far back on the body giving them great swimming powers. The tail is long and the central feathers are peculiarly crimped horizontally. The feathers on their back are stiff and lanceolate, while those of the breast and under parts are soft in texture, resembling fur as much as feathers. They have a highly colored face varying from a yellowish to a livid greenish, and the gular pouch is yellowish or orange. These snake-like birds are peculiar not only in looks but in actions. They roost in colonies on the branches of trees overhanging the water, and on the first suspicion of danger, they all drop from their perches into the water, not appearing to the surface until they are at a safe distance. When alarmed they swim with their body entirely submerged only the upper half of their long neck being visible, and that more resembling a water serpent than a bird. When swimming in this position they can disappear very quickly and are said to successfully dive at the flash of a gun. When swimming on the surface, they also have the habits of the Grebe in sinking backwards without leaving a ripple to mark the place of their disappearance.

Their food consists mainly of fish. They sit sluggishly upon their branches over the water until the impulse of hunger spurs them to activity, then upon sighting a fish, they dive into the water and chase and capture the fish in his own element. This habit is shared also by the Cormorants, and Grebes too often chase and capture their prey beneath the surface.

Anhingas also construct their nests over the water so they may readily get into their favorite element in case of danger. During the breeding season only, the male is adorned with numerous slender plumes which constrast strongly with his black neck. These are only worn for a few weeks. The female is readily distinguished by her brownish colored neck, with a rich chestnut edge where it meets the black of the under parts.

AFTER THE STORM, THE SUNSHINE.

ALBERTA FIELD.

"My sight, and smell and hearing were employ'd
And all three senses in full gust enjoy'd."

DRYDEN.

MERALDS cannot vie with the sparkling drops that adorn every tree and shrub, and which reflect the glorious face of their beloved Apollo until we deem him abashed at his own brilliancy. Every bird bursts his joyous throat in gladness. Every flower petal wafts peans of mute adoration to its Creator. Flower gorgeousness. Bird brilliancy. Blossom odor, all thrill the senses.

A great straggling Eglantine, emblem of romance and poetry tosses its fragrant arms in the soft summer air, laden with its blossoms of "wild rose" daintiness, and jewels of living green, which brings to my eager nostrils, whiffs of Richard Jefferies' sweet briar wind. Among the glistening branches of a great chestnut, flit three or four atoms of scarlet; only Tanagers imbued with the ecstacy of life. Up and through they dash away, glad atoms of quickened crimson. From whence do they procure their vivid dyes? Not from human alchemist, indeed! but rather stolen from the fierce fires of some sunset of the tropics. But they repent not the theft as they challenge each other with resounding "chip-chur-r-r-, chip-churr-r-r," clear notes of defiance and rivalry. A sparrow, whose plumage emits but dull flashes, thrills us with the force of his harmony instead, and almost bursts his swelling throat in his song of adoration; "Think-think-think-sir (meditatively)-how-sweet-in-all-she-is-to-me," the last notes rushing forth with all the eagerness of his little bursting heart.

The liquid "a-o-le-le, a-o-a-o-le," of a Wood Thrush falls softly through the branches of a great pine close at hand, his back of rich olive taking on iridescent glints of green in the sunlight. A sly Hermit, an Italian-voiced cousin of the Wood Thrush, hops shyly from beneath a gray beach, but just now he is silent, numerous parental cares and responsibilities, and natural discretion, have, for the once, overwhelmed him and subdued his never too copious loquacity. He is the smallest representative of his family, and particularly noticeable for his gold eye ring. A tiny ball of green-embossed yellow feathers, which resolves itself into a Yellow Warbler, peeks curiously underneath some luxuriant viburnum leaves in search of a worm morsel, and, by the way, is not this a reprehensible habit of the warblers, this eternal peering below the surface? But food and not philosophy is his

incentive, and he stops for but a moment between bits, to sing softly to himself "sweet-sweet-sweet-ain't-she-sweet;" to the eternal feminine of spring time.

A harsh-noted Catbird shrieks defiance all around, and at me in particular, as his bold, bright eyes spy me, and our mental opinion of each other is synomyous. The one discordant blot upon each other's perfect moment. But after the manner of discords, we each cling to our vantage ground, he demonstratively, I silently, as befits our relative situations. And now, oh vision of ecstatic and artistic bliss, down through the valley darts a brilliant Goldfinch, hotly pursued by a flash of gleaming blue, and through a fragrant thorn bush they dash in their winged tilt, while my eyes endeavor to compass the kaleidoscopic movements of these color convolutions of sapphire and gold. But the heaven-backed bird comes off veritably, with flying colors, for his gilded opponent slips out of sight into some fallen branches until the departure of his enemy, who only remains long enough to call a breathless "dearie-come-here," before he is up and away. A black coated, white shirted, bronze-vested, Towhee or ground robin as he is sometimes called, a disturber of the soil in toto, fusses among some dead leaves beneath a neighboring oak, to the accomplishment of nothing but an expenditure of his energies so far as I can ascertain.

Another "winged gem" floats lazily across the scene, whose rich butterfly mantle of crimson and black, was, I hope, securely sheltered during the preceding storm. I often wonder where these ariel creatures disappear to during a rain storm, for their garments are so unfitted for a drenching, and of a texture too silken for a battle with the angry elements. Perhaps they find security underneath some sheltering leaf, holding their tightly clasped wings, "head to the wind" to use a nautical phrase. Above a noisy little brooklet are;

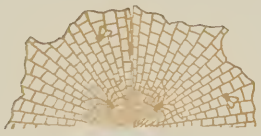
"Blue dragon-flies knitting
To and fro in the sun,"

not quite such giants as are those fossils lately discovered by M. Charles Brouguiart of Paris, in some insect-bearing strata in France, and that are said to have a wing expanse of 24 inches, and are considered the forerunners or ancestors of the dragon-fly of to-day. But doubtless our own sheeny-winged species look no less formidable to the tiny little butterfly whom he makes captive by grasping between his two bits of teeth, to the eventual extinction of its sweet existence. But the most characteristic ode to the Dragon-fly is given us by James Whitcomb Riley, and which is so expressive of its manner of airily sailing through its short period of life.

" Little brook sing a song
Of a leaf that sailed along
Down the golden braided center of your current swift and strong
And a dragon-fly that lit
On the tilting rim of it,
And rode away and wasn't scared a bit."

Further down the little brook, two " damsel-flies," lady-like editions of the common dragon-fly, tilt daintly on a waving, graceful leaf of a water iris, their blue and green iridescence glinting in the sunlight. But these " graceful demoiselles " are adrift, for a touch of scarlet on their wings betokens them members of the general Hertarina, who usually dwell in more exposed waters.

In the shadow of some luxuriant maiden-hair ferns, dwell several quaint blossom stalksof belated but bewitching blue-bells which have artistically dipped their cerulean bells in some dainty rose pot, perhaps in commemoration of the fair Scottish Queen whose sweetest joy was in the sunny land of France. Below them grow worlds of amethystine violets which the blue bells arabesque in dainty fret-work of contrasting color. How Thoreau would have delighted in all these blues, such a devotee he was of the cerulean shade, which fairly tints his writings at times. How he delighted in the feathered-folk of his favorite color, the Bluebirds and Indigo Buntings. Now Ruskin revels in scarlet, and says that in a delicately gradated shade, it is the lovliest of all pure colors, but in this nook, only the gleaming Tanagers and Eglantine could supply his artistic sense. But while I am absorbed in these glories of color and of life, the song of praise has been gradually changed to a vesper hymn. One by one the jewel lights are going out. Gradually the sun is drifting to his splendid castle in the West. The moment is fled.



CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER. [Nat. size.]

Female, upper; male, middle; young, lower.

CHESTNUT-SIDED WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 659. (Dendroica pennsylvanica.)

RANGE.

Eastern North America, breeding from New Jersey and Ohio north to Manitoba and Nova Scotia; winters south to Panama.

NEST AND EGGS.

These Warblers build their homes generally near the ground in low bushes or trees. The nest is almost always placed in an upright crotch and is neatly woven of grasses and plant fibres and lined with hair. Grasses form the larger part of the material; this serves to distinguish the nests from those of the Yellow Warbler that often builds in similar locations, but more often higher up. These latter nests have a wooly appearance which that of the Chestnut-side does not. In New England their nesting season commences the latter part of May and continues during June and July. They lay from three to five eggs which have a white or pearly white background, distinguishing them from the bluish white eggs of the Yellow Bird; they are speckled with reddish brown often in handsome wreaths around the larger end.

HABITS.

These sprightly little fellows are generally one of the most common of eastern Warblers. They leave their winter homes in Central America early in March to commence their annual journey northwards, reaching the southern border of the United States about the first of April; from here they straggle along by easy stages, reaching their northern breeding grounds from the tenth to the fifteenth of May. The two weeks following their arrival are devoted to frolicking midst the new surroundings, with the numerous other species that are passing through to breeding grounds farther north. They are active birds and especially in the morning their simple little song of "Chee-chee-chee-chee-e-e-e," rings out at regular intervals. It is a very similar ditty to that of the Redstart and Yellow Warblers; the difference can not readily be expressed in words but can generally be distinguished after an intimate acquaintance with each. When feeding they are quite partial to birches, the leaves and bark of which harmonizes so well with their plumage that they are not readily seen; they are conscientious workers and do a great deal of good while they are with us. They seek the more open woods when nesting, building in the low bushes in clearings or on the borders of woods, along the edges of brooks, or in scrubby pasture land. They are very confiding birds and especially when incubating, they will allow one to approach very closely, often

even allowing you to stroke them with the hand before leaving the nest. These nests are very artfully concealed and are sometimes very difficult to find. They are most often not above three feet from the ground and are located at the very tops of the brush where they are concealed by overhanging leaves. I have found them in oak shrubs where it was impossible from any position either above or below, to see the nest without first putting aside the leaf that covered it. While the male bird helps but little in the building of the home he shares equally with his mate the task of incubation and later of feeding the little Chestnut-sides.

These Warblers are often imposed upon by Cowbirds, which watch their opportunitiy to leave an egg in the little home. The little birds do not always accept the addition, however, and frequently desert their nests apparently from no other cause; perhaps they have been the victims before and know of the added work that will be thrust upon them as soon as the, comparatively, giant youngster is hatched. While it is a very common occurance to see some of the smaller birds feeding one of these outcasts, I do not recall but one instance of watching a Chestnut-side undergoing this task. In this case I had watched the building of the nest and had daily found an additional egg within, until there were three, but on the fourth found that the complement had been completed and the nest filled to overflowing by the addition of a large speckled egg by some itinerant Cowbird. In due time, these four eggs evolved into living birdlets and by great activity the parents managed to get sufficient food to satisfy the wants of their own little ones as well as the gourmand appetite of the stranger. Long after the Chestnut sides had left their parents to care for themselves, this husky youngster, now fully grown and many times as large as the Warblers, was still being fed by them; wherever the female went, he would follow and with quivering wings and entreating twitter, beg for something to eat.

The young birds during the first fall and winter are very different in plumage from the adults in spring. With their plain greenish upper parts and whitish underparts, and the conspicuous white ring about the eye, and lack of markings they bear llttle resemblance to their parents. The adults sing but very little after the middle of June, when the moulting period commences, and during the latter part of August and in September they commence to leave us being one of the first of the Warblers to take their departure. The young birds generally linger longer than do the old and make the journey south in company with the many other species that are going at the same time.

ABOUT SOME BIRDS.

By Wilford Ernst Mann.

I frequently have people say to me: "I would like to know something about birds from personal observation, but I have no time to wander through the fields and woods in search for them." That is not necessary. With eyes to see, and ears to hear, no little knowledge can be gained without going a dozen rods from the house. In this paper I shall speak only of those that I have seen and studied about my own house and lawn. First, I will mention the Purple Finch, not at all a rare bird in New England, but one known to comparatively few people. Only last summer a friend expressed the regret that she had never been able to see a Purple Finch, or hear one sing. She must have seen and heard many of them, for not twenty rods from her home, I had that very day listened with delight to the song of one of these birds, and had watched him as he flitted from tree to tree. In walking a distance of two miles to that point, I had seen three Purple Finches. I presume that the unfortunate name he carries is often the cause of failure to identify his finchship. Crimson would be more appropriate judging from his attire. The rump and breast show less of the crimson than the head, neck, middle of back and wing coverts. The belly and under tail coverts are white, streaked faintly with brown, except in the very middle. The edges of wings and tail feathers are brownish red. The female is more of an olive brown, but like her mate shows no purple. To call a crimson bird purple is misleading.

This year the Purple Finch came to us the middle of April. Every morning about half past five o'clock, one wings his way over a neighbor's lot, singing as he goes, and a sweeter bird song one seldom hears The Bobolink and Hermit Thrush sing very sweetly but neither, holds my admiration as does the Purple Finch. The hermit thrush reminds me of joys departed, the Purple Finch inspires me with hope of joys to come. One morning while in my garden, the notes of a song began to shower upon my ears. Looking up, I saw a Purple Finch "fetching" his music with him to a nearby apple tree. His head and wings had the appearance of wanting to stay in air, while his body decided to settle down upon the apple tree. When he reached the topmost bough, his song continued. His crest feathers seemed raised in anger with himself for not being able to give expression to his joy, while occasionally he gave his head a shake as though declaring the uselessness of attempting to utter his true sentiments. For five minutes, or more he dropped,

"the silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All intervolved and spreading wide
Like water-dimples down a tide,
When ripple, ripple over curls
And eddy into eddy whirls."

To others the song of the Purple Finch may not be all that it is to me—the expression of my inmost thought in the sweetest way—but surely any one becoming familiar with it must realize the birth of a new pleasure in life.

Another bird frequently seen about the lawn is the Yellow Warbler. This bright greenish yellow little chap, with his bright crown and streaked breast, and slender bill, brings his more modestly attired little wife to inspect the premises about the first of May. Last year two pairs of these warblers, built their nests and reared their families in our syringa bushes. It was with great interest I watched them at their work. First their work of building, and afterwards their work of feeding their young. In one nest the four youngsters in what seemed an unreasonably short time grew too large for the nest; and one rainy evening as I approached over the sides they went in a jiffy, and on to the ground. The parents raised a tremendous outcry. In vain I tried to induce them to spend the night in the old home. The next morning, old and young had disappeared.

There is something in the wee-chee, cher-wee of the Yellow Warbler that suggests and invites sociability. Many a morning as the happy notes reached me in my study, I left the unfinished work and went out to watch them at their songful labors. The song of the Chestnut-sided Warbler so very closely resembles that of the Yellow Warbler that one is easily led to take one for the other. The Chestnut-sided while shyer than the Yellow Warbler is nevertheless a frequent visitor near our home. Though very active—its movements suggesting those of the Red Start—the observant person may easily distinguish the markings and so identify it. The male has a bright yellow crown, and a black line behind the eye. The front part of the cheeks are black, the ear-coverts white. The back is streaked with black and margined with bright olive-green. The wing-bars yellowish white, tail black and the under parts white, the *sides chestnut*. The female is similar, but somewhat duller in color.

Another warbler that comes about the lawn and orchard in spring is the Myrtle or Yellow-rumped. This year I first saw it the tenth of

May. As few of these birds breed south of the northern parts of Maine they are not likely to be seen in other parts of New England but for a few weeks in spring and autumn. The four characteristic yellow patches, on the crown, rump and either side of the breast, enable one to easily identify it.

One windy day last May while looking from the window, my attention was attracted to a vertible Mrs. Pardiggle of a bird. Its movements suggested a world full of necessary things to be done, and all developing upon her. In this she was not so much like Mrs. Pardiggle, as in the switching of her skirts. I could not determine whether the wind was the cause of the seeming bustle, or whether it was natural to the creature, not then recognizing her ladyship. The prevailing color of her garb was olive-green above, and brownish-white beneath, but flashes of yellow showed to advantage. For several days I watched at intervals for her return. I had about given up seeing her again when suddenly she made her appearance. This time there was no wind, but there was the same excited hurry-up in her movements that suggested a wind given impetus. It was Mrs. Redstart. Possibly she had left her husband somewhere with promise of a speedy return, and anxious to see as much as possible while unhampered by his presence felt the necessity of making haste. Often after that I saw both the male and female birds. The male Redstart is a really fine appearing fellow with his dressing of shining black, salmon and white, and neither he nor his mate need be ashamed of their musical ability. If they have not that delicacy and richness of expression which characterizes some of their feathered neighbors, they have the art of expressing the joys of life in a taking way. If anything expresses contentment the ching, ching, chee; ser-wee, swee, swee, swee-e of the Redstart does.

This year a pair of Warbling Vireos came to the row of elm and maple trees near the house, and almost any hour of the day their cheerful notes may be heard. Their appearance was first noticed the ninth of May. They bear a strong resemblance to the Red-eyed Vireo, while their song inclines one to imagine them first or second grade pupils of the Purple Finch.

Goldfinches I see rollicking in air every day. The Veery comes into the garden occasionally. Yesterday a Junco came while I was working there. A pair of Bluebirds have their nest in one of the apple trees; while another pair have their home in a maple at the corner of the lot. A Phoebe has come back to occupy her last year's nest under the eaves. A Robin has built in the spruce tree by the gate, while another occupies a branch of a pine tree at the rear of the house. Crow black birds are numerous, and come fearlessly about the lawn and garden.

The Least Flycatchers with their incessant chebecking are too much in evidence for comfort.

The Song sparrow

plainly clad
In bars and stripes and colors sad,"

can be seen any hour of the day.

"With varied strains he charms the soul
For many songs are on his roll;
And every sparrow singeth nine,
All separate tunes, with notes divine."

Photo by Geo. C. Embody.

HOUSE WREN WITH SPIDER.

[Winner of second prize in Class I]

Chipping Sparrows are also about in numbers. Chippy was a little late in getting here this year, and then someone called him a grasshopper sparrow which he in no wise resembles. There was a dreadful neighborhood quarrel among the chippies this morning. Just how it arose I cannot tell, but it evidently began with the women folks and was taken up for settlement by their husbands. They picked each other mercilessly. At times they spun around the ring so rapidly that there seemed but one bird. The fight lasted several minutes. Which was conqueror I could not make out, but doubtless they knew. There seemed to be satisfaction on both sides for they separated on apparently good terms.

The Baltimore Oriole builds on nearly "every other" tree in the neighborhood, and is seen

"drifting like a flake of fire
Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire."

The Scarlet Tanagers likewise come to our lawn occasionally. To be sure they do not stay long, but long enough to be admired, and to receive our good wishes.

I am convinced that more than *time*, an *observing interest* is needed to make more people familiar with our common birds.

Birds! Birds! ye are beautiful things,
With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-cleaving wings,
Where shall man wander and where shall he dwell—
Beautiful birds—that ye come as well?
Ye have nests on the mountain, all rugged and stark,
Ye have nests in the forests all tangled and dark;
Ye build, ye brood neath the cottager's eaves,
And ye sleep on the sod, 'mid the bonnie green leaves;
Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake;
Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard decked land,
Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand."

THE FIRST THAW.

The first thaw came late in January. A whole week of bright sunshine melted the last vestige of snow, and the green grass peeped forth once more. The life-giving warmth and moisture seemed to waken everything. What a different world from that a few weeks ago!

It was towards the last of the week that I set out on a pilgrimage to see this change in nature. I found my Squaw Run, the little gurgling stream that afforded me so much pleasure in summer, when I waded in it and caught crayfish and watersnakes, had been changed by the sun's magic rays into a raging current that had swept bridges away and had torn down monarchical oaks. This was a new phase of the stream's character, and it awed me.

However, I could not spend all my time here, so I passed on to see the effects of the sun's rays on living things. On the hillside the green grass gave plenty of color to harmonize with the azure of the sky, but in the woods all was dark and somber. The ground here was covered with dead leaves, and the tall black tree trunks offered no relief; but here and there there was a patch of green where the ferns lay, and I soon found that they too had awakened and were putting forth fiddleheads. Out of the woods all was bright, but here I found more signs of life. A caterpillar was leisurely crawling along munching a leaflet

now and then. What was he doing out so early? I pitied him, for he would surely freeze at the next cold spell.

Now I heard my first bird notes. "Who are you? Who are you?" came from the hillside. It was a new note to me, and I hurried forward to see the ministrel. There he was, his tail pointing skywards, and his voice pouring out music as fast as a fire engine pumps its stream of water, a Carolina Wren! It is easily recognized, as it is the largest of our wrens.

I left him, and started up the road, till a glorious burst of music bombarded my ears. The sunshine had put new vigor into the Song Sparrow, and he was singing as he had never sung before. I call this the spring song of the Song Sparrow, though he sings it nearly all year, but never so beautifully as in Spring.

I am suddenly distracted from this melody by a sudden flash of blue that almost dazzles me. The first Bluebird! I feel like shouting and throwing my hat in the air for joy; but he is soon gone, and I turn my attention to more winter residents.

"Phoebe, phoebe," I am dumbfounded. Who ever heard of a Phoebe in January? Yet there it is again, as plain as day. This must be investigated, so I start forward at once, and immediately run into a flock of chickadees. The joke is on me this time. Of course it is the chickadee's spring call!

Another dazzling flash, this time red, and then I hear a cardinal sing. I am satisfied. I have seen what I sought, and I turn homewards.

On my way home I have to cross the river, and I find that it is full of floating ice, and is rising rapidly. The big floes boom against the piers of the bridge with astonishing force, and the whole structure trembles. I feel safer when I am at the other end boarding a street car which carries me to a good hot supper

ARTHUR T. HENRICE.

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

As this month's Ornithology reaches you, you will be watching for the first Bluebird—the welcome forerunner of the gay flocks which springtime will soon bring us, though as I write the air is filled with great flakes of snow. My grosbeak—Peggotty Zamelodia Ludoviciana—seems to view with renewed surprise each snowfall. She cocks her head, first on this side, then on that, and watches the floating white flakes, as if she would say "Are you good to eat?" Tasting is her usual test of most mysteries. She had a taste of vinegar the other day, and I am sure none of you could have made a worse face in token of dislike. But she will take milk from a spoon as long as anyone will hold it before her, and shows great fondness for oysters and fish. It was amusing to see her examine a new clock which had been placed in the room. As soon as her cage door was opened she flew upon the clock, looked it all over, and finally flew down upon the shelf, where, by stretching, she could just see herself in a small mirror in the lower part of the clock, and vigorously picked at the bird which she saw looking out at her.

I wish the early risers among our boys and girls would take note during the coming months of the earliest singer among the birds. Many claim that the Chipping sparrow opens the morning chorus, others, that the Robin's voice is first heard. "Lend me your ear" and send me your verdict.

In the 'engima, the Ruby-Throated Hummingbird in the January number, the 9-11-10 should have read 19-11-10, making *get* instead of *act*. Do not forget to inclose a stamp when you wish a *personal* reply to your letters.

Cordially your friend,
MEG. MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Paul P. Jones, Windham, Vermont.
Clarence Dickinson, Springfield, Michigan.
Jacob Stehman, Rohrerstown, Penn.
Huldah Chase Smith, Providence, R. I.
Joseph C. Nelson, Hannibal, Missouri.
Louise Jordon, Defiance, Ohio.
J. Anderson Otis, Bridgewater, Mass.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES FOR FEBRUARY.

Diamond. Partridge.

P
CAT
MERRY
HUNTING
PARTRIDGE
PRAIRIE
MEDAL
EGG
E

ENIGMA NO. 1.

Robin.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

Great Black-backed Gull.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR MAIL-BAG.

All in the Morning Early!

Yes, this was the way of it. I say so for I saw it all. Yes all in a grey November morning early, before the sun was up to look on.

The scene was an apple tree, the swaying branch of a crimson rambler, and an old table in a back-yard where lay ears of sweet corn grandpa had put there to dry. The actors in the little play were a flock of English sparrows which stood chattering, oh! so eagerly, in the old apple tree, this morn which I am writing.

Presently there was a flitting to the swaying rose branch, and such a quaint dance as I saw then, such balancing of partners; then twos cross over and back to place; all to the sound of some invisible wind harp; then to some grand finale in the music they paused upon the table, and such a breakfast as they had; all this I saw while busy with my duties, then, up came the

sun, and forth came grandpa from the door. Lo! not a bird was in sight, and he wondered then and for many times after, what scattered the drying corn. But on a day, one keen-eyed little dancer by chance peeped under the wide-brimmed straw hat which grandpa had worn from the time he dropped the seed corn into the waiting soil, till he gathered it for the winter food for his flock of hens, the merry dancer peeped, (I learned this from a familiar spirit who whispers things to me,) and saw neath the wide brim, eyes which looked so kindly upon two white rabbits raiding some fallen corn, that he took heart o' grace and reported to the others.

What they said I know not, or if grandpa talked to them, only this, that now cold winter days are with us, they have feast when it pleaseth them of the store saved for the feathered flock in the barn; and she would, this, Meg. Merrythought could tell you—where grows the old apple tree, the rose bush, and where grandpa lives. I have told you what I saw all in the morning early, ere grandpa learned the secret of who meddled with his drying corn.

Oh! thus early in the morning
Just as the day was dawning
Sure I never saw the like of it
But on that grey November morn,
Such a balancing and chasing.
To some eerie wind harps playing;
No I'd never seen the like of it
Till they danced for grandpa's corn.

PHILA MIRANDA PARMALEE, Haddam, Ct.

FRIENDLY WINTER CALLERS.

The Chickadees come every few minutes to that basket of suet which I hung out. One time I counted three Chickadees sitting in the tree waiting for their turns to come, and one sitting in the basket eating away. Almost every day I see a flock of Pine Grosbeaks, and some days I see two or three flocks.

STAFFOLD FRANCIS, Exeter, N. H.

ORIOLE BABIES.

I want to tell the readers of this magazine how I watched two baby Orioles last summer, as I was sitting in an old maple, I noticed a nest and a baby oriole near. I waited a minute and then heard the chirp of the male bird as he came to feed his

birdlings. He noticed me and flew away to a neighboring tree, and chirped awhile, then flew over and fed the one outside the nest and disappeared. But after a while he came again and fed the other. He and his mate became quite tame to me afterwards.

BARTRAM LEIPER, Blauvelt, N. Y.

BIRD LISTS.

During the year 1903, I have observed ninety-eight varieties of birds. I tried hard to make the one hundred mark, but did not quite succeed. I wound up my list on Christmas day with the Cardinal. All were observed here in Lancaster County, except four species, one near Philadelphia and three at Atlantic City last summer. Wishing your corner another year of success.

JACOB STEHMAN, Rohrerstown, Penn.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 19 letters. My 1-5-2 is to 13-3-7-6-14 people to have 2-3-10-6-19 on birds. Feed them 1-8-19 food like 4-12-6-3 or other 18-10-1-5-8. Many 2-3-11 are the worst, 3-8-3-2-19 they 6-1-11 have and 3-4-3 long their 6-9-4-11 fields will not be 11-5-6-3 because of 13-14-3-5-4 being cruel and 2-3-7-8 to the 13-3-1-6-14-12-8-18 of the 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19.

CLARENCE DICKINSON, Springfield, Mich.

WINTER NESTS.

The falling of the leaves in autumn discloses many bird's nests whose presence we little suspected, and often a winter walk is made far more interesting if we can name the little builders. Of course the ground nests are hidden by dead leaves, and flattened by storms, and those built of very soft material, like the pewee's, have been beaten out of shape or quite destroyed, but there is one (No. 1,) we often find very like the robins, only without the mud, (sometimes mud is used—M. M.) and often rather more bulky in its foundations. It is placed in bushes as well as in the low branches of trees on our lawns and in the woods, too.

Another familiar nest is the red-eyed vireo's firm little basket, woven of strips of vegetable fibre—perhaps the long pieces that peel so easily from the dead Joe-pye and milkweed stems. But which vireo (No. 2) chooses a rather higher position than the red-eye usually perfers, and covers the outside of her somewhat

smaller nest with soft grey cobweb? This bird, like number 1, likes shaded lawns as well as woods, but another vireo (No. 3) is much more shy and builds in heavy underbrush in the woods. Its nest is about the size of the red-eyes and is decorated with tufts of white cobweb.

ISABELLA McC. LEMMON, Englewood, N. J.

TANGLES.

These sentences in some way became well mixed. Can our young folks straighten them out for us?

1. The Wood-Thrush is valued by the farmer as an insect-destroyer.

2. The Whip-poor-will clears out a last year's nest or drills a new one early in the spring. The birds carry the chips some distance from the tree on which they are working.

3. In May the cheery little Song-Sparrow comes like a gleam of golden sunshine.

4. The summer yellow bird builds a nest of sticks, plastered together with mud and leaves.

5. The cheery little Flicker is one of the finest birds whose sweet song greets us in the spring. and he is one of the most constant singers.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

MY DEAR JOE:

Your letter has just come, telling of the great snow-drifts you boys tunnelled through, and how your ears were frozen, and it does not seem possible that while you were writing, Bob and I were in the garden here picking roses and jesamine to put in mother's room to surprise her.

We were so sleepy when we reached Charleston Friday night, that we went straight to bed, but early the next morning Bob and I started for the public markets, for Uncle Jack had told us that there were queer garbage collectors in the city that we would want to see, and that we would be sure of finding them near the markets.

We walked through the great market, which extends across several blocks. It is open on every side, with booths or stalls for the display of the meat, vegetables and fruit.

Refuse vegetables, bits of stale meat, and even dead animals were thrown out into the street at the rear of the stalls, and we looked out through the openings where the street cleaning department were already at work. There were hundreds in the company and though they had no carts or cans, whatever was thrown out disappeared at once.

I laughed when I saw them. What do you suppose they were? Well, they were just great, awkward, Black Cultures, hopping about upon the pavement, quarreling over some scrap. At first glance one might think a flock of unkempt, ungainly, ill-kept turkeys had escaped from some barnyard.

But they looked different afterwards, when I saw large flocks sailing about in great circles high in the air, they then appeared the most graceful of birds, seeming to float with hardly a motion of their broad out-stretched wings. We saw them nearly everywhere we went, for no one is allowed to kill them. Their senses of sight and smell are very acute. They utter no sound unless disturbed when they make a low grunting noise. Each night they return to a regular roosting place.

Later we went down by the water, where there were thousands of birds—Kittwakes, Terns and Gulls, scavengers of the sea—whirling about, dropping down to the top of the water, skimming along the waves, or diving for an unlucky fish, in constant motion; they made a beautiful picture.

But I have not time now to tell you about them. We go to St. Augustine to-morrow, and will write you from there.

Your Loving Sister, Ruth.

GLEANINGS.

All bird students will recall the pretty way in which most of the Plovers let the world know who they are. As soon as they alight they stand for a moment with both wings raised straight up to display the beautiful pattern on the wing linings, a pattern which is quite different in each kind, and that is like the national flag of the species, for it lets friend and foe alike know what species is displaying it.

Ernest Thompson Seton.

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Edited by FRANK M. CHAPMAN
Audubon Department edited by MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT and WILLIAM DUTCHER
BIRD-LORE'S Motto: A Bird in the Bush is Worth Two in the Hand.

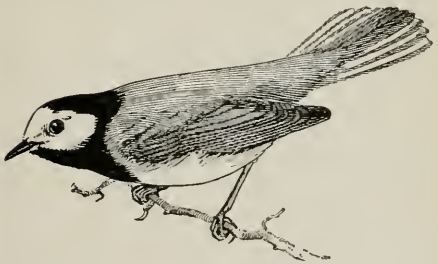
BIRD-LORE began in its December issue, the publication of a series of

Beautifully Colored Plates,

drawn by Louis Agassiz Fuertes and Bruce Horsfall, accurately representing all the plumages of

North American Warblers,

with text from records in the Biological Survey giving the dates of migration of Warblers at hundreds of localities.



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☞When in doubt write to a member of BIRD-LORE'S Advisory Council.

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VOL. IV **APRIL, 1904.** **NO. 4.**

ARE YOU EQUIPPED FOR SPRING BIRD STUDY.

From the first of April until the middle of May, occurs the great spring migration. The two following articles as well as a note book and pencil are essential if you wish to get the most value from your observations of the birds.

FIELD GLASSES.—You cannot trust to your eyes, especially when watching a small bird flitting about among the branches. The eyes aided by a pair of field glasses see birds plainly, and are not mistaken. We have tried a great many makes and find that the ones advertised elsewhere in this number at $5.00, to be the best that can be obtained for the price. They are well made and optically are equal to a glass costing three times as much. They magnify about three diameters so that you can see a bird about ten times as plainly with them as with the eyes. These glasses are nearly always used by the editor of this magazine rather than a pair of binoculars costing $75.00.

Chapman's COLOR KEY TO NORTH AMERICAN BIRDS.—Having seen a bird, you wish to find out what it is. You can readily do so if you have this book. It is a complete illustrated dictionary of birds, showing in colors nearly every species found in North America. It is the most useful book on birds that has been written and is equally valuable in all sections of the country. The price of this book is $2.50 (See ad. in this number.)

SPECIAL.—During March, April and May we will mail prepaid to any address, both the above FIELD GLASSES and Chapman's "COLOR KEY" for $7.00. Address, Chas. K. Reed, Worcester, Mass.

HUNT WITH A CAMERA.

Hunter, why tread upon Nature's domain,
To frighten away, to kill and to lame!
"Only for sport" you answer me,
But where the sport I cannot see.

Is it sport to see creatures bleed and die
Sport to watch the dispairing eye,
To have the wounded live in pain
That you a moment's joy may gain?

Lay down the gun, and camera take
There is more to be had for sports sweet sake
Unlike the perishable clay
The image will not pass away.

The wild bird has no blood upon her breast,
No young are left to perish in the nest,
Beside the lake the wild doe feeds,
Nor with her life blood stain the reeds.

Still shall the quail whistle in joyful tune,
The wild goose lead his flock from zone to zone,
Back to her nest the duck will come,
Again the grouse shall beat his drum.

The artist with nature walks hand in hand,
The flame of his desire by her is fanned,
With no slaughter his hands are stained,
She has not lost what he has gained.

Intent to kill awakes animal desires,
Love of Nature the soul of man inspires,
God speed the time when every one
Shall use a lens and leave the gun.

HATTA WASHBURN.

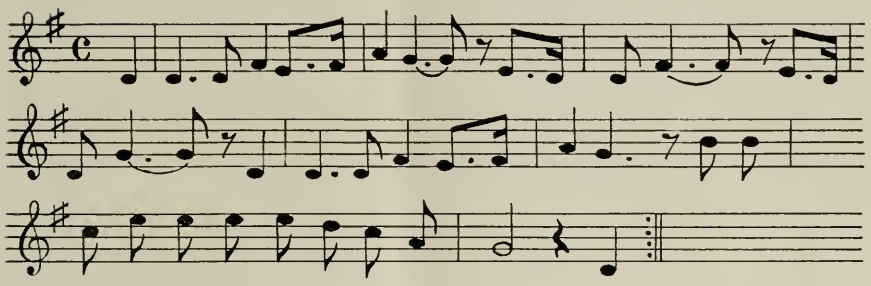
Photo by Geo. L. Fordyce.

NEST AND EGGS OF COOPER HAWK.

[In a beech tree, forty five feet from the ground. Winner of 1st in class 3.]

"LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD."

(Title of song by Alice Hawthorne.)



This beautiful and enchanting piece of melody is loved by all, but by none, not even by the musically inclined, is its richness realized and tenderness appreciated unless the ear has indeed, enraptured, listed to *Mimus polyglottos*, the ugly scientific name for this sovereign of American songsters the Mock-bird, as written by Charleston Ray and Catesby, and the Mocking-bird by Bonaparte, concerning which Audubon says, "passing critical inspection by the world's best ornithologists, it is accepted king of all Earth's choir". That from which he quotes reading:

"And still accepted king of all Earth's choir,
The elfish Mocker swells
In clear, melodious spells,
Its notes, that cling around the brain like fire".

The Mocking-bird, which, in extent and variety of vocal powers, stands unrivalled by the feathered songsters of the world, is peculiar to the western continent, inhabiting considerable area of North and South America, having been traced from New England to Southern Brazil and the valley of the lower Rio de La Plata. Some time ago, my attention was called to a brief note in one of the New England Journals seemingly expressing surprise that a Mocking-bird (one!) had been seen a few days before as far north as Waterbury, Conn., the lady writer concluding, "I have known the bird nesting near New Haven, but have not heard of its coming as far north as this, and I shall watch for its coming next summer", 1904. If she does, anywhere in New England south of Aroostook, she will be rewarded, or, according to Audubon and others of authority, it ought to be found in the territory indicated, mayhap in some remote mountain glen, mingling its soulful song with the melody of Longfellow's "Bells of the Angelus". Even up in the land of Evangeline, in season, has been found this pert happy bird, at least so said in the days when George II was king. They are, however, much more numerous, in our states, south than north of the

Delaware. Generally migratory north of that beautiful river and resident to a great extent southward thereof, passing the winter season in the Gulf States and beyond toward the equator.

The period at which this bird begins nesting varies, of course, according to latitude, from the first of April to the end of May. It is of familiar habits, frequenting the neighborhood of man, consequently is a general favorite, not that there is anything striking about its appearance, beyond its trim, graceful form, but its self independence, demonstrative attachment to its mate and wonderful powers of song. A solitary thorn bush, an almost impenetrable thicket, cedar or holly are favorite places, but as indicated, it has no objection to the proximity of residence or other building. Always ready to defend, but never over-anxious to conceal the nest, which is rarely at a greater height than six or eight feet above the ground. There is a reason for this; let the student learn first the rude architecture of the nest. The eggs are delicate and shapely having a body color of a pale ashy green, blotched with light brown, and are from three to six in number. During the period of incubation, two weeks, nothing can approach the nest, with sinister motives without being attacked.

The cat is especially punished if it appears, until it is forced to scamper away. But its whole vengeance is articularly and savagely directed against the black snake, the morta enemy of the Mocking-bird. An authority quaintly but truly says: "Whenever the insidious approach of this reptile is discovered, the male Mocker darts upon it with the rapidity of an arrow, dexterously eluding it, but striking it violently and incessantly about the head, where it is very vulnerable. The snake soon becomes sensible of its danger and seeks to escape; but the intrepid defender of its young redoubles its exertions and unless the antagonist be of too great magnitude, often succeeds in destroying it, whereupon it returns to the nest of its mate and young, mounts the summit of the bush or tree, and pours forth a torrent of song in token of victory".

As the name implies, this bird is indeed a polyglot, having perfect control of many and varied bird languages. The masterly lines of the blind, but soulful Clarence Hawkes of Hadley, Massachusetts, "A Nightingale Song", are but a description of the Mocking-bird's song powers. In fact it is sometimes called the Mock-Nightingale. The plumage of both the male and the female is the same, a plain gray, relieved only by the blackish wings with their white edgings and tips of the coverts, and the white outer tail feathers.

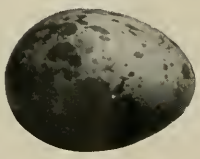
Whoever has closely observed this bird in its native habitats has doubtless noticed particularly its "mounting song" and the performer's

conduct during the scene. This, of course, the bird never indulges in, in captivity and perhaps not north of the Delaware Valley. Clarence Hawkes' beautiful lines to the skylark are somewhat descriptive:

Upward, upward, upward mounting,
Like an arrow from a bow,
Singing ever as the fountain
When the scented breezes blow."

The author of "By-ways and Bird Notes," Maurice Thompson, described this mounting song, wherein "The songster begins on the lowest branch of a tree and appears literally to mount or rise on its music from bough to bough, until the highest spray of the top is reached where it will sit for many minutes, flinging upon the air an ecstatic stream of almost infinitely varied vocalization. But he who has not heard the 'dropping song' has not discovered the possibility of the Mockingbird's voice. I have never found any note of this extremely interesting habit of the bird by any ornithologist, a habit, which is, I suspect, occasional, and connected with the most tender part of the mating season. It is in a measure the reverse of the 'mounting song,' beginning where the latter leaves off. My attention was first called to this interesting performance by an aged negro man, who cried out one morning, as a strangely rhapsodic burst of music rang from a tree near our camp:—"Lis'n, mars', lis'n, dar he's a-drop'n, he's a drop'n, show's yo' bo'n, he's a-droppin!" The bird was fluttering in a trembling, peculiar way, with its wings half spread and its feathers puffed out. Almost immediately there came a strange, gurgling series of notes, liquid and sweet, that seemed to express utter rapture. Then the bird dropped with a backward motion from the spray, and began to fall slowly and somewhat spirally down through the bloom-covered boughs, quite like a bird wounded to death by shot, clinging here and there to a twig, quivering and weakly striking with its wings as it fell, but all the time it was pouring forth the most exquisite gushes and trills of song, not at all like its usual medley of improvised imitations, but strikingly, almost startlingly individual and unique. The bird appeared to be dying of an ecstacy of musical inspiration. The lower it fell the louder and more rapturous became its voice, until the song ended on the ground in a burst of incomparable vocal power. It remained for a short time after its song was ended, crouched where it had fallen, with its wings out- spread, and quivering and panting as if utterly exhausted; then it leaped boldly into the air and flew away into an adjacent thicket."

MOCKINGBIRD.



On glittering wing, erect and bright,
With arrowy speed he darts aloft,
As though his soul had taken its flight,
In that last strain, so sad and soft,
And he would call it back to life,
To mingle in the mimic strife.
And ever, to each fitful lay,
His frame in restless motion wheels,
As though he would indeed essay
To act the ecstacy he feels,
As though his very feet kept time
To that inimitable chime!—"To the Mockingbird,"

sang Fortunatas Cosby (1826), a "Yale man," but a Kentucky bard.

At about the same time, Richard Henry Wilde, "A son of the south", was professor of law in the University of Louisiana. He was an extensive European traveller, and while abroad, doubtless after listening to Edmund Spencer's "The Nightingale is Sovereign of Song," and reading Shelley's lines, he wrote these fourteen lines,

To the Mockingbird.

Wing'd mimic of the woods; thou motley fool,
Who shall thy gay buffoonery describe?
Thine ever-ready notes of ridicule
Pursue thy fellows with jest and jibe;
Wit, sophist songster, Yorick of thy tribe,
Thou sportive satirist of Nature's school;
To thee the palm of scoffing we ascribe,
Arch-mocker and mad Abbot of misrule;
For such thou art by day, but all night long
Thou pour'st a soft, sweet, pensive solemn strain,
As if thou didst in this, thy moonlight song
Like to the melancholy Jaques complain,
Musing on falsehood, folly, vice and wrong,
And singing for thy motley coat again.

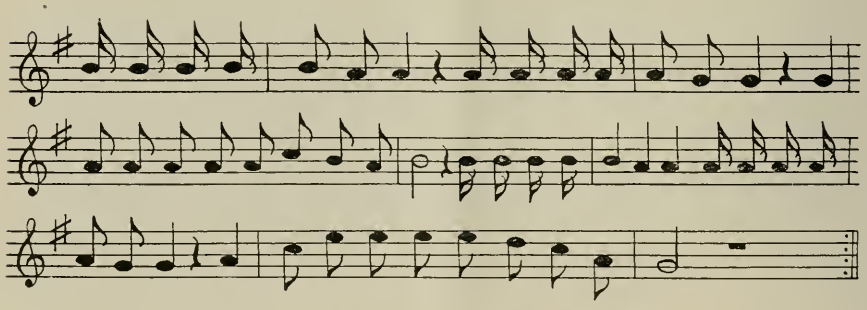
I imagine that Mr. Wilde was then longing for his old haunts amid the oleanders of the Mississippi. In any event, he certainly knew America's (ought to be) national bird, which is it *de jure*.

There could be, under the conditions, nothing more delicately yet classically impressive than to delight and enchant this world's millions at the St. Louis Fair next summer and fall with the songs of a score or

more of these singers from Texas, Alabama, Kansas and elsewhere. This is made as a suggestion; I wish it could be effective.

The Mockingbird bears confinement as contentedly as a canary; needs a large airy cage; is easily kept and, if a singer, is an early riser, good naturedly snatchy all the day long, (when not moulting), and rings his own curfew, so to speak, retiring, if out of the moonlight, "ayant the twa'l." Their food is various, consisting of seeds, fruits and insects and a few varieties of green tender plants. For the caged bird, this dietetic feeding ought to be conformed to as nearly as possible, and if well and properly cared for, they lose none of the energy of the song and intelligent activity. Of course under these conditions they will not come up to the picture lifted by Maurice Thompson, or to the standard lined by Mr. Wilde. Surely there can be no doubt that the bird, whose song inspired such and other masterpieces of English prose and poetry, is indeed a wonderful musician.

Each jewelled note, within his throat "was but a treasure hidden," as Will Carleton says in his "Our exile Mock-bird is singing." Aside from the ornithological description, the foregoing citation from Mr. Wilde embraces much interesting history, suggestively, in those seven couplets, covering, at least in a fragentary manner, seven centuries of English literature. Get your Taine and "dig it out." To do so will perhaps be more profitable, but not more uplifting, or near so entertaining, as to



(Chorus). "Listen to the Mocking-bird."

STEPHEN D. PARRISH, Ky.

SPRING DAYS.

By Frank H. Sweet.

As we cross the meadow in the sunshine, our feet sinking deep in the young grass and soft, wet mould, the birds are fluttering and singing everywhere above and around us. "So glad, so glad! So warm, so warm! Home again! Sweet, sweet, sweet!" They carol with an infinite gayety and lightsomeness and the heart-throb of spring in their voices.

Here and there through the greenish brown of the pushing grass, gleams out the honest face of the dandelion, each one "striving to incorporate the whole great sun it loves from the inch height whence it looks and longs." And here, too, are the first violets, pale blue in the sun, dark in the shade, unspeakably delicate and delicious.

As we bend over them, doubtful whether to gather or to leave them to their delicious wildness, we see a robin with sleek, black head, waistcoat of the choicest season's red and a coat of dusky gray, intent on pulling a worm out of the ground. He bends himself back and tugs intermittently, while the worm visibly elongates, but still resists. Robin stops to take breath as we watch, and then with one supreme and final tug draws out his prey, limp and flaccid, and lays it on the grass with the air of a conqueror.

Ah, here is a by-path, evidently made by cows, and leading toward the woods. Involuntarily our feet stray into it. Listen to the full, happy gurgle of the brook as it crosses the path, under the bark worn log which serves as a foot bridge. If it be that the highest point of power and usefulness is a reason for joy, then spring is the carnival time for running waters. How this small stream bustles along, frets at fallen branches that impede its progress, and protests to the green things that fringe its banks. "No, you mustn't hinder me now. This is no time for idle conversation. I have an engagement in the meadows. How could I ever accomplish anything if I stopped to talk with every light minded leaf in the forest?"

Now comes the fragrance of the pines at last, an aromatic breath more pungent than flowers, purer than incense, sweeter than the "nard i' the fire." Under the shade of the straight, dark boughs, gleam the white stars of the hepatica, each shining whorl set about with pendulous, close folded buds, of palest rose. There are silvery, greenish-gray ferns here, shooting vigorously up from the dark earth and be-

ginning to uncurl. What a strong, assertive, spirited bend is in their backs, like that of a sea horse, or a particularly boastful question point. "Did you ever see anything better done now?" each one seems to say.

There are partridge berries glowing red about the tree trunks, and long green sword ferns trailing their skirts across the withered leaves of the season before. How sleek are the buds on the bushes by the patch. There is a gathering of new life in everything, and even the hum of the mosquitoes and the dancing of gnats and small flies is proof of the universal joy that winter is banished and gone.

Violets, violets everywhere. Here are tall purple beauties in clusters; here are pale blue ones, short stemmed and scattered thickly over the ground in sunny places. On the edge of the brook there are white fairy-like blossoms, with three petals delicately veined in brown. Some woodland artist must have done the work, for none save a brush of cob web fibers could paint those almost invisible shades.

Deeper into the woods we stray. A partridge drums in the distance, and a blue jay tells us not to "dilly-dally, dilly-dally." From a limb almost over the path hangs a grayish white ball, as large as an ordinary water pail. The memory of boyish experiences with balls of that kind makes us turn respectfully aside, coming back to the path a rod or more beyond. Hornets are good citizens of the woods, but they do not deal kindly with trespassers.

A red squirrel standing erect on a stump is eyeing us suspiciously. He cocks his head gravely to one side, as though considering our intentions. Another begins to chatter at a little distance, his remarks gradually becoming more audible, and more personal. He appears suddenly on the stump and an interesting game of tag begins, the two playmates scurrying over the ground, leaping over dry branches and rustling merrily through the dead leaves of last autumn. Finally both squirrels run up an oak tree, and, impatient at our persistent oversight of their game, begin to scold.

The ground underneath is full of humble beauty. Here the path is strewn with cones and bunches of gray moss, and among them, evidence that crabbed age and youth can live harmoniously together, a bunch of dainty violets. Through the dry leaves are yards of running evergreen, fresh and vigorous from its sleep under the snows, and putting forth tiny white buds at the ends of all its branches.

What, a thrush's voice in the distance? Listen! "Oh, holy, holy, holy!" The shine and glory of the sun, the warmth of spring love is in his voice, dreamy though it be.

The oak leaves are just opening, small, furry, shaded red bits of life, vigorous even in their babyhood when compared with the pallid green-

ness of the budding alders. Beneath the oaks are clustering anemones, and just beyond, at the edge of an opening, a wild cherry tree is feathering into delicate white bloom.

Here and there tiny maple trees are springing up in groups, exquisite reproductions in miniature of their stately parents. Note their soft, tender leaves of greenish brown, their coral red stems and their alert aspiring air. Who could have the heart to set his foot on such a brisk, active little plant; to meddle with an individuality so pronounced, an energy so conscious of its own ideal?

Above us there are numbers of wee creatures, hopping and flying through the branches, some noiseless, some voicing their joy in utter disregard of our presence; but all busy and intent upon their work or their pleasures, of a thumb or hand's bigness only, but how full of delicious emotions, love and happiness and hope and aspiration and life-joy all throbbing within the wee feather balls.

THE BIRDS OF A CITY HAUNT.

(CONTINUED FROM MARCH.)

The Blue Jay persists in carrying off *in toto* all the suet that I put out for the Winter Friends. The Crow and the Jay join forces to harass the Owl, and are very sure indications of the presence of the Sparrow Hawk or Sharp-shinned Hawk which makes the Haunt frequent visits. In this way alone are the Crow and Jay of service to the smaller birds.

The abundance of large trees on which are many dead limbs makes the Haunt the abode of a goodly number of Flickers. The Flicker is an extraordinary bird in many ways. His one and twenty-four names are in most cases well deserved, so varied are his accomplishments. Many people in passing through the Haunt ask me the name of some bird they have seen, but I think I am most frequently asked about the Flicker. Some speak of his bounding flight; some of his yellow wing-lining; some observant ones of his speckled back and breast with black crescent, and some, I think the majority, mention the white rump. Throughout the winter I have watched the Flickers working on the trees or hopping awkwardly over the ground, their "kee yow" note is a familiar sound of the season. The Flicker is a good example of nature's kindness in making the tool fit the task, whereas the other woodpeckers familiar to us are mostly black and white, and admirably inconspicuous in the branches, the Flicker, having developed, perhaps by accident, a fondness for ants and other food obtainable on the ground, has a brown speckled coat; yet he

still nests in trees and loves to search for grubs in dead limbs, so his feet are not changed to suit his ground feeding, thus he can share the habits of two types of birds, though his movements on the grouud are not graceful, whereas if he had feet suited to his ground feeding alone he would be entirely unable to feed and nest in the trees. In so small a place as the Haunt one can ascertain almost exactly how many individuals of a species are wintering. There were half again as many Flickers present last winter as they were the winter before.

The Flicker is a very good American, he is not harmful as a few of his relatives are; he is decidedly ornamental, and the reproductive powers of the species are so great that I feel sure it will become more and more abundant.

When I have finished my studying in the evening I often go out for a few minutes to get a good breath of air before retiring. Snow covers the ground, and as I go crunching along the grove-path the light breeze whispers through the tall oaks on my right. I can distinguish faintly the familiar outline of "Maple Row" and "The Orchard." Passing down to the pond's edge I pause for a moment. All at once there is a great commotion in the elms overhead, followed by a loud "quawk." I wait a minute and from the heart of the grove the cry is repeated as my Night Heron takes up a new place of repose for the night.

Thus the winter passes. No trip, even in the dull days of January, but has its interest in the Haunt; every comer has its interest and the little trip each morning is of inestimable value as a beginning for the day's work. Besides all this a real knowledge of the different species can be obtained, and perhaps a greater love for the birds because of personal acquaintance day after day with the same individuals.

In the spring, however, is the Haunt of the greatest interest. Then does the follower of the birds feel the greatest pleasure and excitement; then does a nature student feel most like spending each and every day afield. After its long sleep the foliage awakes again and the "spring fever" attacks man and bird. An immediate effect is seen in every bird of the Haunt, even before the first migrants have arrived the winter residents give signs of the coming glad season, and when the skunk-cabbage has pushed its way through the ice and snow at the pond's edge, and the pussy-willows have thrust their silky heads into view, we feel that spring has really begun. I can best follow the immediate arrival of the birds by quoting from my journal.

Exposure 3 sec. Photo from life by J. H. Miller.

FEMALE RUBY-THROATED HUMMING BIRD ON NEST.

March 1. I went into the Haunt this morning with spring strong in my mind. Many signs of the beautiful awakening were apparent. Seven species appeared in the few minutes I had for observing, and all but one showed change in either notes, numbers or both. *Crow* gave "K-r-r-r-r-uk" and indulged in rapid aerial dartings and sportive maneuvers in flight. *Flicker*, three birds drummed and gave "wick-wick" song, neither to great perfection, but both clearly. *Nuthatch* sang constantly. (This song is little more than a rapid repetition of his "yank" call note, the rapidity with which it is given changes the tone somewhat, and the song sounds a little like Flickers "wick-wick.") *Creeper*, distinct warblings from several birds. Last year on March 2, I heard a complete song from Creeper. *Downy* increase in number from one to two. During the entire winter there has been but one bird of this species in the Haunt. *Song Sparrow*, perfect song from a spring arrival. Have watched the wintering birds with great care and am sure this one is a migrant from his brighter plumage and fuller song. The Song Sparrow's song is certainly a most beautiful effort, and it is never so much appreciated as in the early spring when few other songsters are in full song. I can remember my delight, almost too great to be contained, when I first heard a Song Sparrow sing one day in late February in the Haunt. As the season advances Song Sparrows become so abundant and so many other fine songsters are present that the charm of his song is broken.

March 4. Among the thick growth I heard some unfamiliar notes. Pushing in I found several Kinglets giving many varied and connected measures. There was no actual melody, such as we hear in a Song Sparrow's song for example, but there was a swing such as we hear in most warbler songs. The song may be likened to some of the yellow warbler's variations.

March 6. I had passed around the swamp and into the meadow by the elms when I heard—yes, a Bluebird! Again the note was repeated, a beautiful sound. Almost at the same moment the two Robins flew into the elms, and after a little preliminary calling, one sang. Flickers were love-making in the grove, spreading their tails to the fullest extent, calling, purring, dancing and sidling over the branches, they set forth their feelings unmistakably. Three or more males were trying to win one apparently unresponsive female. Redwings have been noted flying overhead for several days.

March 13. I spent about a quarter of an hour in the Haunt this morning and the usual rush of songs greeted me. Hosts of Robins called, sang and squealed; Chickadees, Creepers and Kinglets gave their varied notes; Flickers rolled forth their lusty "wick-wick"; Downys rattling note rang out; Crow and Jay called loudly, the Jay giving his bell-like song; Grackles and Redwings added songs, calls and creaks to the great medley. (This gives some idea of the bird-life of the little place.)

March 17. I notice that the Winter Friends are becoming less and less in evidence. They have not entered the list at all for three days. Where in winter time their cheery notes greeted me in the morning, I am now welcomed by the carol of Song Sparrows, the liquid "Kong-quer-ee" of Redwings and Flickers many notes. Fox Sparrow appeared in all brightness of coat.

March 19. I noticed a sort of duet by a pair of Song Sparrows. The birds were in the maple swamp. The bird at the westerly side ended his song with an unsatisfactory note and the bird on the easterly side repeated the song exactly except for the last note which was given lower and of a satisfactory tone for the completion of a strain. As I drew nearer the bird on the west dropped into the bushes, but on hearing the song of the other bird could not help mounting on his bush and answering it, leaving off, however, with an unsatisfactory note as before, whereupon the bird on the east side completed it satisfactorily.

March 22. The scattered Winter Friends were the chief attraction. I was able to take down the song I have heard so many times from the Kinglet. These notes of the Creeper were very sweet and musical. Creeper's song always suggests to me a Meadowlark's song in the distance. The Creeper didn't pause in his work while singing.

March 24. The moment I stepped out-doors, the note which reached me above all others was that of Phœbe, five days earlier than last year.

March 26. The Winter Friends are definitely and completely disbanded until another season.

This is only a brief quotation from pages and pages of journal, but it will serve to give an idea of the possibilities of a small place. My idea, besides giving a record of a place which has proven of great interest to many people, is to encourage thorough study of limited areas, rather than superficial observation of broad tracts. The latter place yields a larger daily list and

is very interesting, indeed it should be followed to a certain extent, but for real personal knowledge and deep interest in bird life, the former plan is much more advantageous.

By the end of March, then, we have seen the first wave of migration; the winter birds have begun to move, and the vegetable world is well advanced. There will be an interval before the next wave. Then the insect eating birds will come, and then in May the great flood of migration will be upon us with its swarm of warblers, the despair of the beginner, but that is to treated in the next paper.

Thus it may be seen that one could follow up the spring opening in nature very satisfactorily in this little Haunt alone. Up to the last of March I have seen the following species in the Haunt besides the twenty-six mentioned: Purple Finch, Junco, Tree Swallow, Cedarbird.

In closing I shall say a little of the natural beauties of the Haunt so that in introducing it to the public it may not be underrated. It is not "a good place for birds, but a bad place for people" as is so often the case. One can see many of nature's most famous scenes here, the snow scenes, the winter wood, the meadow with its winding brook and the ice covered pond. Arising early the beauties of sunrise may be enjoyed, the gradual awakening of bird life and the constantly increasing roar as the busy city begins another day of toil. And then the sunset, the great round sun is just setting, he shines one minute full in my face and the next he has dropped behind the horizon. Meanwhile the blue of the sky is changing in the west to a lighter hue, and as the sun reflects upon the fine, fleecy clouds, changing them to the most delicate reddish pink, a color never found elsewhere, the west is a wonderful sight. The moon shows faintly her daintly crescent, blending its silvery shade with the sky. As the sun sinks lower and lower the colors slowly change, and the reddish pink becomes pink, whitish pink, and at length blends with the deepening blue. All the while night, attracted by the sun, advances with equal speed and the east becomes darker and darker. The moon brighter, a star appears here, another there and the last trace of orange and then of yellow disappears from the west, innumerable stars twinkle forth until no inch but has its score. The great oaks in the grove cast dim shadows in the moonlight, the faint sighing of the evening wind, arising with the setting of the sun is heard and it is night in the little Haunt.

Guy Emerson,
Associate Member A. O. U.

ROSEATE SPOONBILL.

A. O. U. No. 183. (Ajaja ajaja.)

RANGE.

Tropical America extending north to the Gulf States chiefly in Florida.

NEST AND EGGS.

These beautiful birds nest in the most impenetrable of swamps placing their frail platforms of sticks in bushes and from four to fifteen feet from the ground. They lay, during May, three or four eggs with a pale greenish blue ground color, spotted and blotched with brown of varying shades. In the United States the only locality where they nest in any numbers is in the Everglades of Florida.

HABITS

By Ike Shaw, Fla.

Perhaps some of the readers of American Ornithology may be interested in a brief description of a trip which we took in the "Everglades" in search of the "Pink Beauties." Procuring a seven ton schooner, with a cook and two guides we started out early one morning from Myers and after two days uneventful sailing reached a point within five miles of where our guides asserted we would find the objects of our search. We came to anchor in the lee of a small island, and from this point, the water being shoal, proceeded in a small sailboat. After having stocked the boat with provisions for a two days journey, we started out weaving our way cautiously through the many islands, uninhabited except for the birds, until we came to a barrier in the shape of an almost impenetrable marsh. Leaving our boat here we started out on foot through mud, vines, cacti and tall saw grass until at last we came to a place where our dusky guide said, pointing with his naked arm: 'There, surr! I reckon they sure ought to be around yonder marsh." We tramped about through the worst tangles of underbrush that I have

ROSEATE SPOONBILL.

ever seen, until about three o'clock, and then concluded that we should have to give up the search for the day and return to the boat, for to be caught in the Everglades after dark is one of the least desirable prospects that I know of.

We had just started back and rounded a "bay-head" when right before us was disclosed the most wonderful sight that I have ever seen. There, not three hundred yards away on a mud flat, were fifty-seven of these most beautifully plumaged birds. The first thought that came into my mind was that they resembled the large patch of rose bushes in full bloom, that we used to see when "we were boys."

They were asleep, evidently having their after dinner nap, after having fed during the low tide. We approached to within about fifty yards of them when one of their number took alarm and the whole flock arose with a deafening whirring and beating of wings, and with their necks extended to the fullest and their legs hanging downwards and backwards made their way rapidly across the marsh, appearing against the sky as a beautiful rose-colored cloud.

When feeding, the flock goes to a mud flat just vacated by the out going tide, where they walk about with their body horizontal and their neck curved gracefully in front of them. Instead of picking or thrusting, they strike their bill sideways into the mud, where they get snails, crawfish and marine insects. I have always found that these birds can often be lured to you, by wearing a pink blouse and crouching down in the marsh; doubtless they think they have found some other members of their family.

They nest in the dense mangrove swamps often in company with Louisiana Herons. In their frail nest they deposit from three to five eggs. These birds are very easily tamed and make quite attractive pets. The young birds of the year are very handsome as well as the adults. Their head is nearly all feathered and the plumage is a delicate shade of pink including the areas that are scarlet or buffy in the adults.

LEWIS WOODPECKER.

A. O. U. No. 408. (Asyndesmus torquatus.)

RANGE.

Breeds in Transition and Upper Sonoran zones from Rocky Mountains to Sierras in United States and southern parts of British Columbia; winters throughout California and in Western Texas.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 10.50–11.50. Wing 6.50–6.80. Tail 4.40–4.70. Adults,—above black with metallic greenish lustre; below, a soft gray,

shading to deep rose color on flanks and belly, face dark crimson; collar light gray. Young,—same without collar or crimson face.

NEST AND EGGS.

Usually excavated close to the top of a tall stub of pine or fir, often one hundred feet from the ground; of large size. Eggs 6-7, white.

HABITS.

This bird is very local in its distribution, being very abundant, even commoner than the Flicker in certain localities, while in others, near by, it is never met with. It is a striking object wherever seen from its large size and the contrast between its greenish back and crimson belly, and also because it is not in the least shy, but flies about a great deal in the open woods or perches boldly in dead trees or on top of the stub which it has chosen for a nest. The first one I saw was feeding young in the nest, which was placed close under the top of a yellow pine stub not more than twenty feet from the ground. Both parents were very busy, having part of their large family scattered in tall trees near by, while one, more backward, remained in the nest. This one kept calling in a squealing tone, while the parents answered with a two syllable cry, which sounded like "chut, chut." Neither this call nor the ordinary rattling note is as loud as one would expect from the size and bold nature of the bird.

One curious habit I noticed in this pair, as well as in others, which may account for their excavating their nest by preference so near the top of a broken stub. When arriving with food they would always alight on the top, which they used as a sort of table, preparing the mouthful they had brought and returning to it several times to get bits of a convenient size for their young. In another nest, where I saw the last young one of a brood venture out of the nest for the first time, after creeping about and trying his wings from one branch to another, he went up to this table and foraged for himself, seeming to take much satisfaction in gathering up the crumbs. After about an hour, during which time he watched the broad, sweeping flight of his parents through the air, and tried in vain to attempt to attract their attention he launched out and joined the rest of the family in a sustained and level flight of at least a hundred yards. I noticed that he moved his wings more rapidly and constantly than the old birds and did not close them entirely at any time as they did, nor make sudden turns after the almost swallow-like manner

of his parents, but if this was a first flight, as it had every appearance of being, it was a very remarkable performance.

I watched for several days another nest where the male behaved in a quite different manner from all the others I had seen. His nest was beneath a limb of a dead pine, on the shore of Lake Tahoe, which still retained most of its limbs and was only about thirty feet up. This male seemed to spend his entire time on guard, sitting on a limb very near the hole, and constantly uttering a soft monosyllable quite unlike the call to the young. As I approached he took up the usual rattling alarm cry and hopped up and down the trunk, but when I kept still he soon returned to his position of devoted sentinel. About every hour he left for a short time, but soon returned with a tempting morsel which he first prepared on the top of a broken limb and then went into the hole with it. Once he came out precipitately still holding the second portion in his bill. He sat, looking uncomfortable for about five minutes and then went to the hole again, when his offering was accepted. Interpreted his actions as showing that his mate was sitting within while he kept guard, for if he had young he would have fed them much oftener, and both birds would have been so occupied.

I am sorry not to be able to give the sequel to this story, but after a week of watching, all signs of life disappeared from the tree. Whether they deserted their nest, or the brilliant male fell a prey to the shotgun of some collector, I shall never know. I once watched a family of young with their parents making the rounds of the scattered fir trees. When they came to a tall stub in which was a hole near the top which they may very likely have occupied formerly, they peeped into the hole. The amazement with which it started back on seeing the beak aud eyes of a nearly full grown Sparrow-Hawk was comical. One look did not satisfy it, and the family lingered so long about the stub that I expected to see a battle royal when the present tenants returned, but no, the Hawks were not aggressive and the woodpeckers put in no claim. These birds sometimes collect in large flocks, chiefly composed of young birds and then one can hardly help mistaking them for Crows, as they forage for grasshoppers in the meadows till suddenly one alights in true woodpecker attitude on a fence post and you see plainly his crimson face and gray throat and collar. Then it is impossible to mistake him for any other bird.

ANNA HEAD.

LEWIS WOODPECKERS.

THE WHITE-FACED GLOSSY IBIS.

By Harry H. Dunn.

THIS is, without doubt, the most beautiful of the swamp birds known to California, if we except the Wood Duck. Feathered in lustrous brown, with a mask of snowy white beginning at the base of the bill and covering a good portion of the face, this long-legged wader needs no further description of mine to differentiate it, even in the eyes of the tyro, from any of the other members of its tribe. In southern California these Ibises make their appearance in late September or by the middle of October at the latest, coming apparently from the south and returning, each band to the haunts it held dear the winter before. Some writers have said that some few pairs of these birds remain to breed, but I have been unable to confirm this, though they do nest in Texas and along the Rio Grande. I understand, too, from reliable authority that a small number nest in the few marshes to be found in southern Utah.

In Los Angeles county, whence come these notes, the Ibises seek equally secluded pools as do the Bitterns, which latter birds arrive and depart at about the same time as the Ibises, but do not band together. Flocks of from ten to fifty stately Ibises, their queer curved bills giving them the appearance of gigantic Curlew, may be seen stalking silently about some well hidden pool or along the muddy shore of a shallow inlet at low tide. They are not, however, birds of the open as are the limincolæ, but partake more of the nature of the true herons, which are all storks and cranes to the average dweller on the lowlands.

To the north of the Tehachapi mountains, which form a sort of median line across this state, these birds do not wander, so far as I am aware. The farther south we go the more numerous become the Ibises. They must fly at a great height in the movements to and from their southern breeding places, as they are never seen or heard in the migrations. Formerly, the lower part of Los Angeles county was covered with a dense growth of willow timber. Most of this has been cut away and along with the White-tailed Kites, and several other lowland birds, the limitations of the White-faced Ibises are being narrowed down until doubtless the day is not far distant when Alta, California, will know them no more. One of the most valued treasures in my col-

WHITE-FACED GLOSSY IBIS.

lection of bird and mammal pictures is the one, presented herewith, of the Ibises at home. Though the work of a professional photographer, no painstaking amateur could have secured a better negative.

In nesting habits, so far as I can learn, this bird is not different from others of its tribe. An acquaintance of mine, recently from the southern part of Mexico, tells me that there are literally thousands of them in the marshes bordering the Gulf coast. He says they are never shot and in company with Jacanas and other Mexican swamp fowl are perfectly fearless of man. He tells sad tales of the reduction wrought in the ranks of the ducks as they come southward seeking their winter homes in the fens of warmer lands.

The eggs of this Ibis, are, so far as I can learn, of an average size of 2 x 1.50 inches, oval shaped in outline and of a chalky green color, at least all that I have seen have been such.

THE COMING OF SPRING.

To the experienced observer in particular, and every body in general, it is more and more apparent that decided changes are taking place in our outside world. The ice and snow have vanished, with the exception of a few stray patches here and there which linger in sheltered locations; the high winter winds are becoming less frequent and severe, and the clouds are daily growing less sombre; the creeks and little brooks are again free from the hand of the frost king and are dashing over their pebbled beds and golden sands; the atmosphere is getting milder and there are warm gentle showers; while now and then we have one or more of those balmy days which make us go out into Nature's domain and note what is going on.

The wild geese, moved by that never-failing monitor, natural instinct, are flying northwards and you may chance to see them and hear their "honk, honk" as they pass over your locality. Yes, although the trees are still leafless, and the fields and byways devoid of vegetation, there are unmistakable hints of spring. Has not March brought the blue bird, "the violet of song," and the robin with his heart-warming note, and the meadow lark with his clear joyous greeting, and the song sparrow who bubbles over with joy? Later these are followed by the long list of "season birds" who twice a year wing their way to and from the sunny southland. Their absence during the winter months makes their song the sweeter upon their return, and their presence the more appreciated. Those who have come to be on intimate terms with these fascinating creatures have added to the gentle and healthful pleasures of life. No pictures nor descriptions do justice to their grace, their animation, their airy little ways, their skill in nest building and their devotion to their young. There is always another species to look for, another mystery to solve; a new song to record or an old one welcomed back.

From now on there is abundant evidence of new life and activity; the grass is covering the fields with a rich mantle of beautiful green; the early spring flowers which we delight to gather have awakened from their long slumber under the leaves and some of the hardier varieties are already in bloom, heralding the approach of countless others; the maples too, have caught the warming rays of the sun, and are crowned with red and yellow blossoms, and amongst them is heard the ceaseless hum of myriads of bees. The trees, being animated by natural life which stimulates them at this season of the year, are putting forth their leaves, bursting asunder the velvet sheath which protected them through the past winter. The animals which have been lying

dormant through the winter, or snugly hidden away in their warm nests, have aroused themselves from slumber and are coming forth to enjoy the change; butterflies and moths, which have been shut up in their cocoons, now eat their way out of their prison houses and spread their wings to the bright sunshine. Look at the orchards, where else can you see such an exquisite display of delicate pink and white blossoms; how they harmonize with the tender green foliage and the air is heavy with their fragrance; see the flocks of beautiful warblers moving up and down, in and out, among the branches in search of insects, chatting to each other in the fullness of their enjoyment.

In this way, one by one, our old friends return and familiar sights are repeated. It is a time of opening and beauty—of the light in the days, of life in the leaves, and of the voices of birds; it is a season which calls our thoughts out and up and away. At what other time can one experience such glorious awakening, such complete renewing of all Nature? As the days go by the early fruits are ripening, the clover is coming into bloom and maturity, and the wheat, corn and other grains are rapidly progressing; all the migratory birds are now in their accustomed haunts in wood, field and meadow, and merry spring, with a quiet unconscious motion, yet perceptible changes, verges into summer.

As we look upon these scenes of exquisite beauty, and reflect upon the unseen yet boundless power which rules the universe, we are caught with the spirit of joy and gladness which is evidenced everywhere around us; the world seems less harsh, the cares of life lighter; there is a soothing sense of comfort and cheer which acts as balm to the tired mind and which enters into the soul and possesses it, and brings its own peace.

BERTON MERCER.

Photo from life by J. H. Miller.

HUMMING BIRD ON NEST.

Photo by P. B. Peabody.

NEST AND EGGS OF CANADA GOOSE.

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

How eagerly we shall welcome the first heralds of spring who announce the coming of a bird host within a month's time. Here in Connecticut we shall think spring has really come when the first cheery notes of the song sparrow greet us, though there have been a few brave fellows who have staid with us through the winter's cold and snows.

How delightful a place Windham, Vermont must be, where the "English Sparrows are wholly unknown." Who among our boys and girls can tell us of another place where the saucy intruder is conspicuous by his absence.

The Stranger Bird of which Sally Orvis told in February was probably a Pine Grosbeak.

We cannot put the blame on the printer this time for a mistake in last month's magizine, where an Acrostic was given with its *answer* also. We shall be careful not to make a puzzle so easy for you again.

One bright day not long ago, we made a call on a brown screech owl out in the woods. He sat on a limb of an immense dead oak, just in front of his circular doorway, with his soft mottled feathers fluffed out, taking a sun-bath. He sat perfectly motionless and might easily have been mistaken for a cluster of brown leaves upon the bough. He was not very polite, for as soon as we came near, he withdrew within his hollow tree and pretended he was not at home, though he must have been heard our repeated knocks. Perhaps he thought we came to settle with him for sundry stolen breakfasts, dinners and suppers, though he did not look as if his conscience troubled him.

Cordially your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1 Jacob Stehman, Rohrerstown, Pa.
2 Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
3 Joe C. Nelson, Hannibal, Mo.
4 Paul P. Jones, Windham, Vt.
5 James Chase, Logansport, Ind.
6 Stafford Francis, Exeter, N. H.
7 J. Anderson Otis, Bridgewater, Mass.
8 A. P. Woodward, Danielson, Conn.
9 Louise Jordan, Defiance, Ohio.
10 Leroy B. Noble, Little River, Conn.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES.

Numerical Engima, American Ornithology.

Winter nests: 1. Wood-thrush.
2. Yellow-throated Vireo.
3. White-eyed Vireo.

TANGLES.

1. The *Whip-poor-will* is valued by the farmer as an insect destroyer.

2. The *Flicker* cleans out a last year's hole, or drills a new one early in the spring. The birds carry the chips some distance from the tree where they are working.

3. In May the *Summer yellow birds* come like gleams of golden sunshine.

4. The *Wood-thrush* builds a nest of sticks, plastered together with mud and leaves.

5. The cheery little *Song Sparrow* is one of the first birds whose sweet song greets us in the spring. He is one of our most constant singers.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

Wrens and Sparrows.

There is a bird house in our yard which was occupied the summer before last by a pair of wrens. They staid through that summer and came again last summer, but a pair of sparrows wanted the house too,

which quite worried the little wrens. They sat on a pine tree near their house and scolded away at the sparrows. We tried to drive the sparrows away, and finally, I believe they staid away, much to the delight of the little wrens, who staid there for the rest of the summer.

NATALIE MITCHEL,
Westport, Conn.

BIRD ACCIDENTS.

One day in summer after a hard wind, I went out under a maple tree and there found an old bird's nest of the year before, blown to the ground, and in stooping to pick it up, I noticed a dead wren in it. The wren had its neck so tightly entwined with a horse hair that I could hardly get it loose. The wren had been dead for some time. I cannot explain this accident, unless the wren had found the old nest, and thought to get some of the horse hair for the purpose of lining her own nest and had thus been caught.

One day in winter while watching a flock of chickadees chasing one another about the yard, I suddenly heard a loud knock upon the window glass and went out to ascertain the cause. There upon the ground under the window, I saw a Chickadee quite dead. It had, in its play, dashed against the window and instantly killed itself. No doubt it had thought it was about to dart in an open space until it was too late to stop in its flight.

PERCY L. PHILLIPS,
Belleville, Ill.

THE SCREECH OWL.

Yesterday morning when my grandfather went out to feed the hens, he saw a small owl flying about as if trying to escape from the henhouse. As he wanted to know what the owl was doing there and thought it might be troubling the hens, he tried to catch it, but not succeeding, he took a stick and killed it.

As he had noticed that some of the hens, and especially some chickens about two thirds grown had seemed frightened, and as their backs had looked as if something had been trying to tear away the feathers, my grandfather has concluded that the owl had attacked them. With his wings spread out he measured twenty-two inches from tip to tip.

LEROY B. NOBLE,
Little River, Conn.

BLUEBIRDS AND SWALLOWS.

Last summer I made two bird houses, one double and one single, and a friend of mine made one double one. A pair of Bluebirds, after investigating them all, built in one side of my double one. Later a pair of Tree Swallows came and tried to investigate my houses, but the Bluebirds would not allow them, or any other birds to even perch on either house. Afterwards they built in my friend's house.

After the young Swallows in my friend's house had been hatched about a week, a pair of Bluebirds decided to build there. They would go and perch on the bird-house and the Swallows would drive them away, but they would come right back again.

They had a hard battle for more than an honr, until finally the side in which the Bluebirds wanted to build had to be stopped up before the Swallows could feed the young birds.

The tree Swallows and Bluebirds are the only birds that we have which build in bird-houses. Wrens I never saw but once here, and Purple Martins and English Sparrows are wholly unknown, I am glad though that we do not have English Sparrows.

The holes in the bird-houses should be round and two or more inches from the bottom. For Swallows, the holes ought to be a little larger than for Bluebirds.

PAUL P. JONES. (Age 13,)
Windham, Vt.

GLEANINGS.

"The birds made melody on branch, and melody in mid-air. The damp hill-slopes were quickened into green, and the live green had kindled into flowers."

What tidings hath the Swallow heard,
That bids her leave the lands of summer
For woods and fields where April yields
Bleak welcome for the blithe new-comer.

BOURDILLON.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of fifteen letters. My 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, is the name of a city. My 1, 9, 15, is an insect. My 7, 8, 9, is a mineral. My 4, 15, 2, is something to drink. My 6, 7, 8, 9, is what young birds call for. My 1, 2, 3, 14, is a game boys like to play. My 1, 2, 4, as-

sists them in playing the game. My 6, 2, 4, 15, is in the 4, 2, 3, 14. 4, 11, 9, 15, 3, 9, 4. 6, 15, say goodbye this 4, 5, 6, 15.

JACOB STEHMAN,
Rohrerstown, Pa.

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

1. What species of bird lays one egg which, when moved, does not roll away, but revolves about its own tip?

2. What sea bird has a greater expanse of wing in proportion to the weight of its body than any other bird?

3. What two common birds show great faith in man?

JOE C. NELSON,
Hannibal, Mo.

WINTER NESTS.

(Continued from March.)

4. Along the brook where the elderberry bushes are thick, we are pretty sure to find a rather bulky nest built of twigs and rootlets, and so conspicuous that we wonder how it escaped our notice even when the leaves were on the bushes.

5. In the wild blackberry tangle near by, we may find another a good deal like it though broader, flatter and with longer twigs. And then, we remember last June, when a certain long-tailed fellow used to sit, morning after morning, in the tip-top of the old tree in the midst of the briars, and sing to his heart's content.

6. Back to the woods again, and up near the tops of some of the tallest bushes is a thin, rather flat nest, four or five inches across, made largely of thin stems of grass and weeds, a loosely built affair that can ill stand the winter winds. Its maker is a brightly colored finch, a fine singer, whose song and nest both strongly resemble those of

7. Another beauty of the woods, who is smaller and is not a *finch*, but whose nest is more often placed on a low branch of a tree than in the bushes. The greatest difference between their songs is, that No. 6. is continuous, a rich, sweet warble, while No. 7. breaks his up somewhat, and his voice is less rich.

8. Our last nest belongs to a finch too. A pretty little bird, much brighter than his mate, and who sings far into the summer after many other species have ceased. The nest is rather deep, a perfect handful of fine weed-stems and similar material, usually in the bushes not far from the ground. Look for it in an old clearing where the young trees are beginning to take possession.

ISABELLA McC. LEMMON,
Englewood, N. J.

"A Complete Bird Dictionary."

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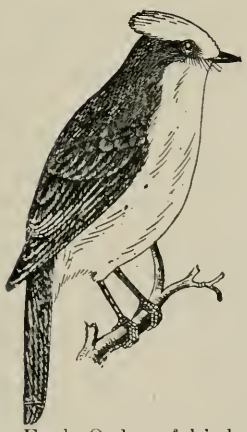

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VOL. IV **MAY, 1904.** **NO. 5.**

ARE YOU EQUIPPED FOR SPRING BIRD STUDY.

From the first of April until the middle of May, occurs the great spring migration. The two following articles as well as a note book and pencil are essential if you wish to get the most value from your observations of the birds.

The glasses are well made and optically are equal to a glass costing three times as much. They magnify about three diameters so that you can see a bird about ten times as plainly with them as with the eyes. They are nearly always used by the editor of this magazine rather than a pair of binoculars costing $75.00.

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If, during your rambles, you come across a bird's nest and do not know what it is, this book will tell you. It will also tell you where to look for the nest of any particular bird, so that you will not be searching the tree tops if the nest is on the ground. Besides it gives a full-sized illustration of the egg of nearly every species (see ad. in this number). Price $2.50.

SPECIAL.—We will mail prepaid to any address, the above FIELD GLASSES and either Chapman's "COLOR KEY" or "BIRDS EGGS" for $7.00, or with both books for $8.00. Address, Chas. K. Reed, Worcester, Mass.

THE KING OF THE MAY.

There's a little bird down in the willows,
Where the brook leaps over the hill
And stops to loiter a moment
Before gliding onto the mill.

A touch of summer sweetness,
In green and black and gold;
He sings with wondrous power
As the season's buds unfold.

'Tis a bubbling song of rejoicing,
Tuned true to the harp of spring,
Flowing out with a joyous madness
From a heart that leaps and sings.

Out from the willow's darkness,
From their golden-green twilight dim,
To a low swinging spray o'er the water,
Glides the sprite in suit so trim.

Green above as the willows,
With breast like the sunset's gold,
And band of black as deep and strong
As the tide in the night hour's cold.

Wichety-wichety-wichety,
In a tone both bold and sweet,
Rings clear on the wandering breezes
Where mountain and river meet.

Yellow throat, voice of the spring-time,
Yellow throat, voice of the day;
Thou incarnate beam of God's sunshine,
We hail thee, our King of the May.

James Stephen Compton.

ENGLISH SPARROWS.

Our invitation to contribute towards the English Sparrow Fund has borne fruit. We have received one hundred and fifteen postals and many letters. Out of this number we find four only who favor the bird in question. We will publish the sentiments of the four friends, but as our space is limited we find we can in this issue print but sixteen of the condemnations. After reading these opinions from different sections of the country, we wish the reader to remember that the injurious sides of this discussion is to be multiplied by eight in order to get the correct ratio of the opinions of those who replied to our request. We wish to thank all our correspondents for the interest they have shown in the matter and trust that we may be able in a future number to print more of them.

The following three believe the English Sparrow to be a welcome and useful addition to our bird life, while the fourth is "on the fence" as we might say:

Medford, Mass.

I am very much interested in English Sparrows. I have watched them a good deal for a great many years and have no faith in the popular opinion that they drive away other birds. I have lived where there were a great many of them ever since they were brought here, and there has never been a scarcity of other birds, and I have never seen them quarreling with them. All birds are quarrelsome as far as my experience shows, but I think I have seen more quarreling among Goldfinches and Swallows than among EnglishSparrows. I have seen the latter eat a great many worms too, and I think that anybody, old enough to remember about our canker worms before English Sparrows came, must acknowledge how they have diminished, which was what they were brought here for I believe, and I hope they will be protected as they are here.

M. A. Ayres.

Stockbridge, Mass.

I believe English Sparrows to do more good than harm. Before we had them in New York, from every tree in the spring, worms dangled and dropped on our bonnets. It is said they frighten other birds away but in Central Park, New York, there are many Sparrows and also quantities of other birds. I've seen a tiny House Wren rout a Sparrow. If people were allowed to kill them Song Sparrows and Vesper Sparrows would probably be killed by those not observant enough to know the difference between a female Song Sparrow and these birds.

V. Butler.

[I can add that I have seen a tiny House Wren rout an English Sparrow, but I have also seen a whole mob of the latter nearly kill a House Wren; they do not fight singly.—Ed.]

Odin, Illinois.

In reference to the English Sparrow question will say I grow early cabbage and the English Sparrow is a great help in ridding them of the little green cabbage worm. The Sparrows will light on the plant or on the ground and look them over carefully and if a worm is in sight they pick it off and eat it. This is all the good I know of the bird doing.

C. B. Vandercook.

Macedon, N. Y.

As to the English Sparrow these points are in their favor, they are great scavengers—if they eat grain they also destroy weed seeds, and I have seen them catch insects, also they stay with us in the winter. I think we might tolerate, and even love them, if they did not multiply at such a great rate as to drive out our native birds.

Bayard Biddlecom.

[The defense rests its case here, having submitted *all* its evidence. We will now hear what the prosecution has to testify.]

Columbia, Pa.

I have made a special study of this bird for the past ten years with reference to their relations with other birds and with agriculture. I find that, in between three and four thousand stomachs examined by me, about eighty-five per cent of contents was of a vegetable character. The greatest damage done by this bird is done to the buds of fruit trees in the winter and spring, when large quantities enter their bill of fare. In the summer they live on grain (wheat) on which they alight, eating the grains and flapping their wings shower the remainder on the ground. I am no friend of the bird and think the small good they do far from balances the harm. J. Jay Wisler.

Floral Park, N. Y.

At Floral Park the English Sparrows destroy about one-half of all our wild birds nests. It is usually done by picking holes in the eggs, sometimes by throwing them out of the nest. They are often caught in the act, and there is no mistake about it. Birds that suffer from them are Robins, Chipping and Song Sparrows, Yellow Warblers, Catbirds, Orioles and Brown Thrashers. John Lewis Childs.

Mayfield, Ky.

From my knowledge of the English Sparrow I am bound to brand him a "nuisance." Two neighbors, market gardeners, tell me that the English Sparrows destroy a great many worms found on the cabbage. This is the only credit for this bird that I have heard of or seen in this section. I see him as a vegetarian. He feeds in the streets on corn, oats and other grains dropped there by stock, and at the kitchen door on bread crumbs, etc., fed to poultry. I can not mature sunflower seed for him, and I saw two acres of sorghum corn stripped of all seed only last fall. Briefly put they say to all other birds, it matters not how useful, beautiful or sweetly they sing: "*Get off the earth you are in my way.*" C. W. Wilson.

Cowesett, R. I.

When I have young chickens I am obliged to stand by them while they eat their meals or they would be robbed of nearly all their food by English Sparrows. I have never seen them harm chickens, but have heard that they sometimes do. They eat quantities of food that should go to feed useful birds. They are very untidy in their habits, disfiguring buildings and porches, and while they are not exactly homely, yet they do not deserve the prize for beauty their notes are unpleasant to hear. But after all is said, they are poor little hungry birds obliged to take of themselves and are wise enough to do it in the easiest way.

M. E. Spencer.

Mt. Pleasant, Michigan.

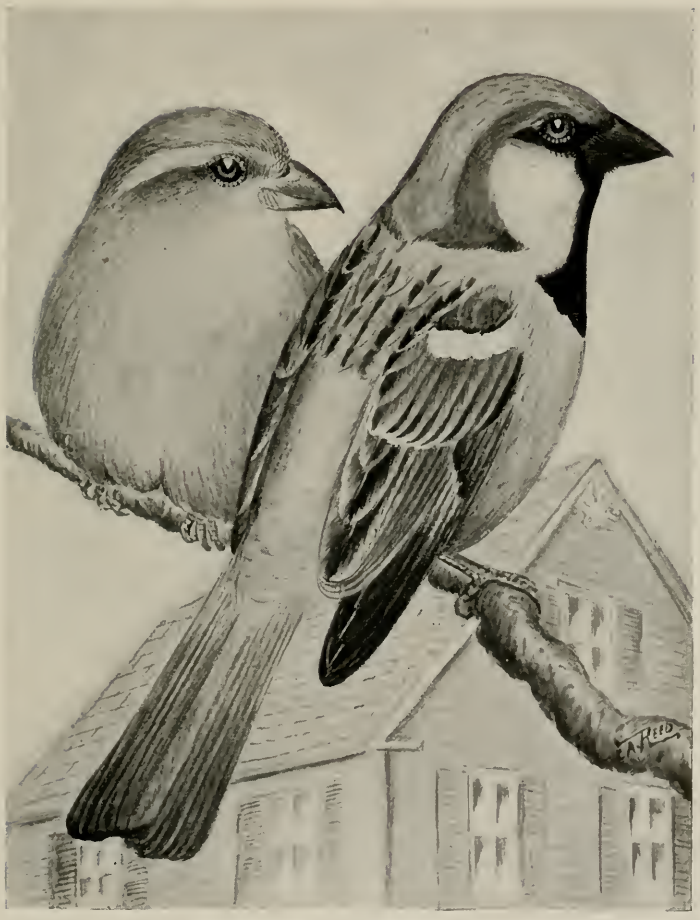
I consider the English Sparrow a pest. I have a set of eggs containing Robins and three Sparrows eggs. The nest had belonged to the Robins in the first place, but the Sparrows chased the Robins away and took the nest as their own. They then put a roof of straw over the nest and a few feathers inside and laid their eggs and let the Robins go hunt up another home. I also saw a Sparrow go into a hole in a stub about eight feet high, which stands in a front yard in the city, and bring two Bluebird eggs which were in a nest in the stub, aud drop them out of the hole just for pure meanness. I think these are good examples of the harm they do. Walter C. Newberry.

Saegertown, Pa.

In this section the English Sparrow is considered a great pest and I believe without one redeeming quality in its favor. Filthy and noisy about the buildings and destructive to grain, especially wheat, both while in the shock and mow or stack. If they are permitted to remain about the premises they will drive away the native birds, any of which I am sure are more desirable neighbors than the much despised English pest. By the use of my gun I cause the Sparrows to give our premises a wide berth and am rewarded by numbers of our native song birds nesting in the trees and buildings of my home. L. B. Gilmore.

Scandinavia, Wis.

We used to have about a hundred Swallows building under the eaves of our barn every summer. But now since the English Sparrows came we have not a single pair. I have seen the Sparrows go into the nests, destroy the eggs and throw out the young Swallows and also destroy the nests. I have not seen a colony of Swallows around here for several years. One or two pairs will come back each spring, but after two or three trials give up in despair. The English Sparrow is a coward and a sneak and will stay around and watch until the old birds leave the nest before he dares to go in and destroy them. I have watched them do the same with other birds which build in our orchard. I have not noticed that they do any good but believe they do lots of harm by driving away useful birds from our homes and gardens. O. Bennett Lee.



English Sparrows (male and female).

HANDSOME BUT ILL-BRED RUFFIANS.

Plimpton, Ohio.

Not only absolutely worthless, but positively harmful to a great degree, the English Sparrow is the one great enemy, the one great *disgrace* to bird life in this community. He does more harm here than all other harmful birds put together. C. L. Metcalf.

Colorado Springs, Col.

The English Sparrow is the best known and most thoroughly despised bird in America. He is the Ishmael of the bird tribes and beak and claw of bird, and the hand of man is lifted against him everywhere, but despite this he is the cheeriest fellow on earth. He supplants other birds more useful and ornamental than himself, and plays havoc in the orchards and grain fields, and is on friendly terms with every injurious insect destructive to the interests of farmer and gardener. His chief mission in life as he sees it is to populate the earth with English Sparrows, and he has succeeded so well that their numbers are as the sands of the sea shore. But for this he is a genuine Yankee, chock full of American push and energy; doesn't know what defeat means, and challenges our admiration by his indomitable courage and get there activeness. He is a splendid and valuable scavenger, thereby assisting in the protection of public health, and this is his only redeeming quality. We don't need him, don't want him, but when time shall end he will be the last and only bird left to dispute the summons to go.

W. W. Arnold.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

I have strong objections to the English Sparrow. Mainly because of his aggressive ways, his dominating selfishness, his tyrannical temperament. From my own observations I know that he gets into the nests of Robins and other welcome visitants to our back yard, and finally succeeds in making these birds so discouraged that they leave us.

R. H. Howland.

Curran, Ill.

English Sparrows fight and drive away all our native insect destroying birds. They eat almost no insects. They destroy the eggs of our birds. They take all available nesting sites and bird boxes and full trees and hedges with their unsightly nests. They tear to pieces flowers and destroy wheat fields. Their nests stop up house and stable gutters and stable door tracks. They foul houses carrying manure from the street and putting it on porches and roofs. It is scarcely possible on account of the odor, to enter a vacant house where they have a nest. They breed in and out of season. Abbie Vredenburgh.

Vermont.

I think the English Sparrow does more harm than good. I have seen a whole flock of them attack a song bird and drive him out of the community. I think the best way to drive them off the premises is with the gun. I think they are of no value whatever.

L. Henry Potter.

Grand Pass, Mo.

To entertain for an instant the idea that a colony of fighting, chattering English Sparrows, with all their filth, is desirable, especially in face of the fact that instead we might be enjoying the mellow warble of the Bluebird, the rippling song of the Wren, the liquid notes of the Martin is absurd. A nuïsance! well I should say! And one that is increasing at an alarming rate, too. Edgar Boyer.

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Earlville, N. Y.

In nearly all branches of the animal kingdom we find some species which prey upon or harass the other members of the branch. In the heteroptera we have the assassin bugs, even in the human race we have thieves and ruffians and the class aves is not an exception. The English Sparrow is the bully of the tribe he is continually fighting with other birds and even with his own kinsmen. I have in mind two particular cases where this pest converted Clyde Williamson into their deadly enemy. A Chipping Sparrows nest containing three birds five days old was made a grave of the future currant-worm destroyers purely by the wanton cruelty of the ruffians. A Yellow Warbler's nest was sadly rifled before incubation had hardly commenced, simply because the innocent little mother had located her nest in a small maple next to a roosting place of the Sparrows. These are but instances which occurred within three or four rods of my back door. In the human race we have laws governing men who kill and thieve, so why not help our weaker feathered friends in protecting their lives and property. I would suggest that societies be organized for the destruction of this pest and prizes offered for the greatest number taken by the separate individuals. Of course the birds must be killed in the most humane manner possible for they have feeling, that is pertaining to themselves, as acute as any living body but are certainly hard-hearted little pests, so to speak.

Clyde Williamson.

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Worcester, Mass.

I think the prosecution can well rest its case here and submit the evidence to the jury, which, if it be a just body of men, cannot do otherwise than find a verdict of guilty of grand larceny, and murder in the first degree, for which the penalty is death.

Now the question comes, "How can we carry out this sentence and who will be the executioners?" One man suggest that we arm the boys with Steven's rifles, but while this excellent arm would be effective and useful in the hands of careful persons, of course it would be out of the question to use them in densely populated cities.

To my mind there are three ways to accomplish the desired effect. The first has been tried and is known to be very effective; that is with poison. Of course this should be used only by fully capable persons who are thoroughly acquainted with the situation. This method can be used only in cities and at season when other birds are not about.

A second plan and one which would accomplish a double object, would be to influence all the enthusiastic egg collectors, to refrain from robbing the wild birds of their treasures and to devote all their energies to

getting as large a series of English Sparrow's eggs as they can procure. These eggs are handsome and show endless variations in markings, so that the series would not be completed until the last egg of the last English Sparrow had been secured.

The third method for imposing sentence could best be accomplished by the concerted action of the Audubon societies, and would likewise accomplish a twofold purpose. English Sparrows can be dyed so as to be as gorgeous, gaudy, or attractive as any of the foreign ? birds that are now used in the milliner's art. If these societies will but start the fashion, it will be but a very few years before collectors will have exterminated the Sparrows as completely as they have the Little White Egrets and Terns.

A judicious combination of these plans would soon have its effects in reducing an evil that is now spreading at an amazing rate.

C. A. Reed.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW QUESTION.

"Good morning, Doctor, may I trouble you to tell me where I can get some of your Sparrow medicine"? The speaker was a middle-aged gentleman and a school master. I gave him the desired information and asked him how about it. "Well," he replied, "I didn't use to agree with you about the English Sparrow, but I do now, with a vengeance. I put up a bird house near my home and almost shed tears for joy, when this spring a pair of Bluebirds began building in it. The Sparrows had paid no attention to it before, but the next morning after the Bluebirds came, I counted 25 English Sparrows in the tree mobbing them, and finally they gave up the unequal fight and I have not seen them since. If it's a question of mob law between Sparrows and Bluebirds, I'm for the Bluebirds every time. I had not seen a Bluebird for 20 years, and I am mad clear through. You are right on the Sparrow question and I am with you from now on."

My neighbor a few doors down the street called me in one spring morning, with: "Say, do you know any way to get rid of these English Sparrows?" We had a Robin trying to build in this apple tree close to the window, but as fast as she brought material for the nest, the English Sparrows would steal it and carry it up into the pine tree. So finally our Robin gave it up. With all the stuff covering the ground, it is sheer cussedness in those Sparrows to steal the Robin's nest. We want to get rid of the pests".

My neighbor next door on the other side gave me the following over the back fence one morning a little later that same spring. "Do you know," he said, "what the English Sparrows are doing to our Robins? Well, there is a Robin's nest in an elm tree close to the shop, under the window where I work. I used to enjoy watching them building and soon there were four eggs in the nest. Then just

the other morning, when both the Robins were away, the English Sparrows came to the nest and sucked all the eggs; I tell you, those little rascals are thieves and murderers among the birds and I think they ought to be exterminated."

The same spring a boy in the neighborhood made and put up a Martin house in the University campus. A pair of Tree Swallows immediately began building in one of the compartments. I noticed English Sparrows trying to mob them, and soon nothing more was seen of the Swallows. On climbing up to see what was the matter and clean out the Sparrows' nests, we found the male Swallow with his head nearly bitten off in one of the compartments. Up 20 feet from the ground in a small box, there was no other explanation possible, except that a Sparrow had caught the Swallow and killed him. Since then, I have lost a pair of Tree Swallows under similar circumstances, and small children about the place picked up the male dead, but I did not see the body and was unable to learn whether it showed marks of violence.

The same spring, 1897, a pair of Bluebirds began to nest in one of houses in the garden. The Sparrows attacked them in numbers, but as the Bluebirds seemed to be holding their own, I waited to observe the outcome. As I came come one day I saw the male Bluebird and a male Sparrow clinch among the higher branches of the tree and fall to the ground together. I ran to the spot and found the Bluebird limp with tail and wings spread wide, while under him was the Sparrow chewing at his throat. I caught both birds in my hand and pinched the Sparrow's head off to make him let go. The Bluebird quickly recovered and, no Sparrows being allowed on the premises after that, he helped to rear three broods that season.

One morning in the following May, a bright little boy came to ask what kind of a house he should make for a Bluebird, and said that there was a pair in his garden and he thought they might stay, if he gave them a house. A few days later he came again to tell me that the Bluebirds were making a nest in his house, and in a few days more he reported four blue eggs in the nest. His next call was about six o'clock in the morning and his first words were, "Have you got any shot cartridges for a 22 rifle? The English Sparrows have gone into my Bluebird's house and broken all the eggs and the Bluebirds have gone away. I want to shoot every English Sparrow I can find." I gave him all the cartridges I had.

The question is not whether the English Sparrow may or may not eat a few insects, but rather whether they destroy more valuable birds.

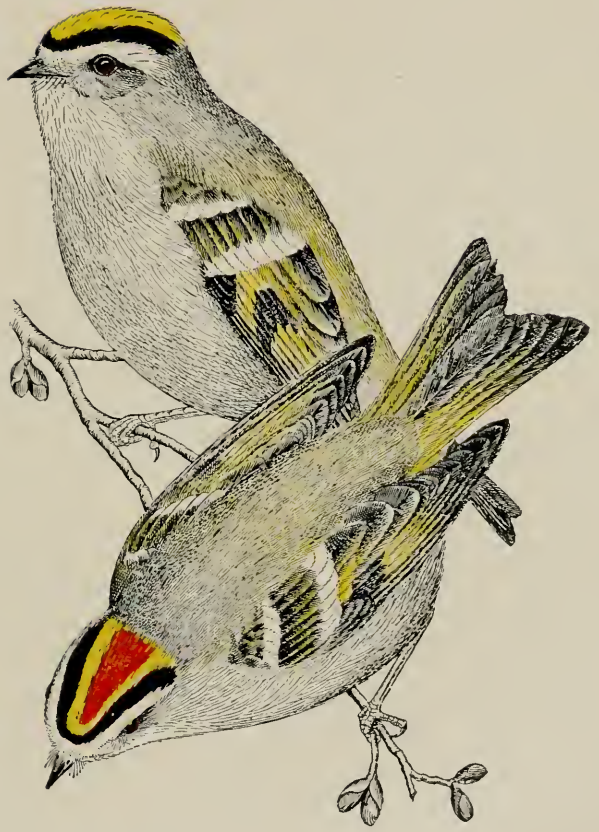
Dr. C. F. Hodge.

NESTING OF A GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLET IN MASSACHUSETTS.

DURING May 1903, I had heard several times on passing a certain group of spruce and hemlock trees, in Milton, Norfolk County, Massachusetts, the song of a Golden-crowned Kinglet, a thin twittering warble with a rising inflection, I was at a loss to account for his staying around so late in the spring, but on reading them up I found that they had been known, once before, to breed in this State, so I decided to find the nest if possible.

Accordingly on May 31st I betook myself to the hemlock grove and watched, but with no result, as the birds being aware of my presence hopped about the branches lisping and acting as if they had nothing in the world to do except enjoy themselves. I did notice however that they usually stayed in a certain spruce, a little separated from the others and overhanging a stone wall which divides the pasture in which the grove is situated from an open meadow, across which meanders a large stream.

Two days later I again visited the spot and was gratified to see that the Kinglets were carrying things in their bills and depositing them somewhere in the upper part of the tree. Taking a chance when both birds were absent, I climbed the tree to a spot near where they usually entered, and concealed myself. I had not long to wait before the male came flying back with something in his bill, what, I could not make out, and passed within a few feet of me, beginning just above my head to make a spiral ascent of the tree, hopping from twig to twig and every now and then repeating his little song. I watched him closely but soon lost sight of him, as he went out to the tips of the branches. A minute later I heard his song in another tree, and knowing that he must have deposited his burdens somewhere above me in the hanging boughs, I again climbed upwards and took my stand where I had last seen him. I had hardly settled myself before I noticed the female, cautiously threading her way along the same route taken by the male. She passed very close to me, flew straight to the tip of a branch about 30 feet from the ground and after remaining there an instant, in a thick cluster of twigs, she flew off with empty bill. I immediately started to climb to



GOLDEN-CROWNED KINGLETS.

the spot, but owing to its location some 20 feet from the main trunk, 4 feet from the end of the branch and 30 feet from the ground I could get no nearer than the branches just below, which sagged so that I was left ten feet below the coveted spot. Not wishing to disturb them in their nest building, as I then thought it was, I contented myself with examining it with my field glass, which revealed, hidden deep among the pendent twigs, what seemed to be a bunch of brown moss the size of a cantaloupe.

It was the 17th of June before I could again return, and on arriving at the grove immediately climbed to the nest, a bit of acrobatic work in no sense easy, and found the nest, empty! On returning to the ground however, I located the male singing in a hemlock tree near by, and on close scrutiny I saw that he and his mate were engaged in feeding a young one who was calling incessantly for food. I climbed softly up and to my great surprise found six fuzzy little Kinglets perched along a dead branch and keeping up a constant twittering. They were not in the least afraid of me and after I had settled myself comfortably, the parent birds returned and began feeding them. They were not fed often but took a good deal at a time, the commonest fare being those green canker worms which so often infest evergreen trees. After watching them for some time I made a sudden move to slap a mosquito and the whole brood, who had for some time past been watching suspiciously, fluttered off wildly to another tree.

The next week I came back and took the nest. It was semi-pensile, hung directly under the branch and supported by the hanging twigs which were skillfully woven into the sides. The whole structure measured 3 inches wide by 4 inches deep, the cavity being 1 1-3 by 1 3-4 inches. Upon examination it proved to be composed of the tall, soft moss, so often met with in damp places. Inside there was a thick lining of numerous kinds of hairs. Some kinds which I identified by comparison were: horses, cows, gray squirrels, and skunks, but how they procured the latter kinds I cannot imagine.

The last I saw of the family they were feeding in the hemlocks some distance from their home and all seemed to be in good healthy condition, this was about June 26th. I am now impatiently waiting next spring in hopes of their return, when, if they nest in a more favorable position, I hope to get some satisfactory photographs.

STANLEY COBB, Adams St., Milton, Mass.

TRAGEDIES IN BIRD LAND.

By Edgar Boyer.

DURING the few years that I have made birds a study, I have witnessed quite a number of what might be appropriately termed bird-land tragedies.

When I say bird-land tragedies I do not include those being caused every day in all parts of the country by the fellow with a gun in his hand, but those that come about naturally.

One June day while sitting on the porch I heard a loud fluttering in the vicinity of a Robin's nest, then the sharp threatening "Git, git, quick; git I say" followed by more fluttering. When I reached the scene, a Blue Jay slunk away through the leaves and a young Robin, which was pretty well feathered out, fluttered down to the ground. There was but one parent bird in sight and she seemed to be about exhausted from her efforts to protect her offspring. The other Robin had probably met with an accident previous to this occasion—served as a target for some embryo Nimrod, who was unlucky enough to hit him, perhaps—any how he was not present. I found the little Robin to be unhurt and placed him in a dense honey-suckle, thinking he would be safe there should the Blue Jay return to look for him. The old bird watched me, but showed no resentment or uneasiness when I handled her little one. There were no more little ones to be found any where around so I judged that the Jay had made more than one meal at the expense of the little Robins lives.

A few hours later I heard that same commanding cry again and as I approached the honeysuckle the Blue Jay flew up from the ground underneath and was chased away by the excited Robin. At my feet lay the headless body of the little Robin. It seemed to be the will of fate that it should die thus.

Last summer a pair of Bronzed Grackles built in a large walnut tree in front of my window, placing the nest about forty feet above the ground.

While the female patiently brooded her curiously scrawled bluish eggs, the male was wont to walk about over the bluegrass below where he was an object to be admired.

His search for good things to eat in the way of insects that hid in the grass was so different from the Robin which kept him company. The Robin would make two or three quick awkward hops—stop a

moment with bill pointing skyward as if searching the heavens for food then darting quickly forward he would bring forth a worm from the grass. The Grackle walked about in a dignified manner keeping time to his steps by the bobbing of his head, and all the while keeping a close watch, which was frequently rewarded by a big fat worm. Many a pleasant moment I spent watching these Grackles and often thought how I would miss them when they went away, little dreaming how soon and sad would be their departure. I was sitting before the window writing and kept hearing their cries but was so absorbed that I didn't heed them for some time when the significance of the loud "clacks" came to me with almost the suddenness of a shock. I looked out and saw both of them walking about in a circle, on the ground, their eyes fastened on something in the grass, and looking the very pictures of grief and misery. On hastening to the scene I found the cause of disturbance to be a black snake into whose large gluttonous mouth a young Grackle was just disappearing. But he was not destined to enjoy the benefit of his feast for he was speedily dispatched although too late to save any of the little birds, as, from the knotty appearance of his body, he had already swallowed three. How the snake discovered the nest and climbed to it is a mystery to me. As he took the last one from the nest the old birds through sheer force of desperation had evidently dislodged him and he had fallen to the ground below, where I found him. When I appeared both old birds ceased their protests and after the snake was killed they disappeared and I saw them no more. Many a tragedy in bird life is caused by birds flying against telephone wires. Still the damage done in this way is not serious. During the spring and autumn when many species roam about the country in flocks it is not uncommon in riding along the road to see birds hopping along with a broken wing while we find others that have struck the wire with such force as to mutilate their bodies, killing them instantly. I never was an actual witness to a collision but once. I watched a dove which flew swiftly and straight into the wire, not apparently seeing it at all, but as the wire was loose, a half dozen summersets in midair, following a rather sudden and perhaps shocking halt, was the only inconvenience the dove was put to, so far as I could see.

One evening just after sunset when the Swifts were wheeling and darting about over the house preparatory to entering the chimneys for the night, one of them flew against the point of a lightning rod where he stuck fast. A member of the family quickly went to the rescue and when the Swift was freed he went off among his fellows as if such accidents were every day occurrences with him.

Last autumn I was watching some little Juncos, quite a flock of which had collected in some shrubby plum-trees, just about dusk. The air was just cool enough to brace one up and perhaps it reminded the Juncos of their Canada homes—and how happy they seemed—picking themselves, softly uttering the call note "tceep" and now and then warbling a little song, scarcely above a whisper. As I watched them, I heard the queer nasal cry of a Hawk in the orchard. A moment later he darted by me like a flash, and the little Juncos with a startled cry dropped to the ground below—all but one and it was being borne swifty away in the pitiless talons of the Hawk.

Near my home there is a small plot of ground, grown up in dense shrubbery and thickets and dotted here and there by large stumps,—reminders of trees that once held sway there. The plot is divided by a small stream and is altogether an ideal place to study bird-life.

Many species are found there, and there are some of the prettiest little bird homes in the country. I visit there so often that the birds have naturally come to consider me a part of the necessary surroundings. One day when I had sat quietly on a stump for more than three hours, royally entertained by these "little brothers of the air," I heard a sharp protest from some bushes near by. On looking over there I saw a bush violently shaking, and hopping excitedly around it a pair of Indigo Buntings and a Yellow Warbler. Just then a female Cowbird flew out of the bush and my suspicions were immediately aroused. In the bush I found an Indigo's nest containing one egg—*and that was a Cowbird's.* It was the first time I actually witnessed a Cowbird's visit to a nest. It is generally supposed that these visits are always made in secret but this was at least one exception to the rule. And what was to me still more surprising was that she had laid an egg in the nest before, even the owner had deigned to do so. It was simply adding insult to injury. The egg was freshly laid for it was still warm. The next day there was still another Cowbird's egg in the nest. I can't offer but one theory which is rather a lame one, and that is that she, being unable to find any other nest, had to choose between the vacant one and the ground. It is needless to say that the Indigo Buntings abandoned the nest. It was only one of the many little homes that are blighted every year by the unwelcome visits of the Cowbird.

PAINTED REDSTART

Natural Size.

PAINTED REDSTART.

A. O. U No. 688. (Setophaga picta.)

RANGE.

Central Mexico, north to Arizona and New Mexico.

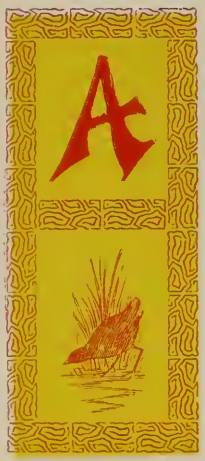
This strikingly colored flycatching Warbler is found only in mountainous regions of southern Arizona and New Mexico, most abundant in the Huachuca Mountains. They frequent the shrubbery and tangled woodland about mountain streams, feeding upon insects which they glean from the foliage of the trees and also catch on the wing, in mid air, as does the common Redstart of the east. As they flit about among the branches, they are continually spreading and closing their tail to display the contrasting black and white feathers, while now and then the observer will catch a gleam like fire as their bright red underparts are exposed for an instant. The male and female of this species are alike in plumage but the male usually has a few feathers on the throat edged with red. The greatest difference, beside plumage, from the eastern Redstarts are in the nesting habits. Instead of making a compact well made structure like that of our bird, they build upon the ground in crevices among the rocks, or beside stumps or overhanging stones. Their nests are made of fine strips of bark and fine grasses woven together and lined with hair of fine grass. During May or June they lay three or four, most often the latter number, pure white eggs without gloss, these being finely sprinkled and speckled, chiefly around the larger end, with reddish brown and lilac-gray, they average in size .65 x 40 inches.

Last spring I was on one of my daily strolls. In summer I am in the habit of getting up a little before the sun and going into the woods as it is the best time to observe birds. I was near the close of one of these walks, and I remember having seen a good deal that morning. I was passing through a strip of cedar woods near my house. As I was walking along I heard a loud chattering and unusual fuss going on up in a tree. I went nearer to the scene of action, and for a while the noise stopped, but presently one bird started going again. Then it was I first saw the cause of the racket. This bird, a Robin, had got its legs caught in a piece of twine, and the twine had caught on a branch of the tree. There the bird was fluttering and kicking, head downward. What I surmised was that the Robin had been out gathering articles for a nest and while flying through the trees the string had caught and held the bird prisoner. I saw the bird was suffering and so I started to climb the tree. The bird fluttered all the harder, but as I came nearer it stopped. Soon I was near enough to reach the bird. At first she was startled, but she quieted down when I didn't hurt her. I untangled the string from the legs, and holding the bird a moment brushed her, then opening my hands I let her free once more. At first she made no attempt to go, but finding herself free again, she opened her wings and flew. She lit on a neighboring tree and began to sing as if to thank me.

FRIEND.

BIRD SKETCHES FROM SOUTHERN KENTUCKY.

By Sadie F. Price.



ALONG the wooded banks of the winding and picturesque Barren River may be found an abundance and variety of bird-life scarcely excelled anywhere else.

A short trip of two hours by steamboat to a country residence in Warren County, and three days spent in the woods near the river, boating or wandering on the bluffs and densely wooded banks and open fields adjacent, gave a note-book of bird notes and a feast of musical notes long to be remembered and treasured. Southern Kentucky is rich in resident song birds and favored by many migrant singers. The Mocking bird, that "trim Shakespeare of the trees," often remains through the winter, but comes in numbers about the 8th of March, and at this time twenty could be heard at once in the orchards and open woods. The Brown Thrush or Thrasher, called by many common names, as "Sand" or "Brown Mockingbird," was vying with, if not surpassing, the Mockingbird in melody.

The clear rich, unrivalled call of the Wood Thrush, a summer resident, was heard in the dense woods, while the Summer Red bird and the several singing Sparrows and Warblers were adding to the chorus.

That "scrap of sunset with a voice," the Baltimore Oriole, with the near relative, the Orchard Oriole, added life and color to the scene, and the clear penetrating "Pee-wit" and "Pee-r, pee-r, pee-wee" of the Phoebe and Wood Pewee were heard at different points up and down the stream. The former build in numbers at the cave entrances and on the shelving rocks and bluffs overhanging the river, two and three nests were to be seen together in a row, the same bird, no doubt, returning to the old homestead, and adding a new apartment, so to speak, to the one occupied last year. Groups of these may be seen all over the rocks, and five, unspotted white eggs were in one. The nest is a marvel of compactness, formed of mud, then grasses finely woven and covered or decorated outside with tender green mosses.

The Wood Pewee too builds a nest equally as interesting,

but entirely different. It has a shallow, lichen-covered nest in the fork of a small limb, fully as dainty, though larger, as the Hummingbird's nest, and difficult to find, owing to its resemblance to a lichen covered knot on the limb. One experiences that "delirium of delight" of the naturalist when first finding it.

Drawing by Sadie F. Price.

WOOD PEWEE.

As we glided down the stream a solitary fisherman, the little Green Heron, "Shide-poke" in local parlance,—was observed standing erect on a floating drift, patiently waiting an unwary fish. "Solitary tattlers" and a Hilldeer were seen near the bank. A mother Wood Duck and the young also were heard near. A glimpse of a Red-shouldered Hawk and its "chicken" was heard far over-head in a dense tree top.

Bee-martins were seen, and a Carrion Crow ("Black Buzzard") had built its rude nest at a cave entrance in the bluff, and startled us by flapping out in our faces as we approached. The young, half-fledged, the color of young ducks, grotesque objects, all head and eyes and surrounded by anything but the airs of Araby, stood shivering at our notice.

The Kingfisher was a common bird on the river,—while Vireos and Tit-mice, the gray Nuthatch and Carolina Wren were common notes

heard every day. The "Maryland" Yellow-throat is an early bird, beginning its matins at four o'clock or earlier.

The Bobolink, called by the unpoetical name "army-worm bird," by the farmers here, comes in May when the blackberries are in blossom, and only tarries with us two or three days, on its way northward.

Drawing by Sadie F. Price.

BOBOLINK.

A few Robins stay with us all winter, are usually plentiful by February 11th and in numbers by the 1st of March, their call of "cheerily-cheerily, cheer up, cheer up" filling the air. That little perpetual motion the Bewicks Wren is common by the 6th of March, while Meadowlarks and Bluebirds are usually building at that time. Between April 1st and 18th the Chimney Swift, Baltimore Oriole and Scarlet Tanager make their appearance, while the Song Sparrow arrives early in March, only staying a few days with us.

The common Martin leaves for the south as early as the middle of August. The old custom of putting up Martin boxes is one that ought to be revived. There is one old-time darkey near who follows the cus-

tom "Dey keeps de hawk frum de chick'ns." In answer to my inquiry if the English Sparrows fought them, he said, no, but he always took the box down in winter and put it up again the first of March. If the Martins once took possession the Sparrows could not drive them away. If the Sparrows took it in the winter they would "hold the fort" he thought and the Martins could not regain it.

The Cardinal Red-bird or Grosbeak *Cardinalis cardinalis*, with its ringing call or whistle "What cheer, what cheer," is the most attractive winter resident we have. The Kentucky novelist, James Lane Allen, in a late story has forever—to the Kentuckian, associated this bird with his State. In it, too, he utters a strong plea for the protection of birds, as well as a fine compliment to the indefatigable worker, Audubon who spent some time collecting in this state.

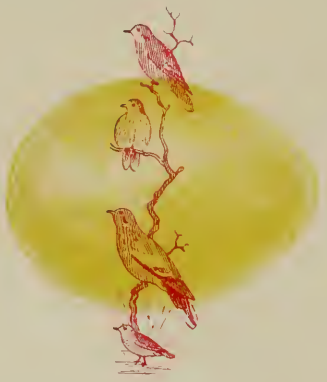
He writes of a time, when a boy, he once went his way to the woods, as to Damascus a little Saul of Tarsus among birds, breathing out slaughter, when suddenly from forest and orchard, from thicket and hedge row, came the words, "Why persecutest thou me." Per-se-cu-test, per-se-cu-test !"—the birds singing the old, old chorus against man's inhumanity. I wish there could be such an "awakening" among the boys in my neighborhood, who walk the streets as a man does the woods in autumn, armed with their diabolical machine, the air-gun. One boy boasted, and a near sighted boy, too, of killing eighteen birds in half an hour and this spirit is excused by saying "it is the hunter's spirit," "boys must kill something." The much abused English Sparrow gets the entire blame of the disappearance of song birds in our town, but it is certain that the "small boy" armed with one of these deadly toys has a hand in this destruction quite as much as this cheery little naturalized foreigner.

The study of birds and celebration of "Bird Day" in the public schools may do much to stop this. Then if the old custom of putting up boxes for Martins, Bluebirds and Wrens about houses were continued and the society for the prevention of cruelty to animals would take a shot at the manufacturers of toy guns, perhaps we would have more song birds with us in our city trees and parks.

Among game birds the Partridge (*Colinus virginianus*) is generally quite common, though some years is slaughtered without mercy. The Wild Turkey is often taken though not common. Ruffed Grouse are occasionally seen. They were once quite frequent as well as the Woodcock. This, locally known as "Wood-chuck," is a rare bird now. Doves are common, though constantly taken out of season. The Meadowlark and Yellow-hammer also are often offered for sale. They should both, I think, be protected and not counted as game birds.

The Bobolink is entirely too rare here to be generally taken for a game bird, in fact is entirely unfamiliar to many hunters. Among Ducks the Wood Duck, Shoveller, Gadwall (Gray Duck) and Mallard are the common species. While Pin-tailed Duck and the Teal are often taken, Hooded and the Red-breasted Mergansers, though too strong and "fishy" to be generally eaten, yet are often offered for sale at game houses. The Golden Plover is only occasionally taken, while in spring the Snipe (*Gallinago delicata*), Wilson's Snipe, locally known as Jack Snipe and the *Totanus melanoleucus*, Stone Snipe or Yellow Shanks are often quite common. The Rail, too, is occasionally taken in the spring. The common Wild Goose is rather common in the late fall and winter.

It is generally felt by all serious-minded persons, many lovers of the sport as well as all true friends of the birds, that some law to entirely protect all birds for two years or more, should be passed, and that the present laws should be more strictly enforced to save many birds from the fate of the Passenger or Wild Pigeon, that has so completely disappeared, when we are told that they were once so plentiful that they were knocked down by clubs and carried off in bags and even wagon-loads. Also that the trees were so crowded with them that they often broke down with their weight, and as they flocked to the roosts the whole sky was darkened with them as with a thunder-cloud.



BIRD NOTES FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By H. W. Myers, Los Angeles, Cal.

IN this land of golden sunshine and gorgeous flowers, let us not overlook the many beautiful birds which are constantly around us, helping by their very presence to make life more complete.

What greater joy for a bird lover, than to sit by the open window and the soft moonlight, and listen to the soul filling music of the Mocking-bird as it is wafted in on the night air; that air made sweet by the perfume of the orange blossom.

The Mocking-bird and the orange blossom;—in my thoughts they are associated together, for in the spring, when the air is heavy with this most delicious odor, the Mocking-bird sings all night long to his brooding mate. Nor does he rest by day,—on the contrary he seems to be always singing, and one cannot help wondering if the graceful fellow never eats.

These tame friendly birds are with us all the year and this corner of the bird world would seem quite incomplete without them.

It is always amusing to watch them dive at the family cat and give her a dig on the back with their bills, while they fan her sides with their wings. We always know that they have a nest somewhere near when they attack the cat with their guttural "kerr, kerr," and though we are fond of the cat, we are glad to have the old birds pick her, for does she not get more than her share of these sweet songsters when they are still too young to defend themselves?

I fear so;—and from the number yearly destroyed in this way and in numerous others, I sometimes marvel that there are so many left.

Not the least entertaining thing is the opportunity of watching Madame Mocker scold a Butcher bird who has had the audacity to venture into the neighborhood where Madame is feeding her young. Flying up to the electric wire and seating herself only a few feet from this handsome intruder, she will raise her tail, drop her wings, and bristling up to twice her natural size, will send forth an angry bird protest, which interpreted means I am

sure, "Get out of here, you old Loggerhead, you miserable Butcher bird! you can't have my darlings, get out at once, do you hear?" and as the Shrike sits calmly watching this tirade which he has so unconsciously stirred up, Madam Mocker, makes a dive at him and—being too polite to resist a lady, he takes himself and his unwelcome presence out of sight.

I have also watched a Mockingbird drive two Robins out of the yard, that were much larger than himself. It seemed quite evident that he considered our place his own property, and had appointed himself to police the grounds.

My affections for the Mockingbird are divided with the smallest and daintiest of our feathered friends, the Hummingbirds, who are also with us throughout the year. Perchance you are sitting with me upon my porch, when suddenly there is a "buzz-z" close to your head and a green streak darts past you with a "tsp, tsp," and poising over a geranium not three feet away, this dainty bit of feathered sweetness sips the nectar from your flowers, and is away again before you are over your surprise. Raising your opera glass, you watch him as he rests upon a tiny branch near by, his green back shining in the sunlight, the feathers on his head raised into a diminutive crest.

Listen—he is actually singing, "Teedle, teedle, te, te, te," he sings in a rapid little melody; "Teedle, teedle, teedle, te, te, te" and you are suddenly seized with a childish desire to grab him in your hand and squeeze him out of pure love. He has evidently read your thoughts, for away he goes, and though a bush hides him, you hear his contented little "tsp, tsp."

Then there is the Black Phoebe who rears her young near by and brings them daily to our yard to feed. Truly this yard must be full of marvelously good things, if one is to judge by the number of birds seen daily from the porch.

Madam Brown Towhee, followed by her hungry twins, parades before this reviewing stand and gladly eats the crumbs thrown to her.

The saucy Linnet, or House Finch, the rose-crimson trimmings of his brown coat making him very attractive, goes so far as to build on that same reviewing stand, the porch; while in the pepper tree across the road, that Prince among birds, the Phainopepla or Black Flycatcher gathers the red berries for his supper. Sometimes his ash colored mate accompanies him, but you must look quickly if you would observe them for they are shy birds and their stay will be short.

Photo by Lispenard S. Horton.

NEST AND EGGS OF GREEN HERON.

To this choice feeding ground the large Hooded Oriole brings her three little beauties, who, though now resembling their somber mother, may later grow into gorgeous orange and black likenesses of their father.

Occasionally a flock of the dainty Tit-mice fill our trees, a Goldfinch swings upon a weed and gathers seeds, a pair of Yellow Warblers or a White-crowned Sparrow pass by and pay us a short call while Turkey Buzzards circle over head, and flocks of Blackbirds go noisily on their way.

In the early morning a bevy of California Quail may be seen scudding across the road and hurrying to their camping ground in the Arroyo Seco, while the twilight may reveal, silhouetted against the sky, a young gray Screech Owl upon your roof.

There are many other birds to be found in this vicinity for the looking, but these are a few that are seen daily, or occasionally in our yard throughout the summer, and many of them the winter also.

THE "MORNING CHEER" CLUB.

Of all the countless Clubs, Societies and Federations in existence, the Association to which I am about to introduce you is most unique in its character and stands well apart from the busy world and its customs and usages.

Before going further I will add that the members composing this Association are numerous little feathered friends with whom it has been my privilege to daily associate. While none of these busy little dwellers of the wood ever confided to me the "Objects and Requirements to Membership in their Association," it seems to me beyond all doubt that their chief mission in life is the spread of good cheer throughout the community and adding materially to the general well-being and happiness of mankind. Their club room is the forest, and their roof the limitless expanse of sky. Their "Constitution" and rules are so arranged that a number of representatives shall be present throughout the year, therefore, when the Summer "Officials" take their departure, the Autumn and Winter residents are on hand to fill their places.

In making the daily trip to the city, it is necessary to pass through an interesting piece of woodland, situated between my home and the railway station, and it is in this wooded section that the "Morning Cheer" Club has its headquarters. During the spring time there is a large increase in membership as the southern representatives return

from their winter sojourn. Then and during the summer their temple is covered with a beautiful mantle of the richest green; their carpet (the dead leaves of past years) is sprinkled with thousands of choice wild blossoms; they have a canopy above of the purest blue; their whole surroundings are one harmonious blending of beauty, happiness, sunshine and song. At this time of year you are likely to meet the following members and their wives: Goldfinch, Indigo bird, Carolina Wren, Chipping Sparrow, Robin, Catbird, Yellow-breasted Chat, Cuckoo, Song Sparrow, Field Sparrow, Vireo, Flicker, Blue Jay, Oven bird, Maryland Yellow-throat, Least Flycatcher, Wood Thrush, Wood Pewee and some of the Warblers. An interesting feature is that nearly all of the above members established their homes in the immediate vicinity. This was a season of concerts and activity among the feathered citizens. Old homes had to be repaired, new homes built, and a regular overhauling of things in general. This daily walk through the Morning Cheer temple was the source of untold pleasure and profit, and served to lighten the burdens of the day; many pleasant observations and discoveries were hastily made, to be thought over and enjoyed later at the busy city office, and throughout the course of the day I seemed to hear the echo of their early songs of gladness, as the glorious sun rose higher in the heavens and their little coats were yet wet with the sparkling dew of the morning.

For quite a while this condition of affairs remained pretty much the same; there was the daily greeting of my little friends; the ceaseless volume of countless songs, and the rush and hurry of household affairs. Throughout the months of July and August, however, this era of activity and song daily grew less marked, until finally the only members, who exercised their vocal powers to any great extent, were the Indigo birds, Goldfinches and Vireos, with perhaps a few notes from the Carolina Wren early in the morning. These continued their song all through the mid-summer days of heat and idleness; especially the Indigo bird—morning after morning as I passed by, he could be seen on the topmost twig of a tall tree, pouring forth the sweetest little song.

Birds, like ourselves, seem to require a season of rest and retirement from the field of action, after the labors of nest building and the care and anxiety of rearing their little familes for the year. They are not made simply to sing; they have their work to do, and their lives are crowded with joy and sorrow, sunshine and shadow, much like the human life.

BERTON MERCER.

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

We have received a great many interesting accounts of birds which became very tame during last winter's cold and snowy weather, and give you a few bits from them this month. What fun it will be when the birds of our woods and fields will fly down upon our shoulders, and even pull our ears, instead of flying away to hide at the sound of our footsteps.

These same bird-charmers now have tenements ready for the Bluebirds, Wrens and Martins, and will have many good times this summer watching and listening to the busy little truants.

I wonder if any of you have tried the plan of putting a bell on pussy, that she may give warning to the birds of her approach. I should like to hear from you if you find this plan succeeds well.

Cordially your friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1 Jacob Stehman, Rohrerstown, Pa.
2 Paul P. Jones, Windham, Vt.
3 Leo LeFebure, Cedar Rapids, Ia.
4 Clarence F. Dickinson, Springport, Mich.
5 Louise Jordan, Defiance, Ohio.
6 Leroy B. Noble, Little River, Conn.
7 Naomi E. Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES.

Enigma. Baltimore Oriole.
Search Questions. 1. Murres.
2. Frigate Bird.
3. House Wren and Chickadee.

Winter nests.

4. Catbird.
5. Brown Thrasher.
6. Rose-breasted Grosbeak.
7. Scarlet Tanager.
8. Indigo Bird.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR MAIL BAG.

A Tame Killdeer.

Last summer as I was cultivating in my father's corn field, I accidentally destroyed what is called a nest of a Killdeer. It contained four eggs, but none were broken. I made a hollow in the ground with my hand and placed the eggs in it with the points towards the center the same as a Killdeer would arrange them, and when I came back on the next row of corn she sat on her second nest as contented as could be. The Killdeer is said to be very shy but this one did not show it the least bit.

Clarence F. Dickinson, Springport, Michigan.

WINTER VISITORS.

This winter we hung suet on the trees near the house for the birds to eat. We also hung up bones with a little meat on, and two bags crocheted out of twine and filled with suet, nuts and the inside of plum stones. Chickadees, Red-breasted Nuthatches and Blue Jays come every day, and Downy Woodpeckers and White-breasted Nuthatches come irregularly. At first only Chickadees and Blue Jays came. As the Blue Jays ate so much and drove the other birds away, we would frighten them away when they came to eat, and the Chickadees came to regard the bones and bags, as their own private property, so when other birds came they would scold and twitter for us to come and frighten the intruders away. But we let all but the Blue Jays eat.

Last fall we had a lot of apples freeze on the trees, and Blue Jays and Pine Grosbeaks (especially the latter) feed on them a great deal. A large flock of Pine Grosbeaks are here nearly all the time.

I had heard quite a number of times this winter a very pretty song, but was not able to see the bird, but one day I heard it right over my head, and looking up saw a Pine Grosbeak. The song was a low, very sweet warble, quite long.

I have seen the Snow Buntings twice this year. Once they came into the yard and ate some hayseed only a few feet from the piazza on which we were standing. Paul P. Jones, Windham, Vt.

SOME SOCIABLE BIRDS.

We have five large pieces of ham rinds tacked to arbor posts and a wood shed and bread on the porch and we seldom look out without seeing some kind of a bird pecking at them.

Our little visitors daily consist of Chickadees, Nuthatches, Red-headed Woodpeckers, Snowbirds, Tree Chippies and three beautiful Blue Jays. Most of them are very tame. The tiny "Chicks" hang to their meat while we pass and repass within three or four feet of them, and the large Woodpecker clung to his post with someone within two feet from him.

My young son recently stood in a neighbor's yard surrounded by tiny Chickadees and Snowbirds, and soon a bold little Chickadee came fluttering in his face, and lighted on his shoulder, and began pecking and pulling at his ear, bracing and scratching its little feet into the boy's coat while it pulled harder and harder till my son carefully drew back his head because the little bill hurt, and the bird left. The boy left for home well pleased with his experience, and for over an hour his ear plainly showed the bright pink wedge-shaped marks of the bill of the saucy little mite. Every day I feed the birds immense quantities of bread, drying it first, and the Jays are genuine gluttons. They made a Chickadee drop a large piece of bread and cried and yelled at the tiny bird. Then flew down all bristled up like a mother hen, and stole it.

SUSIE R. DOOLITTLE, Cheshire, Conn.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am the name of a beautiful and favorite bird. I am composed of 17 letters. My 6, 1, 4, 12, 5, 15, 1, 11 is a beautiful bird. My 3, 9, 9, we find in the nest. My 13, 11, 7, 9, is what all Americans should honor. My 16, 17, 5, 15 is part of the face. My 4, 14, 6, 3, is often eaten by Bobolinks. My 2, 10, 10, 8, always finds the birds asleep.

ELEANOR POPE, Racine, Wis.

ENIGMA, NUMBER 2.

I am a bird composed of 17 letters. While 1, 8, 14, 5, 16 was getting dinner on the 17, 13, 8, 12, 3 she heard a noise which startled her and turning around, she saw two 2, 5, 6, 10, near the door. She called her brother, who was just coming in. His clothes were all 11, 7, 12, 15, for he had met a bad 4, 7, 9, and he soon chased them away.

A. P. WOODWARD, Danielson, Conn.

WHAT IS MY NAME?

1. I wear a coat of rich red, with a black tie, and a black band around my beak. I wear a crest also, and I can whistle better than any boy that reads the American Ornithology. My wife whistles too and my daughters, though I have often repeated to them the proverb about whistling girls and crowing hens.

2. I also am clothed in red, but my coat is not quite as bright as number one. My wings and tail are brown, with white trimmings. Beneath, I am of a lighter red, and my belly is a grayish green. I have a strong bill with which to crack seeds. My home is in northern New England, but I sometimes venture further south in the winter months.

3. You cannot mistake me in my scarlet gown, with wings and tail of black. I come to you from the Southland in the sweet month of May, and destroy for you many insects and larvæ.

LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

ST. AUGUSTINE.

DEAR JOE: We are having good times here. We wished you were with us in our walks about the city. As we went through the quaint street of Saint George, the oldest in the city, it seemed as if the little balconies which project from the second stories of the houses would drop upon our heads. Then we went through such pleasant streets, with great arches of live oak branches, (whose tiny evergreen leaves do not look one bit like our oak leaves) with long streamers of grey moss swinging in the air. There are many attractive homes, with gardens where oranges hang among glossy green leaves like golden balls, and the air is as sweet as it can be with the perfume of roses, narcissus and violets. Peach trees, loquots and Chinese quanquots are in blossom, and there are magnolias and palms everywhere. The Cardinals sing to us, and the Mocking-birds are very tame, you would know they were relatives of the Catbirds, and when Bluebirds, Robins, Wrens and Brown Thrashers came and spoke to us we felt quite at home.

Yesterday when we were wheeling outside of the city I spied an immense bird taking a dust-bath in the path quite a distance ahead of us, we were creeping very quietly toward it, so pleased that we were to have a good look at an Eagle, when the bird stretched its broad wings, rose into the air with a queer sound which sounded to me like "April Fool," for our "king of birds" was just an immense Turkey Buzzard.

There were white-eyed Chewinks rustling about in the undergrowth of palms beneath the live oaks and cedars and we saw the Loggerhead

Shrikes in all parts of the city. They do not mind anything about us, but sit perfectly still upon a high pole or fence watching for their prey. There is small chance for the grasshopper, snake or lizard which shows its head for Mr. L. Shrike has very keen eyes and pounces down upon his victim quick as a flash, and either feasts upon it at once or hangs it up in his pantry for a future meal. Thursday we go a little further south. Bob will write before we start.

Your loving sister,

RUTH.

GLEANINGS.

Such is the story of the Bobolink: Once spiritual, musical, admired, the joy of the meadows, and the favorite bird of spring: Finally a gross little sensationalist who expiates his sensuality in the larder. His story contains a moral, worthy the attention of all little birds and little boys; warning them to keep those refined and intellectual pursuits which raised him to so high a pitch of popularity during the early part of his career; but to eschew all tendency to that gross and dissipated indulgence which brought this mistaken little bird to an untimely end.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

JUNE BABIES.

Have you ever found a bird's nest
In the meadow low,
With five baby Bob o' Lincolns,
Feathers yet to grow?

From your window in the morning
Have you looked to see,
Five grave quiet little Phoebes
In an apple tree?

Have you seen the blue-gray birdlings
Far above the ground,
Dainty nest and limb for perches
Mother hov'ring round?

On the bank beside the river
Have you watched them try,
Four young gray and speckled Bluebirds,
Stretch their wings to fly?

If you have not, then directly
Open wide your eyes
And you'll find in field and tree top
Many a surprise.

EMILY P. SHERMAN.

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PRIZES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

In order to stimulate interest in bird study and photography we will make the following awards to the ones sending in the best photographs in the three classes as stated. This contest will be conducted along the same lines as our former ones and will close October 1, 1904.

Class I. Adult live wild birds.—For the best photograph in this class we offer an Alvista Camera valued at $20.00; 2nd,—a pair of field glasses valued at $5.00; 3rd,—choice of either Color Key to North American Birds or North American Birds Eggs.

Class II. Young Birds. This class includes photos of young birds in the nest or shortly after having left it. For the best and most charactristic photograph we will give a Graphophone valued at $20.00; 2nd,—a pair of field glasses valued at $5.00; 3rd,—choice of the Color Key or Egg Book.

Class III. Nests and Eggs.—For the best photograph of nest and eggs in natural situation we will give a pair of field glasses valued at $5.00; 2nd,—the book of North American Birds Eggs.

All pictures received in the competition, that are available for use in this magazine will be paid for at the rate of 50 cts. each: all others will be returned.

WINTER BIRDS IN TOWN.

By Leander S. Keyser.

(The following observations were made during the winter of 1903-4.)

Early in December I set up a free lunch counter for the birds. It was spread on the porch roof just outside of my study window, and could not be called an ideal place for its purpose, such as I had when I lived in Kansas; for there were no trees close enough to that side of the house to afford a readily accessible refuge for frightened birds. Should an enemy pounce upon them, they would have to fly through an open space of four or five rods to reach a tree. For this reason the Chickadees, which often flitted about in the trees of the little park, either did not find the table, or else were too timid to risk so exposed a spot.

The only birds that helped themselves to the feast were the Blue Jays and English Sparrows. The first day no birds came at all. Though the sparrows were chirping about in the trees and watching me slyly as I spread the table, they were suspicious of my designs. What kind of a trap was that man setting for them? Or did he intend to poison them by this offer of dainties? The English Sparrows, much as they are despised and condemned, are far from being loggerheads, and really afford a rich field for the intimate study of avian nature. You carelessly throw the scraps of your dinner or luncheon out into the back yard, and they will at once descend upon it and help themselves without suspicion; but if you spread a banquet for them with some show of care, they will remain away quite a while, hold many a consultation, venture cautiously and by degrees, examine the place carefully, and only when they are fully satisfied that no harm lurks about the menu will they partake of it freely. However, in time my sparrows became bold enough, and had to be driven away again and again to prevent their getting all the food.

On the second day a pair of Blue Jays found the banquet, the only Jays that found it up to the present writing. At least, everything indicates that my blue-coated visitors are always the same pair, for there are never more than two, and they have an air of familiarity. Much

as I have studied the Jays at short range, the present pair did something that was new to me. On coming to the table they would first swallow a few small walnut kernels, then pack others, which were a little too large to swallow, back in their throats, causing them to puff out like stuffed sacks; after which, selecting larger and larger fragments, they filled their bills from gape to tip, their mandibles being pressed far apart. They then flew away to hide their supply in various niches of the trees, presently returning for another relay.

Several times, while they were on the roof, some one stepped out upon the porch below, or conversation was heard there, when the Jays hopped to the edge of the roof, peered over slyly, and sometimes called in a challenging way, to make sure, perhaps, that no gun was being pointed at them. The Jays have had enough experience to know that not all persons are harmless.

Occasionally they become courageous enough to place broken shells under their claws on the table and extract the goodies; but as a rule they filled their bills as quickly as they could, and flew to the neighboring trees to eat or hide their sweets. One day one of them tried to swallow a kernel that was too large for his throat. What do you suppose he did then? He carefully laid it at one side of the pile, bolted a number of smaller bits, then picked up the first fragment and flew away with it. This was done with every evidence of intelligent calculation. On bitter days the Jays' feet would get cold; so they would squat down on the edge of the table and warm them with their thick blanket of feathers.

The absences of the Jays were sometimes unaccountable. For instance, on Jan. 29th, they came to the table in the morning before their breakfast was spread for them. Finding nothing, they evidently took their departure for the day, for, though kernels were at once placed upon the table, the blue-coats did not return that day, and the sparrows got every goodie. This occurred more than once throughout the winter, and proves that the birds must have roamed far and wide over the town and perhaps into the country, and had other feeding places besides the one furnished at my table. Once or twice, for various reasons, I did not put any food on the counter for a week or more, in which case the birds did not seem to be in the neighborhood; but they must have kept their eye on the porch roof, after all, for almost always, shortly after I began laying the feast again, they would come for supplies, and especially if I set the table early in the morning.

A Downy Woodpecker, a female, I think, took kindly to a meat bone and a piece of suet fastened on an apple tree in my rear yard, quite

close to the house. She kept a sharp eye on the cat, which tried several times to catch her. After the marrow in the bone had been mostly eaten, making the hollow quite deep, she was very quick about plunging her head into it and drawing out. She was not going to be caught in a hole, not she! From the window of the kitchen or dining room she would permit me to watch her at her feast, but when I went out on the porch, she would scuttle up the tree, chirping her protest at the interruption. It struck me as odd that she never found the kernels and suet on the roof of the front porch. Neither did a pair of Chickadees which paid an occasional visit to the meat bone in the rear yard.

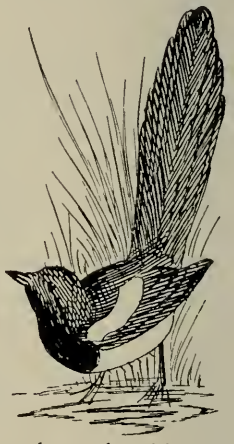
A few Hairy Woodpeckers have found winter feeding grounds in town, and are busy chiseling grubs and larvæ out of the bark of the trees. Who can tell of how much service they are to the human inhabitants? A number of brilliant Cardinals and their mates may be found here and there, chirping in the trees, displaying their gay colors, and rifling the weed patches of their seeds. Now and then their bill of fare is varied by the addition of corn grains, which they split and then grind to pieces with their stout beaks. A friend hung up an ear of corn in his yard, and tells me that for a while it was visited every day by two brilliant males and one female of this species; later he reported that four pairs had found the feast, and were daily guests, the first comers having evidently told their neighbors of the free larder.

The palm for singing this last winter went to the Carolina Wren, whose military salute was rung out on the frosty air many a morning even when the mercury registered twenty degrees below zero. Best of all, his winter song was as loud and cheerful and full-toned as his vernal performance, though not heard so often. He was singing his blithe chanson on February 16th, a clear morning with mercury eight degrees below zero. Also on February 25th, when, though not so cold, a stinging wind was blowing from the east. Nothing seems to daunt our little soldier in feathers. His has been the only bird song heard all winter long, even the lyrical Song Sparrows having been reduced to silence during the long-continued cold weather.

However, Carolina has his ecentricities like many other birds. The first of March brought a few days of balmy, springlike weather, when the snow and ice departed with a rush, and the Song Sparrows and Robins were beguiled into singing. Surely, I thought, this will be a gala-time for the Wrens; but, contrary to all expectations, not a Carolina's song was heard in all the town or the country round about; only a loud, impatient chir-r-r, as if they were angry that pleasant weather had come at last.

One day—this was earlier in the winter—a Wren hopped about on the roof just outside of my study window. His plumes were sadly frayed and ruffled and thinned out, for he was moulting; but when his voice soon afterwards was lifted in song, there was no diminution in the fervor or loudness or optimism of his tones. Brave and hardy little minstrel! He deserves an ode or a saga all to himself. Will not some Shelley or Wordsworth give a proper apostrophe?

BIRDS ON THE PLAINS



This summer we enjoyed our vacation on the western plains. We were in Wyoming. We found its bird life a source of constant enjoyment. There, for the first time, we heard the song of the Lark—it seemed the embodiment of joy. Scores of Meadow Larks met us every where, for the state law protects them from the gun of the sportsman. In our drives through the meadows, they would run along near our track, as trustful as God meant they should ever be. We saw some mother Larks that used the *ruse* of the Quail, limping along hurriedly in a direction away from the nest, then suddenly taking wing and flying far away.

The freedom of the birds was most pleasing to me, who have been used to birds taking to the woods for safety. One day we were crossing a meadow of five hundred acres, and as our horses trotted along, we became aware that a band of bank swallows was following us, circling about the horses' heads, many times flying close to our faces. They stayed with us until we reached the open trail. My curiosity was aroused to find such difference between the manners of these swallows and those of their Ohio cousins. I asked the ranchman with whom we were staying, and it proved to be their common habit. As the horses' feet stir swarms of insects from the grass, the wise little swallows gather them for food.

Many wading birds were spending the summer among the numerous lakes, ponds and mountain streams of the plains. Some two miles from us a Great Blue Heron had built its nest in the top of a tall old cottonwood tree. We saw the Herons many times, as they frequented

a pond that lay a quarter of a mile from the ranch house. Many Cranes haunted this pond. Along the stream that ran back of the house, we saw Curlews, Plovers and Kingfishers. while five or six miles up its course, we found the Mallard Duck with her brood of ducklings floating on the stream.

In the sage brush were Sage Chickens, and in the pine, the Grouse.

In our trip to the mountains the red and white-winged Blackbirds were in evidence, besides many migratory birds with which we were not familiar. On the the mountain we saw Eagles, and the bright Goldfinch with its wild sweet song.

Last, but not least from a point of intimate acquaintance, is the Magpie—the omnipresent Magpie. We need no alarm clock. As soon as it was light in the morning (3:15 a. m.) they congregated about the windows and began their noisy gossip. From the noise they made, one would guess they were legion, though investigation usually proved them to number from twenty to thirty.

ELIZABETH BOGART.

DO BIRDS PUNISH?

Some time ago a fellow teacher in whom I have the greatest confidence related to me the following account which leads me to ask the question, Do birds punish?

Early this summer it was noticed that the English Sparrows and Martins were contending as to which had the clearest title to a box intended for the use of the latter. The contest had gone on for several days and neither party had gained a decided advantage. One morning on leaving the box the Martins left one of their number behind presumably as a guard, but he was not faithful to his trust and became so careless that the Sparrows came up stealthily and began to tear out the nests unmolested.

The Martins soon returned and drove the intruders away and then turned their attention to the guard who failed so miserably in performing the part assigned to him.

With one accord they proceeded to scold and buffet him until he had been severely chastized.

The occurence has almost led me to believe that birds have a sense of justice somewhat developed.

J. L. FLOYD.

KENTUCKY BIRDS.

The following birds which have not been listed among Kentucky birds, or have been considered rare in the State, have come under my notice in southern Kentucky.

Purple Finch (*carpodacus purpureus*). Recorded by Audubon and Beckham. Is a common migrant in southern Kentucky, appearing in March.

Rose-breasted Grosbeak (*Habia ludoviciana*). Transient. Rare.

Oak Sparrow (*Pincæa æstivalis*). Rather rare, local in Western Kentucky.

Vesper Sparrow, (*Poocæa gramineus*). Summer resident in northern Kentucky. Have never seen it in western Kentucky.

Veery (*Turdus fuscescens*). Transient. Not common.

Gray-cheeked Thrush (*Turdus aliciæ*). Transient.

Worm-eating Warbler (*Helmitherus vermivorus*). Resident in summer.

Logger-head Shrike (*Lanius ludovicinus*). Not common in southern Kentucky.

Bobolink (*Dolichonyx oryzivorus*). Appears not to be common in Kentucky but a few are seen every year in Warren county. It remains only two or three days in May, usually coming at the time blackberries are in blossom.

Horned Lark (*Otocoris olpestris*). Most uncommon winter resident.

Whippoorwill (*Antrostomus vociferus*). Common summer resident in the "Barrens" (southwestern Kentucky), coming late (in May), after all danger of frost is over, so that the farmers have a saying—"There'll be no more frosts, the Whippoorwill has come."

Chuck-wills-widow (*Antrostomus carolinensis*). Said to come to this part of the State.

Snowy Owl (*Myctea nyctea*). Occasionally seen in southern Kentucky.

Fish Hawk (*Pandion haliætus*). Rather common near Red-foot Lake (over the Tennessee border) extending up the river, occasionally nesting in this (Warren) county on Barren River.

Bald Eagle (*Haliætes leucocephalus*). Said to be occasionally shot near here (Bowling Green), one reported to be seen carrying off a turkey from a barn-yard. They are considered rare, yet every few months the county newspapers record the killing of one.

Carrion Crow (*Catharista atrata*). Resident in southern Kentucky where it is considered rare, and mistaken for a "black turkey-buzzard."

Wild Pigeon (*Ectopistes migratorius*). Exceedingly rare in southern Kentucky, where forty years ago there used to be any number of "pigeon roosts."

Golden Eagle (*Aquila chrysætos*). Occasionally one is shot in southern Kentucky. I saw and identified one in a collection of birds owned by a taxidermist near Bowling Green.

Barn Owl (*Strix pratincola*). Rare, I saw one a few years ago, owned by a taxidermist who called it the "Asiatic Owl," and considered it so rare that $25.00 was refused for it.

Gray Duck (*Anas strepera*). Occasionally seen here. Common at Red-foot Lake.

Long-billed Curlew (*Numenius longirostris*). Rare. One was shot near here a few years ago.

Black Tern (*Hydrochelidon nigra*). One specimen taken in southern Kentucky three years ago.

Franklin Gull (*Larus franklini*). One shot here several years ago. Gulls are often seen on the Ohio, Green and also Barren rivers in this county. These are the only species I am certain of however, as they are the only ones I have been fortunate enough to get.

Common Loon (*Gavia imber*). Several have been taken in southwestern Kentucky.

Pin-tail Duck (*Dafila acuta*). Frequent in southern Kentucky.

Blue winged Teal (*Anas discors*).

Green-winged Teal (*A. carolinensis*). Both often seen here. Both found at Red-foot Lake, occasionally coming up the rivers.

Hooded and Red-breasted Mergansers. Common at Red-foot Lake, and adjacent waters.

Shoveller Duck (*Spatula clypeata*). Frequently found here.

Mexican Cormorant (*Phalacrocorax mexicanus*). A single specimen seen by me two years ago, shot in an adjoining county.

Little Blue Heron (*A. cærulea*). Occasionally seen here. One shot in southern Kentucky a short time ago.

Sand-hill Crane (*Grus mexicana*). Rare.

Night Heron (*Nyticorax nycticorax*). Not uncommon. One or more have been brought me for identification each year for five years. One was brought me that was injured by flying against the electric light.

Great White Egret (*Ardea egretta*). Occasionally seen on Barren and Green rivers.

Snowy Egret (*A. candidissima*). Rare.

Yellow-Shanks (*Totanus melanoleucus*). Transient. Often seen in spring (March.)

SADIE F. PRICE.

WILSON WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 685. (Wilsonia pusilla.)

RANGE.

Eastern North America west to the Rockies and breeding from the northern tier of states north to the limit of trees.

PILEOLATED WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 685a. (Wilsonia pusilla pileolata.)

RANGE.

The Rocky Mountain region and west to the Pacific, breeding north to Alaska. Specimens of the Wilson Warbler which are found on the Pacific Coast and in the Rockies are usually brighter colored than the eastern ones, especially on the forehead, where the yellow is very bright and frequently nearly orange. The habits and nesting habits of the Pileolated or Western Wilson Warbler are the same as those of the eastern birds.

NEST AND EGGS.

The eastern form of this warbler nests nearly always if not always on the ground, imbedding their fine grass nests in the moss or leaves under bushes or overhanging banks; the western bird very frequently, perhaps more often than not, makes its nest just above the ground at elevations of from one to four feet, placing them in low bushes or underbrush on the edge of woods or along the banks of streams. Whether on or above the ground the nest is usually compactly made of grass, rootlets and often leaves, and the cavity is lined with finer grasses or hair. The eastern bird which usually nests in much higher latitudes than the western, generally lays its eggs during June, while the Pileolated variety may be found nesting in the latter part of April or

May. The eggs of the two varieties are indistinguishable and range from three to five in number; they are white finely specked and spotted, chiefly in the form of a wreath about the large end, with reddish brown of several shades. The average size is .60 x .50.

HABITS.

These small sprightly warblers are often known as Wilson's Black-caps or as the Black-capped Flycatching Warblers, this latter name because of their habit of catching insects on the wing after the manner of the true Flycatchers. They winter in Central and northern South America coming north in the spring so as to reach our southern border

WILSON WARBLER.
[Natural size.]

in April and work their way by degrees, northwards, reaching northern United States about the middle of May. During migrations they are generally seen in company with other varieties of Warblers, from which they can usually be distinguished at a distance by their greater activity and their fly-catching habits. On pleasant days they delight in flitting about among the apple trees which are in full bloom at the time of their migration, looking like gleams of gold as they actively clamper about among the blossoms, peering under every leaf, balancing and swaying on the tips of leaves, and ever and anon dashing out after a passing insect. Their song is very simple and while they are with us, rarely is more than a single chip to be heard; when the weather is stormy they will usually be found in small shrubby pines where they hunt for food beneath the shelter of the needles, at such times, usually making no sound at all. They are not generally timid and will allow one to approach within a few feet of them or if you are quiet will frequently come close to you to see what you are doing. Years ago I found a nest of this species in Maine; in the particular locality where I was, the birds were fairly abundant and in going under a low spreading fir tree, a sharp chipping caused me to stop, and I saw a female Wilson Warbler making off over the ground, apparently with a broken wing. At that time I did not know where these birds built their nests but from the nature of the place concluded that I would probably find it among the lower branches of some of the firs; a long search availing nothing, we retired to a short distance and waited to see what the bird would do. After a great deal of scolding she calmed down and commenced searching among the branches for food; at last we saw her fly to the ground apparently with something in her bill, and after watching a while longer saw the operation repeated, she going to the same place. When we investigated, we found that beside a leaning stone was a neat little nest imbedded in the moss and within were three little birds about a week old and an unhatched egg.

Comparatively few of these warblers breed south of the Canadian borders and then only locally; it is probable that a few also breed in the high mountain ranges even as far south as Georgia. They are common in summer in Newfoundland, and abundant in Labrador and about Hudson Bay.

The bright colored Pileolated Warbler returns in the spring much earlier than the eastern variety and it is probable that many of them winter in southwestern United States. They nest along the Pacific coast and in the Rocky Mountain region from southern California north to Alaska. The majority of nests which have been found of this western black-capped bird have been in bushes only a few inches from

the ground and most often in ravines or near the banks of streams flowing through the woods or down mountain sides. There are no peculiarities in their actions or habits to distinguish them from the eastern Black-caps other than their richly colored plumage and a slightly narrower and paler colored bill. The female differs from the male in plumage only in the duller cap or sometimes in the absence of that ornament and the young birds never have a black cap the first year, the crown being greenish like the back.

A STRANGE NESTING SITE.

A few years ago while on my way to school one warm spring morning, I called at a neighbor's pump to wash the dust from my parched throat. While thus engaged my attention was attracted by the sudden appearance of a Chickadee on a nearby currant bush. Having been looking precisely in that direction, and not seeing the Chickadee fly there I was naturally a little curious to know where it came from. It soon flew away and I thought it had gone for good, but after lingering a few minutes I saw a Chickadee in an apple tree a few rods away that I thought was the same as first seen.

After it had hopped about the lower branches of the tree for a short time it flew to the currant bush again. This time it had a little bunch of moss in its bill, and did not stop long for investigation, but gave a quick dart and was out of sight almost at my feet. I stepped around to the current bush, and the mystery was solved. There in an old decayed splitting block, used as a flower-pot stand, was a little round hole. I had not been here long when little Miss Chickadee, having deposited her burden, made her appearance at the entrance. Upon seeing me she flitted quickly away, not stopping for the usual pause at the current bush.

I had heard of a Kingbird building its nest in the gutter to a house, and of a Pewits building its nest on a clothes line, but I had never heard of anything like this and surely, I began to think it must be the time of year that the Chickadee went crazy. At any rate I thought that this pair were crazy to select so public a location for a home to rear their young.

The splitting block was only three feet from the pump, but I suppose upon considering the fact that it was easy digging, the decision of the location was carried unanimously between them.

Every morning after that I was of course dry when passing, and used to call in to see how the little black caps were getting along. With the use of a small mirror I could see that they were just putting in the finish. The finish consisted of fine hair and very soft brown down.

As the spring passed on the little brown spotted eggs were laid, and the little downy birds were hatched. Always after the young birds were hatched the old ones seemed somewhat more alarmed at the presence of the people who frequented the pump. Each day from then on their troubles seemed to increase. They seemed to be between two fires. The one, the seven always hungry mouths, the other, a family cat that was each day showing an untiring interest in their movements. Every day after the cat began to take notice of them I expected to find some disaster had befell the Chickadee family, but the cat was not mine and the neighbor could not be made to see any necessity of keeping it shut up. So things went on in this way for a week or more, The young birds were growing very fast now, and were fast filling their crowded home. I was beginning to lose my fear as to their safety, but sometimes when the sky is clearest the storm is nearest.

The very next morning I found them all gone. Nothing but a few feathers remained to trace them, and doubtless the old mother cat had found each one of them very handy as a change of diet for her teasing kits.

WILLIAM H. SANDERS.

NATURAL HISTORY AS SHE IS HYSTERICLED.

DEAR SIR:—The note of warning voiced in a late issue of your magazine as to natural and unnatural history strikes a chord that will vibrate in the breast of everyone who respects Nature—and Truth—which, after all, is the same thing.

The bald lack of interest in our wild creatures, so brutally in evidence a few years ago, has surrendered unconditionally to the all-pervading nature study impulse of to-day. And what an amazing flux of "nature" literature. Every magazine and newspaper is saturated with it. It is crammed down the craws of our little children at school and at home retailed (or should I say regurgitated?) for the benefit of doting parents.

The thrifty young house-wife decorates her boudoir and sanctifies her "company" china with burnt offerings of sacred ibises and Cat-birds.

Some of us old-fashioned ones who occasionally venture afield just because we love the look and the smell of the wild, feel richly compensated if a day's tramp through the snow yields one little Brown Creeper screwing his way up a tupelo, or a Nuthatch ventriloquist trying to palm himself off as the ghost of a Crow, or a bunch of Juncos flirting saucily their white bound tails. I glean from the public prints that it now is no sort of a stunt to sit on one's back-yard fence in winter and photograph Cardinal Grosbeaks, Ruby Kinglets, Bald Eagles, etc., galore. (? Ed.)

It was my good fortune not long since to attend a lecture at a New York school. The learned speaker told the story of the wilderness as revealed to him through years of intimate association. He explained at the offset that people less fortunate in their opportunities for nature-contact might have some slight difficulty in digesting the narrative of his experience. I feel impelled to remark that this was a conservative statement.

Of the many weird and wonderful things he told, two stick out conspicuously in my memory. First, it is all foolishness to think that an Osprey eats fish because he *likes* fish. It is a mere matter of habit—just as some of us like pie and others prefer corned beef, etc. Second, the great mystery of bird migration is no mystery at all, when you know it (as he did). The birds simply *follow the crowd.* I couldn't help asking him what the crowd followed, but, very properly, he froze me with a stony stare.

I bought a book once that purported to have been written by a man named Burroughs. It taught me a few little things that somehow made me love the writer, God bless him! It wasn't that the book said so much as that it seemed to sort of coax the reader to get out in the open and do a little seeing and thinking for himself. But that is a good while back. We live in a more progressive age. Drop a nickel in a slot—any old slot—and get a magazine with an authentic account of the Nocturnal Impressions of a Humming Bird who Nested on the North Pole, or the Autobiography of a Retired Woodcock Surgeon, or the Memoirs of a Disgusted Toad, who threw up his opera box because he he couldn't stomach city singing. If you dont see what you want ask for it.

Who says the "new nature study" isn't a howling success?

FRANK E. VAUGHAN.

ORCHARD ORIOLE.

A. O. U. No. 506. (Icterus spurius)

RANGE.

United States chiefly east of the Great Plains, breeding throughout its United State range and north to southern Massachusetts and Minnesota. Winters in central and northern South America.

NEST AND EGGS.

The nests of this species vary vastly in construction and in the method of attaching them to their supports in different sections of the country. They are usually quite bulky structures, never as deep or as pensile as those of the Baltimore Oriole; they are made of long pieces of grass very skillfully woven together so as to form a hemispherical basket. As may be inferred from their names they frequent and nest most often in orchards either placing their nests in forks of the apple trees or suspending them from the rims. Their four to six eggs are bluish white, specked, scrawled and blotched with brown and lilac, usually showing but little of the lining common to the other species of Orioles.

HABITS

These handsome Orioles are very abundant in the southern and middle portions of the United States, in many localities greatly outnumbering the Baltimore Oriole, the distribution of which is rather more northerly than the present variety.

They are a great deal more active than the Baltimore Oriole and seem to be of a more nervous temperament for they are rarely still more than a few seconds at a time, being continually searching among the leaves or dashing out into the air after passing insects, stopping now and then to give voice to the loud and melodious whistling warble.

Their song is very different from that of the Baltimore Oriole and is usually longer, louder and more varied but is sometimes intermingled with spontaneous outbursts of strange sounds similar to the song of the Yellow-breasted Chat.

Most of these Orioles spend the winter in northern South America and in the spring migrate northwards, reaching the southern border of the United States the middle of April and the northern limits of their breeding range about the middle of May. They are very abundant breeding birds in the south and especially so in Texas, but in the

Male, second year.
Young male.

Adult male.

ORCHARD ORIOLE. [2-3 Natural Size.]

northern tier of states are nowhere abundant, and I have never seen or heard one in Massachusetts although they are frequently met with in Connecticut and Rhode Island.

Few of the smaller birds show the changes in plumage that this one does. Young birds of both sexes are dull olive green above and olive yellow below, and the adult females are similar to this plumage but are still duller; the second year the male has a black throat and more or less of the face, the black on the throat sometimes being quite extensive and invading the breast; the rest ot the plumage does not differ from that of the first year except that the back is usually grayer and sometimes there are traces of chestnut on the breast. The third year they get their full adult plumage of chestnut and black, with no trace of yellowish in the plumage.

Although they are generally birds of the orchard, where they do good services for the farmers by destroying insects, they are also found in open woods where they are a great deal more apt to build pensile nests than in orchards. During the latter part of May they commence to build their nests; these are beautiful and ingenious structures made almost wholly of long grass strips skillfully woven and threaded together, making a very strong home and with the walls generally of unusual thickness. They are usually of about the same depth as the width and are rarely long like those of the Baltimore Oriole. In some localities they are said to hang these basket-like structures by the rim to drooping branches, but of those that I have seen, some fifteen or twenty in Rhode Island, all were placed in upright forks in apple trees and only in two instances partially suspended from the short stiff twigs. Sometimes these nests are made of green grasses, and when such is the case they are among the most handsome of bird homes as they retain some of their color long after the birds have ceased using them.

The young, which, in southern New England, are hatched about the middle of June, are naked and helpless for the first few days of their life, gradually assuming the soft fluffly olive colored plumage preceding flight and leaving the nest in about three weeks after their birth. They are fed upon worms and caterpillars and also some fruit and berries, especially cherries and mulberries.

The birds, both adults and young, are generally quiet after nesting and early in September, commence to disappear and by the middle of the month, none of them are to be found in the northern portions of their range, and a month later they are all beyond our borders, spending the long, dreary winter months in a land of perpetual sunshine.

A BURGLAR BIRD.

By Annie R. Abbott.

Definition. Burglar, A felonious house-breaker.

Burglary, The act or crime of nocturnal housebreaking, with an intent to commit a felony therein, whether such felony be actually committed or not. To constitute this crime, the act must be committed in the night, or when there is not enough daylight to discern a man's face. It must be in a dwelling-house, or in an adjoining building which is a part of the dwelling house.

In some of the United States the term has been extended so as to cover the breaking and entering of any building, at any time, to commit any crime.

Description of Burglar. Sides of head, throat and breast lilac brown, with black patches on cheeks and a large half moon on breast; back brown, barred with black; belly ashy, with many black spots; tail black above, golden beneath, rounded, the feathers pointed, lining of wings golden; rump white; scarlet crescent on nape; bill and feet dark; length 12.6 inches.

Such is the description of my burglar, as found, not in the "Rogue's Gallery," but in "Our Common Birds and How to Know Them." Like other burglars he is the bearer of many aliases, being known as the Flicker, Golden-winged Woodpecker, Clape, High-Hole, and Yellow-Hammer. Should you ask an ornithologist what to call him, he would probably tell you that his true name is "Colaptes auratus."

This little fellow, although scarcely a foot in length, makes havoc every year, on the unshingled walls of cottages, barns and bath houses along the southern coast of Massachusetts, and I doubt not, his many cousins and other relatives are doing similar work all over the country, since he is a bird of very wide range.

The tool with which he works is not a burglar's "jimmy" but his own powerful bill which he uses with great speed and force in accom-

plishing his work of "breaking and entering." This power of the bill is characteristic of all woodpeckers, since it is essential to their success in the work of nest building and food hunting.

The wilfully destructive and mischevious habit is also common to different species of Woodpeckers, as we have evidence in the following quotation from Wilson:

"He had caught an Ivory-billed Woodpecker near Wilmington, North Carolina, which had been slightly wounded in the wing. On being caught it uttered a loudly reiterated, and most piteous note, exactly resembling the cry of a young child, which terrified my horse so as nearly to have cost me my life. It was distressing to hear it. I carried it with me under cover to Wilmington. In passing through the streets its affecting cries surprised everyone within hearing, particularly the females, who hurried to the doors and windows with looks of alarm and anxiety. I drove on, and on arriving at the piazza of the hotel, where I intended to put up, the landlord came forward, and a number of other persons who happened to be there, all equally alarmed at what they heard; this was greatly increased by my asking whether he could furnish accommodations for myself and my baby. After diverting myself for a minute or two at their expense, I drew my Woodpecker from under the cover, and a general laugh took place. I took him up stairs and locked him up in my room, while I went to see my horse taken care of. In less than an hour I returned, and, on opening the door, he set up the same distressing shout, which now appeared to proceed from grief that he had been discovered in his attempts at escape. He had mounted along the side of the window, nearly as high as the ceiling, a little below which he had begun to break through. The bed was covered with large pieces of plaster; the lath was exposed for at least 15 inches square, and a hole, large enough to admit the fist, opened to the weather boards; so that, in less than another hour he would certainly have succeeded in making his way through. I now tied a string round his leg, and fastening it to the table, again left him. I wished to preserve his life, and had gone off in search of suitable food for him. As I reascended the stairs, I heard him again hard at work, and on entering, had the mortification to perceive that he had almost entirely ruined the mahogany table to which he was fastened, and on which he had wreaked his whole vengeance. While engaged in making a drawing, he cut me severely in several places, and on the whole, displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit, that I was frequently tempted to restore him to his native woods. He lived with me 3 days, but refused all sustenance, and I witnessed his death with regret."

But, to return to the burglar. In April, a little party of us went to spend a few days in our summer cottage, on the shore of Buzzard's Bay. It had been our custom for several years to do this when the arbutus blossomed, and never before had we found any evidence of occupation of the cottage during our absence; but what was our surprise, as we approached the cottage, to find that it had been entered, and that forcibly, not by door or window, but by a neat hole, high up in the wall. Our neighbors had often suffered in the same way, but this was our first experience with bird burglary. The hole gave him an entrance into one of the chambers in the second story, and there, on the floor were the chips and splinters dropped during the drilling. What he stood upon while he was at work was a mystery, since the wall of the house was made of smooth, painted boards with no chance for a foothold, such as the bark of a tree would offer. Perhaps he worked upon the wing. One very good authority on birds speaks of the Woodpecker as being "perpetually in a hurry." His activity certainly is marvelous.

Nothing was done to the hole that day, and early the next morning the occupant of the room, awakened by the whir of wings, saw the burglar himself just poised before the opening. He did not enter, however, but flew away. Before our return home, a small wooden box was procured and nailed over the hole on the inside with the hope that the bird would come again and make his nest in it. A month later we went to the cottage again to spend Decoration Day there, As we entered the long front room in the first story, into which the light was admitted by one large window, the others being closed with shutters, we noticed a general air of disorder, that was very unusual in a room that had been closed and was presumable empty. A tennis racket was thrown down from its place, papers were thrown about, and other things disturbed. On crossing to the shuttered window, the window sill was found to be pecked and mutilated from one side to the other, and the sash was badly splintered. The floor was also littered with chips. Eager to learn what had happened to the box which had been nailed over the hole, we went up to the chamber above, thinking that perhaps we should find some little "peckers" in the box. The door of the room stood open, and in the dim light, as this room was also shuttered, we could see the box still nailed over the opening, but no signs of a nest. Instead of building up, the "burglar-bird" had amused himself by tearing down. Not satisfied with making one hole for entrance into the room, he had made three large, irregular openings in the box. The wood was thin and soft, and so he appeared to have kept at it for the

mere fun of it. When he had satisfied his destructive desires, he started out on a flight of discovery out into the hall, down the stairway, and into the front room. Here after flying about and knocking down many things, he had tried to get out where he saw the light, at the large window. Window glass proving to much for him he tried the sill, but with little success. Whether he finally returned as he came, up the stairs, and through his hole to the outer air, or whether he went out by means of the open fire-place in the parlor, and so up the chimney, we never knew.

The following season the cottage was shingled, and we had no further visits from him indoors, but he still comes to take his meals nearby, As I sat by my window this summer, I was attracted by the quick motions of a bird on the lawn in front of the cottage. Turning my glass upon him I readily identified him as the "Flicker" busily engaged in gathering a dinner of ants; for, unlike many other members of the woodpecker family, this bird feeds largely upon the ground. He was a very handsome fellow, and when he flew, he showed the beautiful golden color on the under side of his wings, which gives him one of his common names.

Later in the season, when most of the family had left the cottage, one of the remaining members was awakened by the loud hammering of a woodpecker on the cottage wall. Doubtless he had seen the departure of trunks and baggage, and thought it was time for him to move in. Why these birds make such holes is a mystery. A neighbor, who had been much troubled by them, had two large holes cut in the walls of her bath-house so that they might have entrance there, since she believed that they made the holes for protection from storms. Instead of using the holes so thoughtfully provided for them, the birds pecked three more holes, mutilating the walls at the two ends of the bath-house. Three large holes from six to eight inches deep in a solid wooden post or pile at the boat-landing also give evidence of the strength of the Flicker's bill.

Should one ride along the road past some of these summer cottages, after the season is over, he might be surprised to see some large faces displayed at the windows. These are cut from advertising posters, and placed in the windows to frighten away the feathered intruders. In one window the life-sized visage of the president of the United States, in another the "sweet astringent smile" (as Dr. Holmes pithily characterises it) of Lydia Pinkham looks down upon the passer by.

Whether the birds are thus intimidated is hard to tell. In spite of the damage done, we should be very sorry to think that we had permanently driven away our bright little visitor.

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

The first of May seems to be a popular moving time for birds in the country, as well as for people in the city. Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird came back to us from the southland about that time, and we hoped would return to their old quarters in a bird box near the house, but after looking it over again and again, and talking softly together, they flew away. So the Bird lover built some new houses, with rooms finished in pine, circular front doors, and generous verandas where Mr. Blue could sit and whisper sweet messages to his brooding mate within. But when the Birdlover climbed the tree to remove the deserted home he found another family occupying it.

They had wings, but were dressed in fur coats instead of feathers. Can you guess their names?

The little wooden box still rests among the branches of the tree, and Wrens, Bluebirds, and flying squirrels are now living peacefully together upon Oakland street.

Cordially, Your Friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1. William K. D. Reynolds, Berkeley, Cal.
2. J. Howard Binns, Adena, Ohio.
3. Leroy B. Noble, Little River, Conn.
4. Russell S. Adams, St. Johnsburg, Vt.
5. Huldah C. Smith, Providence, R. I.
6. Paul C. Jones, Windham, Vt.
7. Mercury, Oroville, Cal.

ENIGMA NO. 1.

1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13-14-15 which are sometimes called (6-12-7-5), (12-13-14-15) generally live in some (14-4-8-1-3)-(13-7-12-11-15). They have (14-7-9-1) (10-4-8-15.) Their nest is usually in a (5-4-14-14) (5-8-3-10), and near some 13-4-5-10-2. They have 5-13-7, sometimes (5-6-2-10-3). (10-1-1-15) which are found early in the 15-10-4-15-7-9 often before the 15-9-7-13 has left us.

A. P. WOODWARD, Danielson, Conn.

ENIGMA, NO. 2.

My 7-9-10-11 most people like.
My 10-5-3-4 I have had enough of, this season.
My 7-9-6 everyone wears.
My 8-9-6-10 are an enemy to man.
My 4-9-6-12-13 we cannot live without.
My 1-8-3-4-5 coat, I think is very pretty.
My whole is a pretty bird of 13 letters.

NAOMI E. VORIS, Crawfordsville, Ind.

WHO ARE WE?

1. I am used in a foundry, but live in a marsh.
2. A thief's occupation, but a cheerful songster.
3. I am a large country. but in November children like to eat me.
4. I am used to build fences, but prefer a marsh to live in.
5. I am a quiet country, but I can make a loud noise.
6. Hunters like to do this; I make no nest.
7. Girls bear my name; I often build near houses.

(These names of birds have more than one meaning, which is expressed in each clause.)

C. F. DICKINSON, Springport, Mich.

QUERIES.

What bird of prey builds a large, strong nest of sticks, bound together with vines, lined with closely woven hair and mosses, and drives the young from the nest as soon as they are able to fly, then tears it to bits, that the little ones cannot come back?

WHAT BIRDS ARE DESCRIBED IN THESE VERSES?

1. "Black robber of the cornfields, Oh, beware!
   The farmer can do other things than scare."
2. "Red-breasted harbinger of Spring,
   We wait in hope to hear thee sing."
3. "Bird of the night, thy round eyes are aglow
   With all the learning, which the sages know."
4. "King of the water as the air,
   He dives and finds his prey."
5. "You imitate the foe which does you wrong,
   And call 'meaw' instead of chanting song."
6. "A flash of sky on wing."
7. "You introduce yourself throughout your song,
   And tell the world your brief, old-fashioned name."
8. "Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
   In some forgotten garden, ages back,
   Yearning toward heaven until its wish was heard.
   Desire unspeakably to be a bird?"

MAILBAG EXTRACTS.

ALBINO GRACKLES.

I thought some bird lovers might be interested in a freak blackbird, or Grackle, that we have in our city. It is the same size and shape of other Grackles, but has a white throat, the color extending up to the eyes. The head is spotted as though some of the feathers were tipped with white. The rest of the head has the iridescent feathers same as in the other birds. This bird was around here last summer and came back with the first big flock that I saw this spring.

Perhaps some readers may be interested enough in the way I feed the winter birds to follow suit next winter. Every morning I cracked two large dishes of walnuts and put them on our front porch and very cold days more. The first thing I would hear in the morning was the birds singing and chatting in the trees, waiting for their breakfasts. The herds that ate the nuts were the Chickadees, Nuthatches, Hairy and Downy Woodpeckers, Juncos, Bluejays and English Sparrows. I have seen Robins and Grackles go to the dishes but not many times.

MILDRED IVEY, Lancaster, Wis.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES.

Enigma No. 1. American Goldfinch.
Enigma No. 2. American Merganser.

WHAT IS MY NAME?

1. Kentucky Cardinal.
2. Pine Grosbeak.
3. Scarlet Tanager.

LETTERS FROM FLORIDA.

PALM BEACH, FLA.

DEAR JOE:—

As we came down the Indian river I saw a fisherman which made me think of you, for he had on no shoes or stockings, but had waded out into the water caring neither for rain or sunshine, as long as he found fish to fill the great bag which hung in front of him.

This fisherman wore a brown and gray coat, and was named Brown Pelican. He and his relatives were in the same business all along the water's edge, and seemed to have pretty good luck. There were ever so many Kingfishers too. As the train went rushing by they would sound their rattles, and fly to a new watch tower. The Blue Herons too, were busy, but there seemed a plenty of fish for them all. I wonder if I told you about the Blue Heron which ornamented the steps of a cabin which we passed before we reached Jacksonville. It was an unusually tall bird, and we could not tell from the cars, whether it was stuffed or made of some kind of metal, but Bob said to me "It does look quite natural." Just then, to our surprise, the object turned its head, and stalked off to join the hens and chickens in picking up scraps of food about the yard, looking very much out of place in such surroundings.

On Lake Worth we saw the Anhingas, or Snake birds which the March American Ornithology told about, and the long thin neck, with its narrow pointed head, did look more like a snake than anything else.

The Blue Bill Ducks would bob under the water, stay out of sight for quite a long time, then bob up again. No one is allowed to shoot the ducks within certain limits on the lake, and the birds seemed to know just where the danger line was, and would not cross it.

Before I close I must tell you of one more fisherman with a bald head, which we saw. Really the head of the Bald Eagle is not bald, but is covered with white feathers.

These in Florida are smaller than those we have in the north, and the eggs are smaller too. One of the boys who was here in January found a nest in a pine tree. It was built of sticks, and bits of turf, and lined with grass; it held two white eggs. Goodbye,

Your sister, RUTH.

MIDSUMMER BARGAINS.

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PRIZES FOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

In order to stimulate interest in bird study and photography we will make the following awards to the ones sending in the best photographs in the three classes as stated. This contest will be conducted along the same lines as our former ones and will close October 1, 1904.

Class I. Adult live wild birds.—For the best photograph in this class we offer an AlVista Camera valued at $20.00; 2nd,—a pair of field glasses valued at $5.00; 3rd,—choice of either Color Key to North American Birds or North American Birds Eggs.

Class II. Young Birds. This class includes photos of young birds in the nest or shortly after having left it. For the best and most charactristic photograph we will give a Graphophone valued at $20.00; 2nd,—a pair of field glasses valued at $5.00; 3rd,—choice of the Color Key or Egg Book.

Class III. Nests and Eggs.—For the best photograph of nest and eggs in natural situation we will give a pair of field glasses valued at $5.00; 2nd,—the book of North American Birds Eggs.

All pictures received in the competition, that are available for use in this magazine will be paid for at the rate of 50 cts. each: all others will be returned.

Photo by R. H. Beebe.

ADULT BLUEBIRDS AT NEST HOLE IN POST.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF BIRD LIFE.

By Berton Mercer.

In looking backward over past years and occurrences, the scenes and events of early childhood come up vividly before me, and my first observations of the beautiful in nature, especially my first acquaintance with the more common birds around our home, are indelibly stamped on memory's pages, and it is my purpose here to record some of the impressions and experiences of those early days.

Among the birds which I first learned to know and love, the Robin stands pre-eminent. Well do I remember looking for them each returning spring, and with what delight I watched them coming across the lawn in search of earth worms, and the many good laughs we had when they almost stood on their tails in their endeavor to draw large worms from the ground. Another occupation which aroused deep interest, was the collecting of dead grass and other material with which to build their nests; with what joy did we gaze upon the beautiful blue eggs in the nest, and later, the pleasure experienced in watching the parents feeding the little robins. Above all do I remember their sweet songs at twilight and dawn during the early spring time.

The Snow birds (Juncos) were also among my first formed friends. I saw more of these little birds during the winter season than any other species. We never failed to scatter a daily supply of bread crumbs, bits of meat, fat etc., around our porches and shed, during severe winter weather when a great portion of their regular food was covered with snow and ice, and derived great pleasure in watching them as they came in little flocks, eating their meal amid friendly nods and chirpings, and leaving hundreds of tiny foot prints in the vicinity. Such dainty little fellows with their white vests, black coats and yellow bills. The Chipping Sparrows or "house chippies" as we called them, were another favorite and one closely connected with early recollections on account of their tameness and constant presence around our dwelling during the spring and summer. We fed and protected them and were rewarded by having one or more nests placed near by. And these little nests—what marvels they were—invariably made of fine roots and fibres and lined with horse hair, so smooth and round inside, all the work of their little beaks and feet, and the speckled eggs, how pretty they looked in these cups.

Another little feathered friend who claims a prominent place in memory, is the well-known House Wren; in fact they seem like members of our family, returning each year about the same time and building their nests in little boxes right at our doors. Their happy song was a source of constant pleasure and their winning little ways and

confidence endeared them to us. Another early formed acquaintance was the dearly loved Bluebird. On top of a tall grape arbor in our garden, we fastened a medium size paint keg, after making a hole in one end of suitable dimensions to admit of their going freely in and out. It was here that I saw my first Bluebirds, and they nested in the keg for several years, raising as a rule, two broods each season. I delighted to watch them carrying nesting material and to listen to their sweet warbling. As I became more accustomed to the birds around the house, and commenced to take little walks and trips to the adjacent woods and fields, I became acquainted—one or two at a time—with other birds until then unknown to me. In this class may be mentioned the Killdeer Plover. They were always shy and kept at a good distance, but I well remember how swiftly they ran across the plough-

Photo by R. H. Bebee.

YOUNG BLUEBIRD.

[Showing the spotted breast characteristic to young birds of this family.]

ed fields and meadows. On one occassion I discovered a set of their eggs in a field which was being prepared for corn. There was no nest, simply a hollow in the bare earth—and the four pear-shaped eggs were all standing on end, point upwards, which is a characteristic of this species. The Red-wing Blackbird also comes under this heading; they were always plentiful in a meadow near my home, and I delighted to watch them perch on the tall weed stalks, cat tails or tussocks and admired their bright crimson shoulder marks. The first nest of a Red-wing which I found was a perfect and wonderful piece of workmanship, illustrating the skill with which these birds are able to weave, bind and twist the grass stems around their supports. In this instance the supports were four very tall dock stalks growing close together. Between these, about two feet from the ground, and firmly fastened to each stalk, was a compact and pretty nest, made principally of dried stems and marsh grass. In the nest were four speckled eggs. I marked the situation and after the birds were done with their home for the season, I secured the nest and took it home for an object lesson.

The Wood Thrush was also one of the birds with which I was on familiar terms. To see and hear them once, is to remember and love them always. Returning to us early in the spring, they were quite abundant throughout the season, confining themselves mainly to woodlands and groves. There are few lovelier things in nature than the vesper hymn of the Wood Thrush. Time would fail us to speak of them in terms befitting their beauty and grace and the rich wildness of their notes. Their songs are the finest in early morning or the twilight, when they are clear and sweet, full and harmonious as an anthem.

In the twilight of evening, when the day is done,
And the landscape is tinted by the sinking sun;
When shadows are gathering, and forests grow dim,
The Wood Thrush pours forth her vesper hymn.

Humming birds were also a source of delight and wonder, and we were frequently favored with visits from them owing to the large variety of flowers in the yard. While I never was fortunate enough to discover one of their nests, I was presented with two of them, one of which came from Pasadena, California. This was a most beautiful cup saddled on a small limb, the lower end of the nest tapering off something like a "horn of plenty." The material used was like the down of a ripe cat tail, and was put together in a compact and symmetrical manner. One tiny egg came in this nest and was originally found with it. The other nest was entirely different in construction, being flat in shape, composed externally of lichens and moss, and lined with down.

Photo by J. H. Miller.

BLUEBIRD LEAVING NEST.

Another bird which made a deep impression on my mind was the Great Horned Owl. Well do I recollect with what awe—yes, almost fear, I listened to their loud hooting in the night. They have long since left the haunts then occupied by them, owing to the cutting away of the timber land and the spread of population. I also have a clear recollection of the Screech Owl, especially the droll appearance of their faces and their large yellow eyes.

Another bird which furnished much amusement was the common Blackbird, chiefly on account of their manner of "walking around;" they seemed so proud and consequential, and well aware of the fact that their black glossy coat was very pretty.

An event of special interest was the day on which I first beheld a Cardinal Grosbeak. It was a cold day in winter, there had been a heavy snow fall the night previous; the pine tree boughs were gracefully drooping, the weeds and dead grasses resembled various forms of feather plumes. All of a sudden I heard a loud, clear whistle near the house and on looking out there sat a handsome Grosbeak in a raspberry bush. I delighted to spend much time in the orchards in the spring time, where I could hear the cooing of the Doves and watch the busy little Warblers among the apple blooms.

I also have a clear recollection of my first visits to the seaside and and the pleasure experienced on seeing the many new birds to be met with there. The beautiful Gulls and Terns were plentiful, and their graceful flight—ever and anon dipping their wings into the great waves, was noted and stored away in memory's store-house. I remember spending many pleasant hours watching the little Sandpipers. How graceful they were, and with what dexterity they captured their food; how well they measured the distance which an in-coming breaker would reach, and how nimbly they chased after it on its return back to deep water, in the meantime gathering up many choice morsels which had been cast up on the beach; ever keeping a watchful eye on the next roller which was rapidly approaching. They ran very swiftly and usually depended on this mode of escape, but should the wave come too swiftly for them, they rose a short distance in the air and would then alight out of the water's reach. While feeding they continually uttered their pleasant "peep peep," and their pretty white and gray plumage presented a pleasing contrast against the deep green of the sea.

I wish to add in closing, as a tribute to my mother, that she always accompanied me on my first little rambles beyond the home limit; many were the pleasant strolls we took, hand in hand, gathering flowers, listening to the happy songs of the birds and watching their ways. Her instruction and training in nature's book, doubtless laid the foundation of my devotion to the study of these things in later years. Did she not teach me the names of the birds, call my attention to the gorgeous sunsets, to the Bow of Promise spanning the sky, to the squirrels and other little animals of the woods, to the rippling brook splashing over its pebbles and golden sands; did she not teach me to love and admire God's creatures and not kill or destroy them? Happy days, never to be forgotten; little friendships, never broken.

BACHMAN WARBLER.

A. O. U. No. 640. (Helminthophila bachmanii.)

RANGE.

Southeastern United States, north on the Atlantic coast to Virginia and in the interior to Missouri where they are known to breed.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 4.5 in. Male.—Forehead, underparts and shoulders bright yellow. Back and wings greenish olive; hindneck and tail gray. Top of head and patch on the breast black. Outer tail feathers with white spots near their tips.

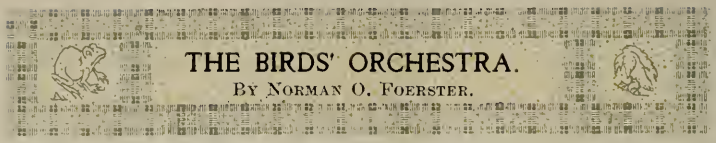
The female differs only in being duller colored, and in having the black patch only faintly indicated or sometimes entirely lacking.

HABITS.

This sprightly little Warbler is one of the rarest of the family in America. Most of the specimens that have been taken were found on the Florida Keys. They have also been taken in Florida, South Carolina, Louisiana and Missouri. Their habits are very similar to those of the Blue-winged Warbler, they being found usually near the ground. Like all others of the genus, they are active and continually searching among the roots and lower branches for insects and occasionally darting out into the air after passing ones very much after the manner of many of the Flycatchers.

BACHMAN WARBLERS.

[Male and Female.]



THE BIRDS' ORCHESTRA.

By Norman O. Foerster.

Although the feathered tribe are not capable of uniting to produce the *scherzo*, the *polonaise*, the *rhapsody*, and the like, nor in the music observe *pianissimo* and *fortissimo*, the individual members of the "orchestra" suggest a striking similarity with the various musical instruments and seek their nearest avian counterparts.

Violin.—The ethereal sweetness of the Wagnerian prelude and the paradisiac strain of the Hermit Thrush! There is an awe-inspiring majesty, dignity and divine power in the former, coupled with a ravishing sensuous melody that produces the same desire to seek a secluded spot and ponder on lofty, soul-exhilarating subjects that the celestial Thrush hymn ever calls forth. We feel that the inspired songster is possessed of *arcana cœlestia* and revere him accordingly.

Cello.—The golden beauty of the cello and the molten melody of the Wood Thrush! If the Hermit is silvery, the Wood is certainly golden. His voice suggests a religiously-calm sunset, corresponding to the full, rich quality of the instrument.

Viol.—We have no good representative of the bass viol among the the birds; the deep, rasping, ominous tone it produces can hardly be expected from a diminutive bird-throat. So far as the rasping quality is concerned, the Grasshopper Sparrow's insect-like note might well be its counterpart. Furthermore, the bird and the instrument both form backgrounds in their respective orchestras.

Obo.—The restful beauty of the shepherd's pipe in the "New World Symphony" is characteristic of the pathetic but contented strain of the Wood Pewee, that heavenly, peaceful "pe-a-wee, pe-ai" that lasts all day. Considering how often we hear the Pewee's unhurried note, we certainly tire of it, after all other and better singers are out of favor; so with the constantly chanting obo.

Clarinet.—The free, cheery, mellow quality of the clarinet intimately suggests the wild, ringing music of the Louisiana Waterthrush. The clarinet is a pastoral instrument, but less dreamy—more animated—than the obo. If the obo tells of the gold-bathed meadows on a peaceful June evening, the clarinet expresses the content and fervor that pervade the May woods; pastoral it is, but possessed of a woody flavor as well.

English horn.—Just as the English horn combines the ennui of the obo and the peaceful joy of the clarinet, so the plaintive chant of the Field Sparrow fuses the languor of the Pewee and the rustic view of

the Louisiana Waterthrush, but differs in introducing a new element, a strong suggestion of religious love.

Bassoon.—The comic nasalizations of the bassoon and the ridiculous "twangs,' of the Blue-gray Gnatcatcher. This bird seems subject to humours; one minute all is fun, and he dances about like a clown, the next his ill temper asserts itself and the harsh, grating sounds he produces bruits this abroad. So with the volatile bassoon, a true instrument of mood.

Flute.—The clear note of the flute finds among the birds an excellent representative in the pipings of the Baltimore Oriole in the tree-tops.

Piccolo.—If we consider the real purpose of this instrument,—to set off, give point and life to the dryly disposed score,—we will find it difficult to find an avian representative. Perhaps the feverish brilliancy of the Spotted Sandpiper's whistle would answer best.

Trombone.—Surely the garrulous cries of the Crow suggest the noisy, pompous blasts of the trombone. They are similar in another respect, just as the crow breaks in with his lusty shout when we are intent on hearing a repetition of a distant song or the lisping of the Warblers, so the trombone, loud and coarsely triumphant breaks out on the tenderest melody.

Cornet.—The tenor screams of the Blue Jay and the shrill blasts of the cornet are similar as bird and instrument can be. The Jay is undisputed 1st cornetist of the "Birds' Orchestra."

French Horn.—The uncouth monosyllables of the Chat finds a counterpart in the baleful notes of the French horn, but exceed that instrument in variety of reach and kind of tone.

Harp.—The mystical, silvery scales which the Veery performs intimately suggest the vibrant, uncertain strains of the harp.

Tympani.—We have two very different, yet almost equally good tympanists among the birds, the Cuckoos and the Woodpeckers. Combine the full, round, pebbly notes which the Cuckoo drops from his throat, with the vigorous, but dull and muffled tattoo which the Woodpecker beats, and an excellent imitation of the kettle drum's roll is produced.

Cymbals.—Perhaps the best substitution—though a poor one—for, the cymbals, which our bird orchestra can put forth is the Kingbird, whose harsh, jarring, jingling calls bear some resemblance to the rattling antithesis the cymbals afford in the orchestra.

And the Director of this motley crowd of minstrels? He is none other than the Almighty Creator, the Divine Impulse.

BLACK-BILLED CUCKOO.

BLACK-BILLED CUCKOO.

A. O. U. No. 388. (Coccyzus erythropthalmus.)

RANGE.

North America east of the Rocky Mountains, breeding throughout the United States and in the southern parts of Canada.

DESCRIPTION.

Length about 12 in.; tail 6.5 in.; bill, both upper and lower mandibles, black; eyes brown and the naked skin about the eyes red. The entire upper parts are glossy metallic greenish olive and the under parts are white or grayish white. The outer tail feathers are narrowly tipped with white. As is the case with all the cuckoos, this species has two toes in front and two behind.

NEST AND EGGS.

The nesting habits of all the cuckoos are practically the same and the nests of the present species cannot be told from those of the yellow-billed variety. They are built in the woods or swamps and usually in thick underbrush. I have generally found them at elevations varying from three to five feet from the ground. The nests are among the most rude of any that attempt to construct them, being very loosely made of twigs and catkins and having practically no hollow to hold the eggs. They lay from three to six eggs having a much brighter bluish green color than those of the Yellow-billed Cuckoo and being smaller.

HABITS

One of the most familiar bird notes to be heard on a warm summer day is the "ku-ook, ku-ook, kow, kow, kow" etc. of the Cuckoos. A deep, guttural, and mournful sound that cannot be mistaken for that of any other bird. The notes of the Yellow and the Black-billed varieties are very similar but can usually be distinguished from each other by one who is well acquainted with them, that of the present species being shorter and lower in tone.

Both species of cuckoos have long been regarded by the ignorant as objects of ill omen and they also appear to be in ill favor with many of the small birds although it is doubtful if they do any harm to the latter in any respect. Eggs of cuckoos have been found in nests of other birds but it is only in exceptional cases for they are not parasites like the European Cuckoo, instead they appear to be quite affectionate toward each other and towards their young.

Their flight is slow and apparently laborious, their short rounded wings making their tail appear longer and more cumbersome than it

Photo by F. R. Miller.

YOUNG CUCKOOS.

[About one week old, showing characteristic pin feathery appearance.]

Photo by F. R. Miller.

YOUNG CUCKOOS.

[Two weeks old]

really is. They are one of the most silent of birds and enter or leave thickets or trees with neither rustling of wings or sound of voice. We look and see one solemnly staring at us, wide eyed, and the next time we look he has gone with nothing to denote the direction or distance of his flitting. Early in May or, in New England, about the tenth we may look for the arrival of these weird birds and after a few days of courtship, during which period the male do a great deal of kow, kowing, they commence to build their nests. From their finished appearance, or rather their unfinished appearance, one would not think that this would be much of a task but it occupies the time of them both for several days. They are very slow and deliberate in all their motions and this probably accounts for the tardiness of their work. The top of the nest, it cannot be called the interior for it has none, is lined with catkins, but usually so shabbily arranged that the ends of the twigs stick up through the lining in all parts. They commence to lay about the middle of May in southern United States and not until about the first of June in the northern portions of their range. They commence to incubate as soon as the first egg is laid, and the others are deposited at intervals of two days to sometimes a week apart, so that the first eggs are often hatched soon after the last one is laid. They are quite stupid in some respects and I have known them to continue laying, like the Flicker, when one egg was taken at a time, until, in one instance, eleven eggs were obtained from one nest. The eggs are a deep bluish green in color, much brighter than those of the Yellow-billed species, but the color of the egg shell fades greatly if exposed to the light. The young are attentively looked after by both parents and if the female is accidently, or otherwise, killed the male will alone tend to the rearing of the family, thus showing a great difference between our cuckoos and those of Europe, which neither build their own nest, hatch their eggs nor look after the wants of their young, leaving these matters to the mercies of some other bird the same as does our Cowbird.

The adult birds leave the nest with the greatest reluctance and will allow themselves to be nearly taken in hand before gliding off, to try and deceive the observer by feigning lameness, thus showing that they are bright in some respects. It is an odd sight to see these long birds sitting on so small a nest with their tail extending far in the rear and their whole head and neck extending in front of the structure. I have tried in vain to illustrate a sitting cuckoo with the camera, for while they will allow a very close approach before taking alarm, I have not yet found one which would return when I was prepared.

The young cuckoos are objects of curiosity when first hatched, but when in a few days they become covered with a coating of stiff quills,

they are objects of amusement. The quills, when the bird is about eight days old commence to burst and allow the enclosed feather to unfold gradually enveloping them in a soft fluffy coat like that of their parents. They are fed largely upon green worms, and tent caterpillars, too, furnish a large part of their diet so that, far from being a creature of evil omen to mankind, they are one of the most beneficial of the birds.

NEW BOOKS.

THE AMERICAN NATURAL HISTORY, by W. T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park and author of "Two Years in the Jungle" etc. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; 450 pages; cloth; illustrated; $3.75.

This new addition to nature libraries will take the place that has long been occupiedb y Wood's Natural History as the most popular work on the subject. Its author has probably had more experience among the large game of many countries than has any other man in America and is exceptionally well qualified to write upon the subject. The work is interesting and accurate from cover to cover and the text is embellished with many drawings and photographs from live subjects. Of course it is somewhat limited in scope as it is impossible to touch upon more than one or two individuals of each family in a single volume. Anyone who has not the means to have a complete library upon all the subjects of natural history will surely turn to this as the brook they want while those who already have extensive libraries will welcome this as a most valuable addition to their collection.

WITH THE BIRDS IN MAINE, by Olive Thorne Miller. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Cambridge, Mass. 295 pages; cloth. $1.10 net.

In its many chapters, this volume entertainingly treats of nearly all the more common and many of the rarer birds found within the pine tree state. We predict that this book will receive a warm welcome from all bird lovers as have all the previous books from the pen of this well known author. Besides being very interesting reading, the reader will have instilled into his mind many new facts, habits and fancies of bird life.

WONDERLAND. (Descriptive of the Northwest) by Olin D. Wheeler.

This annual production of the Northern Pacific Railway is even better this year than any of the previous numbers. Its descriptions are vivid and the illustrations from photographs are numerous and of an unusual quality. Its chapters include "The Haunts of Wild Game," "The Lignite Coal Area of North Dakota," "The Yellowstone Park," "Irrigation in the Northwest" and "The Travels of Lewis and Clark," the latter in anticipation of the exposition that is to be held next year in commemoration of this advent. This handsome book containing 116 pages is sent to any address upon receipt of six cents to cover cost of mailing. Address, Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

SNOWFLAKE.

[Winter plumage.]

SNOWFLAKE.

A. O. U. No. 534. (Passerina nivalis).

RANGE.

Whole of northern hemisphere, breeding within the Arctic Circle and wintering irregularly south to northern United States and casually to the central portions.

DESCRIPTION.

Summer.—Entire head, neck, rump, underparts, secondaries and outer tail feathers white, the remainder of the plumage being black. The female differs but little from the male being slightly duller and with the head generally somewhat rusty. Winter.—All the black feathers, especially on the back, edged with rusty brown so as to nearly obscure the black; the top of head, neck and breast are also more or less strongly tinged with brownish.

PRIBILOF SNOWFLAKE.

A. O. U. No. 534a. (Passerina nivalis townsendi.)

RANGE.

Birds of the preceding species which are found on the Aleutians and Pribilof Islands have been found to average slightly larger and to have a slightly longer bill and consequently have been made into the present subspecies. None of their habits differ from those of the better known variety.

NEST AND EGGS.

Snowflakes nest on the ground near the sea coast or tributaries thereof. They are found breeding abundantly on some of the islands in the Arctic Ocean and in Behring Sea. The nests are sunken in hollows in the moss which covers the ground in the localities where they are found in summer; it is made of dried grasses and fine fibres and is usually warmly lined with feathers. The nesting season is during June and July, and during this period they lay from three to five pale bluish white eggs which are blotched and specked with brown and lilac.

HABITS.

These Finches seem to be very aptly named for they are as restless and uncertain of appearance as the snowflakes that drift in with the cold

blasts of winter. They usually do not appear along the northern borders of civilization until well along in November and are found in the northern tier of states at intervals during December, January and February. During exceptionally severe winters they are sometimes found as far south as Georgia and Kansas.

Like the White-winged Crossbills, they are birds of very uncertain occurance and where they are common during one season not a single flock may be seen the next. They are met with on open side hills and meadows where they feed upon seeds of the numerous weeds whose heads penetrate the crust of the snow. While very restless and apt to take wing at any instant and without cause, they are not exceptionally timid and are usually not alarmed by the presence of mankind. It is a beautiful sight to watch a large flock foraging upon their snowy table, some of them swaying on the tops of the slender stalks while the majority stand upon the snow, no whiter than their own coat, and reach all the seeds that their short stature will permit and then pull the head of the weed over toward them and gather in the rest. Ever and anon, apparently startled by a sudden gust or flurry of the light snow the whole flock will rise as if with one impulse and immediately settle down a few feet farther on. I have approached to within ten feet of a flock when busy gaining their apparently meagre fare without alarming them. They are usually silent while feeding but have a peculiar and distinctive whistle when on the wing. They rise very suddenly, fly in a compact body and change the course of their flight very often and spasmodically as though they knew not whither they were going and as often as not they will return and alight at the very spot that they had just left.

By the end of February, these flocks which number from a dozen individuals to, sometimes, thousands commence to disappear from their winter quarters and but few bands of them are left in March. They migrate northward beyond the limit of trees and to islands in the Arctic Ocean, where, undisturbed by man they lay their eggs and rear their young.

Snowflakes change their plumage twice during each year. During the fall moult the feathers are shed gradually and new ones grow to take their places but in the spring the change is by abrasion, that is the edges of the feathers wear away or fall off. If you examine a specimen in the winter plumage you will see that the bases of all the back feathers are black and that only the tips are white or rusty, while those on the top and sides of head and breast have white bases and brownish tips. By the wearing away of these edges the entire head, neck and underparts become snowy white while the back and part of the wings

MCKAY SNOWFLAKE.

SNOWFLAKE.
[Summer plumage.]

are jet black, thus making the appearance of the birds entirely different in summer from their winter plumage. Other examples of this interesting double change of dress may be seen among the Longspurs and in the Bobolink.

In their northern summer home they are found in abundance, their snowy whiteness and black markings making them very attractive and conspicuous creatures; at this season their notes are varied from the twittering whistle to which we are accustomed and they have a pretty song, clear and sweet but not very strong. Their nests are built on the tundras common to the Arctic region being sunk in the moss which is found growing everywhere.

MCKAY SNOWFLAKE.

A. O. U. No. 535. (Passerina hyperboreus.)

RANGE.

West coast of Alaska, known to breed only on Hall and St. Matthew Islands.

HABITS.

For a description of this beautiful species as found on Hall Island in Bering Sea we quote from Charles Keeler in Harriman Alaska Expedition.

"Upon climbing up the slopes from the shore we found ourselves upon an Arctic tundra—a great rolling plateau of bog, with pools of water in every hollow, and flowers growing in bewildering profusion. A bed of moss spread across the island from cliff to cliff, carpeting everything with its soft tones of gray, brown, purple and green—parts of it like velvet, soft and yielding to the tread and other parts spongy and soggy. The masses of flowers wove richly glowing patterns into the carpet, in purple, blue, yellow and white.

It was fitting that this fairy garden in the midst of a stormy sea should be inhabited by one of the most chastely adorned of birds, the hyperborean Snowflake. Verily a snowflake this exquisite creature is, as it whirls through the misty glow of night among the wastes of flowers. Its plumage is as candid as the freshly opened lily. The spotless white shows more perfectly by contrast with the jetty bill and the blackness of the wing tips. At the edge of its snowy tail are two other black dots. It is sparrow transformed into a wraith of the snow. It is adorned with the ermine of kings, and a king it seems amid the realm of flowers. Its little mate has the back streaked with black and

more of the same on the wings and tail, but otherwise her plumage is white like that of her lord and master. Nor did the song of this Snowflake prove disappointing. It was a loud, sweet, flute-like warble, frequently uttered on the wing, and much resembles the notes of the Western Meadowlark, although rather higher, shriller and shorter. We noticed the birds about the edge of the cliffs as well as upon the tundras, and their business in such exposed rocky places was explained when a nest was discovered placed far back in a crevice in the rocks upon the cliff wall. The nest was made of grasses and contained five rather light greenish eggs dotted with pale brown. Later in the evening another nest was found containing young birds which came to the edge of the hole to be fed. The abundance of the Arctic fox upon the island no doubt explains the unusual places in which the Snowflakes tuck away their homes."

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

Since my last letter I have met a number of *bird lovers*. There was Miss Gay, she "loved the dear little Humming birds which they have in California, such beauties" *she had three of them on her hat!* Next came Mr. Stone. He is a lover of quail (he prefers them on toast.) Johnny Heedless loves birds too. He took mother Owl and three small owlets from their home in a hollow tree, and they now beat their wings against the wires of a small cage in a vain struggle for freedom. It is Johnny's brother who maims and frightens all sorts of little brown birds, while raging war on English Sparrows with his air rifle.

Another bird lover is Mrs. Early, helpless from rheumatism, whose hours of pain are shortened by enjoyment of the sweet notes of a Wood-thrush from the woods near by.

Then we have a small army, growing larger every year, who seeing the birds in their haunts and learning their home ways and songs, gain a real affection for the "little brothers of the air." I do not need to ask to which class you belong.

One of our little friends tells of the ground nest of a Chipping Sparrow. Have you found any in similar situations? A Field Sparrow slipped out of the grass as we climbed the hill one day, and revealed an arched nest of woven grasses, almost as cunningly hid as an Oven bird's dome.

One of the school children in Moline, Illinois, has sent an admirable account of "How we celebrated Bird Day"—giving evidence of the excellent work being done in our schools on nature study lines. May the good times continue to spread.

Cordially Your Friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

OUR LAST FLORIDA LETTER.

Palm Beach, Fla.

DEAR JO:

I wish you could have joined our picnic party in the sunny south yesterday.

As we started out there were ever so many Boat-tailed Grackles strutting about the golf links, their glossy purple backs glistening in the sunlight, some of them looked so funny perched on top of the hydrants, craning their heads to catch the drops of water which dripped from the faucets, others stood with out stretched necks, and bills wide open on the ground beneath, not to lose their share.

There were many ground doves too—not more than six or seven inches long—with pinky heads and brownish grey backs, trotting about with quick, short steps, many killdeer with two black bars across their white throats, and dozens of palm warblers.

We took one of the charming jungle paths, hemmed in by tall banyans, live oaks, olive trees, with glossy leathery leaves, palms, ferns, and climbing vines. The rustling of leaves, the crackling branches and the sound of stealthy footsteps in the undergrowth gave us delightful little creepy chills of fear, for who knew when a bear or panther *might* spring out upon us. We took tight hold of one another's hands, and cautiously peeped through the branches, and there we saw—what do you think? Three or four dear little *Ovenbirds*, walking about on the ground and scratching for their dinners among the leaves, and during the three mile walk we saw nothing more ferocious amid the darkening trees than our old friends Brer Rabbit, Robin and Catbird, and scores

of Mocking birds and Cardinals. Florida Yellowthroats, like their northern namesakes, peered out through their black masks from the scrub palmettos. They are a deeper yellow beneath, have browner backs, and a wider mask.

We sat under an immense banyan tree to eat our lunch. The dainty blue-gray Gnatcatchers, shaped like tiny Catbirds, flew fearlessly about us, their call note "ting, ting" sounded like the twanging of your banjo, humming birds darted about, and a Red-bellied Woodpecker beat a tattoo on a branch over our heads, he had on a brilliant red cap, and a pretty black and white coat. What do you suppose we had for lunch, peanut sandwiches, pickles and cake? No indeed. We had sweet, juicy oranges just picked, some mandarins, grape fruit, and bananas, also fresh from the trees. Our drink was milk from a great cocoanut which had fallen into the path purposely for us. We ate its white meat, and used for napkins pieces of the tough fiber with which the base of each leaf of the cocoanut palm is wrapped. Jack picked up and tasted a ripe olive for a relish, and has puckered up his face at the mere mention of olives since.

On our way home we passed a grove of tall palms which seemed to bear a queer fruit. The branches were black with the turkey buzzards, which are so abundant here.

They are very much like the vultures which we saw at Charleston, but seem a little larger and more graceful, and the skin of their heads is bright red.

Here were thousands of these birds, with wide spread wings taking a sun bath. They looked like giant bats. On some of the palm branches they stood in rows of six and seven, and often one more would try to join a long row, when the bough would bend with the added weight and "down would come rockaby baby and all."

At some sudden alarm there would be a loud swish of wings, and rising in great black clouds the buzzards would float gracefully about for some minutes, then, presto, the waving green palm leaves would become waving lines of black.

We leave for home to-morrow, so I shall soon see you again.

Your Loving Sister,

RUTH.

GLEANINGS.

With what dear and ravishing sweetness sang the plaintive thrush.
I love to hear his delicate rich voice
Chanting through all the glooming day,
When loud amid the trees is dropping the big rain.
And gray mists wrap the hills:
For aye the sweeter his song is when the day is sad and dark.

LONGFELLOW.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1 Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
2 James H. Chase, Logansport, Ind.
3 J. Howard Binns, Adena, Ohio.
4 Naomi E. Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind.

WHO ARE WE?

(Continued from June. The names of these birds have more than one meaning, which is expressed in each clause.)

8 Young people go for fun, but I tend to my blue eggs.
9 I am foolish so I look very blue.
10 What sticky paper is used for, but I can do that while on the wing.
11 I determine the speed of boats, but do not stay near the water.
12 All some people do when idle, like me for I am noisy.
13 When Willie is naughty, I can tell you what to do.
14 I am heard near the henhouse every morning, but I am as black as night.
15 What all people do while eating, I can do while flying swiftly.

C. F. Dickinson, Springport, Mich.

HOUR GLASS.

XXOXX A color.
XOX An animal.
O A consonant.
XOX An insect.
XXOXX What some people become.

Centrals spell the name of a large bird.

Wm. K. D. Reynolds, Berkeley, Cal.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA NO. 1.

My 1-2-3 is an animal.
My 3-2-6-7 is used in a sentence.
My 1-2-7 is a fish.
My 4-5-7 is something people do at an auction.
My 4-5-6-7 is something we all love to hear.
A shining 2-6-4 is what the sun is sometimes called.
My whole is a fairly common bird whose name consists of seven letters.

Leroy B. Noble,
Little River, Conn.

NUMERIGAL ENIGMA NO. 2.

I am composed of 20 letters.
My 5-11-8-20 is a part of a bird.
My 14-2-16-4 is a flower.
My 1-9-10 is a small animal.
My 10-18-8 is something to drink.
My 12-2- 15-6 is at the entrance of a room.
My 3-19-17-1-7 is a kind of sword.
My 5-14-11-8-12 is a kind of food.
My 13-2-15-9-4 is a fowl.

RUSSELL S. ADAMS,
St. Johnsburg, Vt.

THE CHIPPY'S NEST.

While walking through an apple orchard that was used as a pasture, I was startled by a bird running from my feet. Upon investigating, I found a Chipping Sparrow's nest containing three of her eggs and one Cowbird's egg, in a cluster of clover, the nest touching the ground. I have found their nests in trees, vines. bushes and brush piles, but never heard of their building upon the ground before.

FRANK SMITH, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

EXIT, ENGLISH SPARROW.

Last year and the year before it, our chicken yard used to be a feeding ground for the English Sparrow, but this year so far, I have not seen one, and I have seen nothing but Robins.

STUART M. FUTH, South Orange, N. J.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES.

Enigma No. 1. Great Horned Owls.
Enigma No. 2. Brown Thrasher.

WHO ARE WE?

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1. Crow. 2. Robin. 3. Owl. 4. Kingfisher. 5. Catbird. 6. Bluebird. 7. Phoebe. 8. Baltimore Oriole.

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PHOTO CONTEST CLOSES OCTOBER 1ST.

Anyone can send in photographs of birds or nests and eggs for this contest. We make the following awards for the best and give 50 cts. each for all others that are available. Copyrighted pictures will be accepted and the copyright pretected.

Class 1. Adult live birds (wild),—1st, a $20.00 A1 Vista Camera; 2nd, a $5.00 pair of bird glasses; 3rd, Color Key to N. A. Birds.

Class 2. Young Birds. 1st, a $20.00 Graphaphone; 2nd, pair of $5.00 field glasses; 3rd, Color Key to N. A. Birds.

Class 3. Nests and Eggs,—1st, a $5.00 pair of Field Glasses; 2nd, "North American Birds Eggs."

It is with regret that we note that a well known sporting magazine, the official organ of the League of Am. Sportsmen, which purports to be devoted to game protection, should publish, and advertise on its cover, as a leading article, "A Night in a Pigeon Roost." This is the story of one of the most cold blooded slaughters of birds that has ever been in print, and while it is well known that such slaughters did take place years ago, and that as a result the Wild Pigeons are nearly extinct today, the publishing of such facts today, as a story, without a word of comment will do incalculable harm among the younger generation.

A CHECK LIST AND HABITAT MAP.

We have received for publication, many local bird lists from different sections of the country and also requests for lists from other sections. As a rule we have avoided publishing such lists because of their localness and their lack of interest to our readers in all other parts of the country.

We have complied the following list and map to cover the whole of the territory included in the North American bird lists.

It is in a condensed form, but we think that it will be found very practical and that it will prove nearly, if not quite, as satisfactory as the usual check list of several hundred pages.

The country is divided horizontally by the 20th, 30th, 40th etc. parallels into six sections, the United States, with the exception of southern Lower California, Texas and Florida, being contained in sections 2 and 3. It is divided vertically into three sections, the western one including the Pacific coast, the Rocky Mountains and Alaska; the middle section comprises the Mississippi Valley, the Great Plains, and the interior of Canada; the eastern section is Greenland, Labrador and the Atlantic States. These boundaries divide North America into 18 parts which can very readily be designated to show the range of any particular bird. As a further convenience, the ranges are given in three columns, the first being the western division, the middle one the central division and the last the eastern division. This tabulation shows at a glance just what birds are found in each of the three vertical divisions and the number found in these columns will serve to determine a bird's range with accuracy and dispatch. Heavy face figures denote the bird's breeding ranges while light face figures indicate that they are migratory in those sections. As an example take the first bird on the list, the Western Grebe. In the first or western column we find the figures 1-**3-4** with the 3 and 4 in heavy face type. This indicates that this bird breeds in northwestern United States and British Columbia and in winter migrates southwards through southwestern United States to Lower California and Mexico. It is also found in the second column as w**3-4**. This shows that its breeding range also extends eastward to Montana, the Dakotas, Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

BIRD DISTRIBUTION MAP.

[The List of N. A. Birds does not include those found in the shaded areas.]

CHECK LIST

Of North American Birds and their Habitats.

Arranged according to the American Ornithologists' Union Check List.

(The presence of brackets [ ] indicates that the species occurs accidentally.)

ORDER I PYGOPODES. DIVING BIRDS.

Family PODICIPIDÆ. GREBES.

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
1	Western Grebe	Echmophorus occidentalis	1-3-4	w 3-4	
2	Holbœll Grebe	Colymbus holbœllii	1-4-5	1-4-5	1-4-5
3	Horned Grebe	" auritus	1-3-4	1-3-5	1-4-5
4	American Eared Grebe	" nigricollis californicus	1-3	w 1-3	
5	Least Grebe	" dominicus brachypterus	1	1	
6	Pied-billed Grebe	Podilymbus podiceps	1-4	1-4	1-4

Family GAVIIDÆ. LOONS.

7	Loon	Gavia imber	1 3-5	1-3-5	1-3-5
8	Yellow-billed Loon	" adamsii	5-6	5-6	
9	Black-throated Loon	" arctica	4-5	4-5	
10	Pacific Looon	" pacifica	w 2-5-6	5-6	
11	Red-throated Loon	" lumme	w 2-5-6	5-6	2-5

Family ALCIDÆ. AUKS, MURRES, and PUFFINS.

12	Tufted Puffin	Lunda cirrhata	w 2-5		
13	Puffin	Fratercula arctica			e 3-4-5
13a	Large-billed Puffin	" " naumanni	w 4-5		5
14	Horned Puffin	" corniculata	w 2-4-5		
15	Rhinoceros Auklet	Cerorhinca monocerata	w 2-4		
16	Cassin Auklet	Ptychoramphus aleuticus	w 4-5		
17	Paroquet Auklet	Cyclorrhynchus psittaculus	w 5-6		
18	Crested Auklet	Simorhynchus cristatellus	w 5-6		
19	Whiskered Auklet	" pygmæus	w 5-6		
20	Least Auklet	" pusillus	w 2-5-6		
21	Ancient Murrelet	Synthliboramphus antiquus	w 2-4-5		
23	Marbled Murrelet	Brachyramphus marmoratus	w 5		
24	Kittlitz Murrelet	" brevirostris	1s2		
25	Xantus Murrelet	" hypoleucus	1		
26	Craveri Murrelet	" craveri	1		
27	Black Guillemot	Cepphus grylle			e 3-4
28	Mandt Guillemot	" mandtii	6	5	5
29	Pigeon Guillemot	" columba	w 2-5		
30	Murre	Uria troile			e 4-5
30a	California Murre	" californica	w 2-3-5		
31	Brunnich Murre	" lomvia			e 3-4-5
31a	Pallas Murre	" " arra	w 5-6		
32	Razor-billed Auk	Alca torda			e 3-4-5
33	Great Auk	Plautus impennis			extinct
34	Dovekie	Alle alle			e 3-4-5

ORDER II LONGIPENNES. LONG-WINGED SWIMMERS.

Family STERCORARIIDÆ. SKUAS AND JAEGERS.

35	Skua	Megalestris skua			e 4-5
36	Pomarine Jaeger	Stercorarius pomarinus	w 1-5-6	5	e 2-5-6
37	Parasitic Jaeger	" parasiticus	w 1-6	5	e 1-5-6
38	Long-tailed Jaeger	" longicaudus	w 1-5-6	5	e 1-5-6

Family LARIDÆ. GULLS and TERNS.

39	Ivory Gull	Pagophila alba	4-5-6	4-5-6	4, 5-6
40	Kittiwake	Rissa tridactyla			n 3-4-5
40a	Pacific Kittiwake	" " pollicaris	w 3-5		
41	Red-legged Kittiwake	" brevirostris	w 5-6		
42	Glaucous Gull	Larus glaucus	3-5-6	3-5-6	3-5-6
42.1	Point Barrow Gull	" barrovianus	w 5-6		
43	Iceland Gull	" leucopterus			n3-5
44	Glaucous-winged Gull	" glaucescens	w 2-4-5		
45	Kumlien Gull	" kumlieni			e4-5
46	Nelson Gull	" nelsoni	w 5-6		
47	Great Black-backed Gull	" marinus			3-4-5
48	Slaty-backed Gull	" schistisagus	w 5-6		
49	Western Gull	" occidentalis	w 1-4		
[50]	Siberian Gull	" affinis			
51	Herring Gull	" argentatus	1-4-5	1-n3-5	1-n3-5
52	Vega Gull	" vegæ	w 3-5		
53	California Gull	" californicus	2-3-4		
54	Ring-billed Gull	" delawarensis	1-4-5	1-n 3-5	1-4-5

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name	West.	Middle.	East
55	Short-billed Gull	" brachyrhynchus	2-4-5		
[56]	Mew Gull	" canus			
57	Heermann Gull	" heermanni	1-2-3		
58	Laughing Gull	" atricilla		1-4	2-3
59	Franklin Gull	" franklinii		1-2-3	
60	Bonaparte Gull	" philadelphia	1-4-5	1-5	1-3
[60.1]	Little Gull	" minutus			
61	Ross Gull	Rhodostethia rosea	6	5-6	5-6
62	Sabine Gull	Xema sabinii	w 1-5-6	5-6	3-5-6
63	Gull-billed Tern	Gelochelidon nilotica		1-2	e 1-2
64	Caspian Tern	Sterna caspia		1-4	1-3
65	Royal Tern	" maxima	1-2	1-2	1-2
66	Elegant Tern	" elegans	w 1		
67	Cabot Tern	" sandvicensis acuflavida		1	1-s2
[68]	Trudeau Tern	" trudeaui			
69	Forster Tern	" forsteri	1-2	1-4	1-3
70	Common Tern	" hirundo		1-4	1-4
71	Arctic Tern	" paradisæa	3-5-6	5	3-4-5
72	Roseate Tern	" dougalli			e 1-3
73	Aleutian Tern	" aleutica	w 5-6		
74	Least Tern	" antillarum	1-2	1-3	1-s3
75	Sooty Tern	" fuliginosa	1	1	1-s2
[76]	Bridled Tern	" anæthetus			
77	Black Tern	Hydrochelidon nigra surinamensis	1-3-4	1-3-4	1-3
[78]	White-winged Black Tern	" leucoptera			
79	Noddy	Anous stolidus	1	1	1-s2

Family RYNCHOPIDÆ. Skimmers.

80	Black Skimmer	Rynchops nigra		1-s2	1-s2

Order III TUBINARES. Tube-nosed Swimmers.

Family DIOMEDEIDÆ. Albatrosses.

81	Black-footed Albatross	Diomedea nigripes	w 1-5
82	Short-tailed Albatross	Diomedea albatrus	w 1-5
82.1	Laysan Albatross	Diomedea immutabilis	1
[83]	Yellow-nosed Albatross	Thalassogeron culminatus	3
84	Sooty Albatross	Phœbetria fuliginosa	1-3

Family PROCELLARIIDÆ. Fulmars and Shearwaters.

[85]	Giant Fulmar	Ossifraga gigantea		
86	Fulmar	Fulmarus glacialis		e 3-5
86b	Pacific Fulmar	" " glupiscea	w 2-5-6	
86c	Rodgers Fulmar	" rodgersii	5-6	
87	Slender-billed Fulmar	Priocella glacialoides	w 1-3	
88	Cory Shearwater	Puffinus borealis		e 3
89	Greater Shearwater	" major		e 1-5
[90]	Manx Shearwater	" puffinus		
91	Pink-footed Shearwater	" creatopus	w 1-2	
92	Audubon Shearwater	Puffinus lherminieri		e 1-2
92.1	Allied Shearwater	" assimilis		
93	Black-vented Shearwater	" opisthomelas	w 1	
93.1	Townsend Shearwater	" auricularis	w 1	
94	Sooty Shearwater	" fuliginosus		e 2-3
95	Dark-bodied Shearwater	" griseus	w 1-2	
96	Slender-billed Shearwater	" tenuirostris	w 2-5	
96.1	Wedge-tailed Shearwater	" cuneatus	w 1	
96.2	Buller Shearwater	" bulleri		
[97]	Black-tailed Shearwater	Priofinus cinereus		
[98]	Black-capped Petrel	Æstrelata hasitata		
[99]	Scaled Petrel	" scalaris		
100	Fisher Petrel	" fisheri		
[101]	Bulwer Petrel	Bulweria bulweri		
[102]	Pintado Petrel	Daption capensis		
103	Least Petrel	Halocyptena microsoma	w 1	
104	Stormy Petrel	Procellaria pelagica		e 2-5
105	Forked-tailed Petrel	Oceanodroma furcata	w 3-5	
105.1	Kaeding Petrel	" kaedingi	w 1	
106	Leach Petrel	" leucorhoa	w 2-5	2-4
106.1	Guadalupe Petrel	" macrodactyla	w 1	
[106.2]	Hawaiian Petrel	" crytoleucura		
107	Black Petrel	" melania	w 1-2	
108	Ashy Petrel	" homochroa	w 1-2	
108.1	Socorro Petrel	" socorroensis	w 1-2	
109	Wilson Petrel	Oceanites oceanicus		e 2-4
[110]	White-bellied Petrel	Fregetta grallaria		
[111]	White-faced Petrel	Pelagodroma marina		

Order IV STEGANOPODES. Totipalmate Swimmers.

Family PHAETHONTIDÆ. Tropic Birds.

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.			
112	Yellow-billed Tropic Bird	Phaethon americanus			e 1
113	Red-billed Tropic Bird	" æthereus	w 1		
[113.1]	Red-tailed Tropic Bird	" rubricaudus	w 1		

Family SULIDÆ. Gannets.

[114]	Blue-faced Booby	Sula cyanops	w 1		e 1
114.1	Blue-footed Booby	" nebouxii	w 1		
115	Booby	" sula			e 1
115.1	Brewster Booby	" brewsteri	w 1		
[116]	Red-footed Booby	" piscator			e 1
117	Gannet	" bassana			e 1-4
118	Anhinga	Anhinga anhinga		1-2	1-2

Family PHALACROCORACIDÆ. Cormorants.

119	Cormorant	Phalacrocorax carbo			e 2-4
120	Double-crested Cormorant	" dilophus		1-3-4	1-4
120a	Florida Cormorant	" " floridanus		1 2	1-2
120b	White-crested Cormirant	" " cincinatus	w 3-5		
120c	Farallone Cormorant	" " albociliatus	1-2-3		
121	Mexican Cormorant	" mexicanus		1-2	1
122	Brandt Cormorant	" penicillatus	w 1-3		
123	Pelagic Cormorant	" pelagicus	w 5		
123a	Violet-green Cormorant	" " robustus	w 3-5		
123b	Baird Cormorant	" " resplendens	w 1-3		
124	Red-faced Cormorant	" urile	w 5		

Family PELECANIDÆ. Pelicans.

125	American White Pelican	Pelecanus erythrorhynchos	1-3-4	1-w 3-4	1
126	Brown Pelican	" occidentalis			1-s 2
127	California Brown Pelican	" californicus	w 1-2-3		

Family FREGATIDÆ. Man-o'-war Birds.

128	Man-o'War Bird	Fregata aquila	1	1	1

Order V ANSERES. Lamellirostral Swimmers.

Family ANATIDÆ. Ducks, Geese, and Swans.

129	American Merganser	Meganser americanus	2-3-4	2-3-4	2-3-5
130	Red-breasted Merganser	" serrator	1-3-5	1-3-5	1-4-5
131	Hooded Merganser	Lophodytes cucullatus	1-3-5	1-3-5	1-4-4
[131.1]	Smew	Mergus albellus			
132	Mallard	Anas boschas	1-3-5	2-3	2-3-5
133	Black Duck	" obscura		e 2-3	2-3-5
133a	Red-legged Black Duck	" " rubripes		2-4	2-4-5
134	Florida Duck	" fulvigula			1-s 2
134a	Mottled Duck	" " maculosa		1-s2	
135	Gadwall	Chaulelasmus streperus	2-3-4	1-3-4	1-2
136	Widgeon	Mareca penelope	2-5		2-4
137	Baldpate	" americana	1-4-5	1-3-5	1-3
[138]	European Teal	Nettion crecca			
139	Green-winged Teal	" carolinensis	1-4-5	1-3-5	1-4-5
140	Blue-winged Teal	Querquedula discors	1-2	1-3-5	1-4-5
141	Cinnamon Teal	" cyanoptera	1-4	1	
[141.1]	Sheldrake	Casarca casarca			
142	Shoveller	Spatula clypeata	1-4-5	1-3-5	1-2
143	Pintail	Dafila acuta	1-4-5	1-3-5	1-4-5
144	Wood Duck	Aix sponsa	2-3-4	1-3-4	1-3-4
[145]	Rufus-crested Duck	Netta rufina			
146	Redhead	Aythya americana	1-3-4	1-3-4	1-4
147	Canvas-back	" vallisneria	2-3-5	1-3-4	1-2
148	American Scaup Duck	" marila		2-3-5	1-3
149	Lesser Scaup Duck	" affinis	2-4-5	1-3-5	1-2
150	Ring-necked Duck	" collaris	2-3	1-3-5	1-2
151	American Golden-eye	Clangula clangula americana	1-4-5	1-3-5	1-3-5
152	Barrow Golden-eye	" islandica	3-4	3-4	3-4
153	Buffle-head	Charitonetta albeola	1-4-5	1-3-5	1-3-5
154	Old-squaw	Harelda hyemalis	2-5	3-5	2-5
155	Harlequin Duck	Histrionicus histrionicus	3-5	3-4-5	3-4-5
156	Labrador Duck	Camptolaimus labradorius			
157	Steller Duck	Eniconetta stelleri	5-6		
158	Spectacled Eider	Arctonetta fischeri	5-6		
159	Northern Eider	Somateria mollissima borealis			3-5
160	American Erder	" dresseri			3-5
161	Pacific Eider	" v-nigra	5-6	w 5	
162	King Eider	" spectabilis	5	3-5	3-4-5
163	American Scoter	Oidemia americana	3-5	3-5	3-5
[164]	Velvet Scoter.	" fusca			

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
165	White-winged Scoter	Oidemia deglandi	2-4-5	3-5	2 4-5
166	Surf Scoter	" perspicillata	2-5	3-5	2-4-5
167	Ruddy Duck	Erismatura jamaicensis	1-5	1-5	1-4-5
[168]	Masked Duck	Nomonyx dominicus		1	
169	Lesser Snow Goose	Chen hyperborea	2-5	3-4	
169a	Greater Snow Goose	" " nivalis			3-5-6
169.1	Blue Goose	" cærulescens.		1-5	
170	Ross Snow Goose	" rossii	2-5-6	3-5-6	
[171]	White-fronted Goose	Anser albifrons			
171a	Am. White-fronted Goose	" " gambeli.	2-5-6	1-5-6	
[171.1]	Bean Goose	" fabialis			
172	Canada Goose	Branta canadensis.	2-4-5	1-3-5	2-5
172a	Hutchins Goose	" " hutchinsii	1-5-6	1-5-6	
172b	White-cheeked Goose	" " occidentalis	3-5		
172c	Cackling Goose	" " minima	3-5		
173	Brant	" bernicla glaucogastra		e 1-5	1-5
174	Black Brant	" nigricans	1-5		
[175]	Barnacle Goose	" leucopsis			
176	Emperor Goose	Philacte canagica.	4-5-6		
177	Black-bellied Tree-duck	Dendrocygna autumnalis		1	
178	Fulvous Tree-duck	Dendrocygna fulva	1-2	1-2	
[179]	Whooping Swan	Olor cygnus			
180	Whistling Swan	" columbianus		2-5-6	1-2
181	Trumpeter Swan	" buccinator	2-4-5	1-3-5	

Order VI. ODONTOGLOSSÆ. Lamellirostral Grallatores.

Family PHŒNICOPTERIDÆ. Flamingoes.

182	American Flamingo	Phœnicopterus ruber				1-s2

Order VII. HERODIONES. Herons, Storks, Ibises, Etc.

Family PLATALEIDÆ

183	Roseate Spoonbill	Ajaia ajaja			1	1-s2

Family IBIDIDÆ. Ibises.

184	White Ibis	Guara alba	1	1-2	1-2	
[185]	Scarlet Ibis	" rubra				
186	Glossy Ibis	Plegadis autumnalis				1
187	White-faced Glossy Ibis	" guarauna	1-2	1-2		

Family CICONIIDÆ. Storks and Wood Ibises.

188	Wood Ibis	Tantalus loculator		1	1-2	
[189]	Jabiru	Mycteria americana				

Family ARDEIDÆ. Herons, Bitterns, etc.

190	American Bittern	Botaurus lentiginosus	1-3-4	1-3-4	1-3-4	
191	Least Bittern	Ardetta exilis		1-4	1-4	
191.1	Cory Least Bittern	" neoxena		1-4	1-3	
192	Great White Heron	Ardea occidentalis			1	
194	Great Blue Heron	" herodias	1-5	1-5	1-5	
194a	Northwest Coast Heron	" " fannini	4-5			
194b	Ward Heron	" " wardi		1	1	
[195]	European Blue Heron	" cinerea				
196	American Egret	Herodias egretta	1-2	1-s2	1-s 2	
197	Snowy Heron	Egretta candidissima	1-2	1-2	1-2	
198	Reddish Egret	Dichromanassa rufescens	1	1-2		
199	Louisiana Heron	Hydranassa tricolor ruficollis		1-s 2	1-s 2	
200	Little Blue Heron	Florida cærulea		1-2	1-2	
201	Green Heron	Butorides virescens		1-4	1-4	
201a	Frazar Green Heron	" " frazari	1			
201b	Anthony Green Heron	" " anthonyi	1-2			
202	Black-crowned Night Heron	Nycticorax nycticorax nævius	1-2-3	1-2-4	1-2-4	
203	Yellow-crowned Night "	Nyctanasa violaceus	1	1-2	1-2	

Order VIII. PALUDICOLÆ. Cranes, Rails, Etc.

Family GRUIDÆ. Cranes.

204	Whooping Crane	Grus americana		1-3-5		
205	Little Brown Crane	" canadensis		1-4-5		
206	Sandhill Crane	" mexicana	1-4	1-4	1	

Family ARAMIDÆ. Courlans.

207	Limpkin	Aramus giganteus			1	1

Family RALLIDÆ. Rails, Gallinules, and Coots.

208	King Rail	Rallus elegans		1-3	1-3	
209	Belding Rail	Rallus beldingi	1			
210	California Clapper Rail	" obsoletus	2-3			
211	Clapper Rail	" crepitans			e 2-3	

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West	Middle	East.
211a	Louisiana Clapper Rail	" " saturatus		s2	
211b	Florida Clapper Rail	" " scottii			1
211c	Wayne Clapper Rail	" " waynei			s 2
[211.2]	Caribbean Clapper Rail	" longirostris caribæus		1	
212	Virginia Rail.	" virginianus.	1-3 4	1-3-4	1-3-4
[213]	Spotted Crake	Porzana porzana			
214	Sora	" carolina	1-2-4	1-3-4	1-3-4
215	Yellow Rail	" noveboracensis.	1-3-4	1-4	1-3-4
216	Black Rail	" jamaicensis.	1-3	1-3	1-2-3
216.1	Farallone Rail	" coturniculus.	w2		
[217]	Corn Crake.	Crex crex.			
218	Purple Gallinule.	Ionornis martinica		1-3	1-3
219	Florida Gallinule	Gallinula galeata.	1-3	1-3	1-3
[220]	European Coot.	Fulica atra.			
221	American Coot.	" americana	1-4	1-5	1-3

Order IX. LIMICOLÆ. Shore Birds.

Family PHALAROPODIDÆ. Phalaropes.

222	Red Phalarope.	Crymophilus fulicarius	1-5	3-5	3-5
223	Northern Phalarope	Phalaropus lobatus.	1-4-5		1-5
224	Wilson Phalarope.	Steganopus tricolor.	1-3-4	1-3-4	1-4

Family RECURVIROSTRIDÆ. Avocets and Stilts.

225	American Avocet	Recurvirostra americana	1-3-4	w 1-4	
226	Black-necked Stilt.	Himantopus mexicanus.	1-3	1-2	

Family SCOLOPACIDÆ. Snipes, Sandpipers, Etc.

[227]	European Woodcock	Scolopax rusticola			
228	American Woodcock	Philohela minor		e 1-4	1-4
[229]	European Snipe.	Gallinago gallinago			
230	Wilson Snipe.	" delicata.	2-3-5	2 4	2-4
[230.1]	Great Snipe	" major.			
231	Dowitcher	Macrorhamphus griseus		1-5	1-3
232	Long-billed Dowitcher	" scolopaceus.	1-5	1-5	
233	Stilt Sandpiper	Micropalama himantopus			1-5
234	Knot	Tringa canutus			1-6
235	Purple Sandpiper	Arquatella maritima		2-5	2-5
236	Aleutian Sandpiper	" couesi	5		
237	Pribilof Sandpiper.	" ptilocnemis	5		
238	Sharp-tailed Sandpiper.	Actrodramas acuminata	5		
239	Pectoral Sandpiper	" maculata.		1-5	1-5
240	White-rumped Sandpiper	" fuscicollis		1-5	1-5
241	Baird Sandpiper	" bairdii		1-5	
242	Least Sandpiper	" minutilla	1-4		1-4
[242.1]	Long-toed Stint.	" damacensis.			
[243]	Dunlin	Pelidna alpina			
243a	Red-backed Sandpiper	" " pacifica	1-5	1-5	1-5
244	Curlew Sandpiper	Erolia ferruginea	5		4
[245]	Spoon-bill Sandpiper	Eurynorhynchus pygmæus			
246	Semipalmated Sandpiper	Ereunetes pusillus		1-5	1-5
247	Western Sandpiper	" occidentalis	1-6	w 1-5	
248	Sanderling	Calidris arenaria	1-5		
249	Marbled Godwit	Limosa fedoa		1-5	
250	Pacific Godwit	" lapponica baueri	5	1-3-5	
251	Hudsonian Godwit	" hæmastica		1-5	1-5
[252]	Black-tailed Godwit	" limosa			
[253]	Green Shank	Totanus nebularius			
254	Greater Yellow-legs	" melanoleucus	1-4	1-3-5	1-5
255	Yellow-legs	" flavipes		1-4-5	1-4
256	Solitary Sandpiper	Helodromas solitarius		1-1-5	1-5
256a	Western Solitary Sand'p'r.	" " cinnamomeus	1-4-5		
[257]	Green Sandiper	" ochropus			
258	Willet	Symphemia semipalmata		1	1-2
258a	Western Willet	" " inornata	1-2	1-4	
259	Wandering Tattler.	Heteractitis incanus	w 1-4-5		
[260]	Ruff	Pavoncella pugnax			
261	Bartramian Sandpiper.	Bartramia longicauda	5	1-3-5	1-3-4
262	Buff-breasted Sandpiper	Tryngites subruficollis		1-5	
263	Spotted Sandpiper	Actitis macularia	1-5	1-5	1-5
264	Long-billed Curlew	Numenius longirostris	1-4	1-4	1-2
265	Hudsonian Curlew	Numenius hudsonicus	1-5	1-5	1-5
266	Eskimo Curlew	" borealis		1-5	1-5
[267]	Whimbrel	" phæopus			
[268]	Bristle-thighed Curlew	" tahitiensis			

Family CHARADRIIDÆ. Plovers.

[269]	Lapwing	Vanellus vanellus			
[269.1]	Dotterel	Eudromias morinellus			
270	Black-bellied Plover	Squatarola squatarola	1-5	1-5	1-5
[271]	Golden Plover	Charadrius apricarius			
272	American Golden Plover	" dominicus		1-5	1-5
272a	Pacific Golden Plover	" " fulvus	5		

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.			
273	Killdeer	Oxyechus vociferus	1-4	1-4	1-3
274	Semipalmated Plover	Egialitis semipalmata		1	1-4-5
275	Ring Plover	" hiaticulo			5
[276]	Little Ring Plover	" dubia			
277	Piping Plover	" meloda			1-3-4
277a	Belted Piping Plover	" circumcincta		1-3-4	
278	Snowy Plover	" nivosa	1-2-4	w 1-4	
[279]	Mongolian Plover	" mongola			
280	Wilson Plover	" wilsonius	1	1-2	1-2
281	Mountain Plover	Podasocys montanus	1-2	1-2-3	

Family APHRIZIDÆ. Surf Birds and Turnstones.

282	Surf Bird	Aphriza virgata	w 1-5		
283	Turnstone	Arenaria interpres	5	5	4
283.1	Ruddy Turnstone	" morinella	1-5	1-5	1-5
284	Black Turnstone	" melanocephala	w 1-4-5		

Family HÆMATOPODIDÆ. Oyster-catchers.

[285]	Oyster-catcher	Hæmatopus ostralegus			
286	American Oyster-catcher	" palliatus		1	1-2
286.1	Frazar Oyster-catcher	" frazari	1		
287	Black Oyster-catcher	" bachmani	1-5		

Family JACANIDÆ. Jacanas.

[288]	Mexican Jacana	Jacana spinosa		1	

Order X. GALLINÆ. Gallinaceous Birds.

Family TETRAONIDÆ. Grouse, Partridges, Etc.

280	Bob-white	Colinus virginianus		2-3	2-3
289a	Florida Bob-white	" " floridanus			1
289b	Texan Bob-white	" " texanus		1	
291	Masked Bob-white	" ridgwayi	s e 2		
292	Mountain Partridge	Oreortyx pictus	w 2-3		
292a	Plumed Partridge	" " plumiferus	w 2-3		
292b	San Pedro Partridge	" " confinis	1		
293	Scaled Partridge	Callipepla squamata	s e 2	s w 2	
293a	Chestnut-bellied Scaled Partridge	" " castanogastris		1	
294	California Partridge	Lophortyx californica	w 3-4		
294a	Valley Partridge	" " vallicola	w 2-3		
295	Gambel Partridge	" gambelii	s 2	s w 2	
296	Mearns Partridge	Cyrtonyx montezumæ mearnsi	s e 2	s w 2	
297	Dusky Grouse	Dendragapus obscurus	e 2-3		
297a	Sooty Grouse	" " fuliginosus	3-4		
297b	Richardson Grouse	" " richardsonii	e 3-4		
298	Canada Grouse	Canachites canadensis		4	4
298b	Alaskan Grouse	" " osgoodi	5		
298c	Hudsonian Spruce Grouse	" " canace		4	4-n 3
299	Franklin Grouse	" franklinii	3-4		
300	Ruffed Grouse	Bonasa umbellus		3	2-3
300a	Canadian Ruffed Grouse	" " togata		n3-s4	n 3-s4
300b	Gray Ruffed Grouse	" " umbelloides	e 3-4		
300c	Oregon Ruffed Grouse	" " sabini	w 3-4		
301	Willow Ptarmigan	Lagopus lagopus	4-5	4-5	4-5
301a	Allen Ptarmigan	" "			N. F.
302	Rock Ptarmigan	" rupestris	4-5	4-5	4
302a	Reinhardt Ptarmigan	" " reinhardti			5
302b	Nelson Ptarmigan	" " nelsoni	w 5		
302c	Turner Ptarmigan	" " atkhensis	w 5		
302d	Townsend Ptarmigan	" " townsendi	w 5		
302.1	Evermann "	" " evermanni	w 5		
303	Welch Ptarmigan	" welchi			N. F.
304	White-tailed Ptarmigan	" leucurus	2-3-4		
304a	Kenai Ptarmigan	" " peninsularis	w 5		
305	Prairie Hen	Tympanchus americanus		3-s 4	
305a	Attwater Prairie Hen	" " attwateri		2	
306	Heath Hen	" cupido			e 3
307	Lesser Prairie Hen	" pallidicinctus		n 2	
308	Sharp-tailed Grouse	Pediœcetes phasianellus	e 4-5	4	
308a	Columbian Sharp-tailed Grouse	" " columbianus	w 3-4		
308b	Prairie Sharp-t'led Grouse	" " campestris		3-4	
309	Sage Grouse	Centrocercus urophasianus	e 3-4	w 3-4	

Family PHASIANIDÆ. Pheasants, Etc.

310	Wild Turkey	Meleagris gallopavo silvestris		e 2-3	2-s 3
310a	Merriam Turkey	" " merriami		w 2	
310b	Florida Wild Turkey	" " osceola			1
310c	Rio Grande Turkey	" " intermedia		1	

Family CRACIDÆ. Curassows and Guans.

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
311	Chachalaca	Ortalis vetula maccalli		l	

Order COLUMBÆ. Pigeons.

Family COLUMBIDÆ. Pigeons.

312	Band-tailed Pigeon	Columba fasciata	1-3		
312a	Viosca Pigeon	" " vioscæ	l		
313	Red-billed Pigeon	" flavirostris	s e 2		
314	White-crowned Pigeon	" leucocephala	s l		
[314.1]	Scaled Pigeon	" squamosa			
315	Passenger Pigeon	Ectopistes migratorius		3-4	w 2
316	Mourning Dove	Zenaidura macroura	l-4	l-4	l-3
317	Zenaida Dove	" zenaida	s l		
318	White-fronted Dove	Leptotila fulviventris brachyptera		l	
319	White-winged Dove	Melopelia leucoptera	s 2	l	l
320	Ground Dove	Columbigallina passerina terrestris		e 2	l-2
320a	Mexican Ground Dove	" " pallescens	s 2		
320b	Bermuda Ground Dove	" " bermudiana			Ber.
321	Inca Dove	Scardafella inca	s 2	l	
[322]	Key West Quail-Dove	Geotrygon chrysia			s l
[322.1]	Ruddy Quail-Dove	" montana			s l
[323]	Blue-headed Quail-Dove	Starnœnas cyanocephala			s l

Order RAPTORES. Birds of Prey.

Family CATHARTIDÆ. American Vultures.

324	California Vulture	Gymnogyps californianus	w 2		
325	Turkey Vulture	Cathartes aura	l-4	l-4	l-3
326	Black Vulture	Catharista urubu		e l-3	l-2

Family FALCONIDÆ. Falcons, Hawks, Eagles, Etc.

327	Swallow-tailed Kite	Elanoides forficatus		l-3	l-2
328	White-tailed Kite	Elanus leucurus	l-2	l-2	
329	Mississippi Kite	Ictinia mississippiensis		l-2	l-2
330	Everglade Kite	Rostrhamus sociabilis		l	
331	Marsh Hawk	Circus hudsonius	l-4	l-4	l-4
332	Sharp-shinned Hawk	Accipiter velox	l-5	l-5	l-5
333	Cooper Hawk	" cooperii	l-4	l-4	l-4
334	American Goshawk	" atricapillus		2-4-5	2-4-5
334a	Western Goshawk	" " striatulus	2-3-5		
335	Harris Hawk	Parabuteo unicinctus harrisi	s 2	l	
[336]	European Buzzard	Buteo buteo			
337	Red-tailed Hawk	" borealis		e 2-4	2-4
337a	Krider Hawk	" " kriderii		w 2-3	
337b	Western Red-tail	" " calurus	l-4		
337d	Harlan Hawk	" " harlani		l-2	l-2
	Socorro Red-tail	" " socorroensis	l		
339	Red-shouldered Hawk	" lineatus		e l-3	l-3
339a	Florida Red-sh'der'd Hawk	" " alleni			l-2
339b	Red-bellied Hawk	" " elegans	l-4		
340	Zone-tailed Hawk	" abbreviatus	s 2	l	
341	Sennett White-tail'd Hawk	" albicaudatus sennetti	s e 2	l	
342	Swainson Hawk	" swainsoni	l-5	l-5	
343	Broad-winged Hawk	" platypterus		e l-4	l-4
344	Short-tailed Hawk	" brachyurus			s l
345	Mexican Black Hawk	Urubitinga anthracina	s e 2	l	
346	Mexican Goshawk	Asturina plagiata	s 2	l	
[347]	Rough-legged Hawk	Archibuteo lagopus			
347a	Am. Rough-legg'd Hawk	" " sancti-johannis	2-4-5	2-4-5	2-4-5
348	Ferruginous Rough-Leg	" ferrugineus	2-3-4	w 2-3-4	
349	Golden Eagle	Aquila chrysaetos	l-5	w l-5	
[350]	Harpy Eagle	Thrasaetos harpyia			
[351]	Gray Sea Eagle	Haliæetus albicilla			
352	Bald Eagle	" leucocephalus		l-5	l-5
352a	Alaskan Bald Eagle	" " alascanus	5		
353	White Gyrfalcon	Falco islandus		l-5	4-5
354	Gray Gyrfalcon	" rusticolus	4-5	3-5	4-5
354a	Gyrfalcon	" " gyrfalco	4-5	4-5	4-5
354b	Black Gyrfalcon	" " obsoletus			3-5
355	Prairie Falcon	" mexicanus	l-3	w l-3	
356	Duck Hawk	" peregrinus anatum	2-5	2-5	3-5
356a	Peale Falcon	" " pealei	w 3-5		
357	Pigeon Hawk	Falco columbarius	e 2-3-5	2-3-5	2-3-5
357a	Black Merlin	" " suckleyi	w 3-5		
358	Richardson Merlin	" richardsonii		w l-4	
[358.1]	Merlin	" regulus			
359	Aplomado Falcon	" fusco-cœrulescens	s 2	l	
[359.a]	Kestrel	" tinnunculus			
360	American Sparrow Hawk	" sparverius		2-4	2-4
360a	Desert Sparrow Hawk	" " phalœna	l-4		

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
360b	St. Lucas Sparrow Hawk..	" " peninsularis	1		
[361]	Cuban Sparrow Hawk	" dominicensis			
362	Audubon Caracara	Polyborus cheriway	s 2	1	1
363	Guadalupe Caracara	" lutosus	1		
364	American Osprey	Pandion haliaetus carolinensis	1-5	1-4	1-4
		Family STRIGIDÆ. Barn Owls.			
365	American Barn Owl	Strix pratincola	1-3	1-3	1-3
		Family BUBONIDÆ. Horned Owls, Etc.			
366	American Long-eared Owl.	Asio wilsonianus	1-4	1-4	1-4
367	Short-eared Owl	" accipitrinus	2-4-5	2-3.5	2-3-5
368	Barred Owl	Syrnium varium		2-4	2-4
368a	Florida Barred Owl	" " alleni		1 s 2	1-2
368b	Texan Barred Owl	" " helveolum		1	
369	Spotted Owl	" occidentale	1-2		
369a	Northern Spotted Owl	" " caurinum	3-4		
370	Great Gray Owl	Scotiaptex nebulosa	3-5	3-5	3-5
[370a]	Lapp Owl	" " lapponica			
371	Richardson Owl	Nyctala tengmalmi richardsoni	e 3-5	3-4-5	3 4-5
372	Saw-whet Owl	" acadica	3-5	3-5	2-3-5
372a	Northwest Saw-whet Owl..	" " scotæa	4		
373	Screech Owl	Megascops asio		e 2-4	2-4
373a	Florida Screech Owl	" " floridanus		s 2	1-2
373b	Texas Screech Owl	" " mccalli		1	
373c	California Screech Owl	" " bendirei	w 2-3		
373d	Kennicott Screech Owl	" " kennicottii	w 3-4		
373e	Rocky Mt'n Screech Owl	" " maxwellæ	e 3		
373f	Mexican Screech Owl	" " cineraceus	s 2		
373g	Aiken Screech Owl	" " aikeni	s e 2		
373h	MacFarlane Screech Owl	" " macfarlanei	3-4		
373.1	Spotted Screech Owl	" trichopsis	s e 2		
373.2	Xantus Screech Owl	" xantusi	1		
374	Flammulated Screech Owl.	" flammeola	e 1-3		
374a	Dwarf Screech Owl	" " idahoensis	3		
375	Great Horned Owl	Bubo virginianus		e 1-4	1-4
375a	Western Horned Owl	" " pallescens	e 1-4	w 1-4	
375b	Acrtic Horned Owl	" " arcticus		3-4-5	
375c	Dusky Horned Owl	" " saturatus	3-5	5	
375d	Pacific Horned Owl	" " pacificus	2-3		
375e	Dwarf Horned Owl	" " elachistus	1		
376	Snowy Owl	Nyctea nyctea	3-5	3-5	3-5
[377]	Hawk Owl	Surnia ulula			
377a	American Hawk Owl	" " caparoch	e 3-5	3-5	3-4-5
378	Burrowing Owl	Speotyto cunicularia hypogæa	1-4	w 1-4	
378a	Florida Burrowing Owl	" " floridana			1
379	Pygmy Owl	Glaucidium gnoma	e 1-3		
379a	California Pygmy Owl	" " californicum	w 2-4		
379.1	Hoskins Pygmy Owl	" hoskinsii	1		
380	Ferruginous Pygmy Owl..	" phalænoides	s 2		
381	Elf Owl	Micropallas whitneyi	s 2		

Order PSITTACI. Parrots, Macaws, Paroquets, Etc.

Family PSITTACIDÆ. Parrots and Paroquets.

382	Carolina Paroquet	Conurus carolinensis		1	1-2
382.1	Thick-billed Parrot	Rhynchopsitta pachyrhyncha	s e 2		

Order COCCYGES. Cuckoos, Etc.

Family CUCULIDÆ. Cuckoos, Anis, Etc.

[383]	Ani	Crotophaga ani			1
384	Groove-billed Ani	" sulcirostris	1	1	1
385	Road-runner	Geococcyx californianus	1-2	1-2	
386	Mangrove Cuckoo	Coccyzus minor			1
[386a]	Maynard Cuckoo	" " maynardi			1
387	Yellow-billed Cuckoo	" americanus		1-3	1-3
387a	California Cuckoo	" " occidentalis	1-4		
388	Black-billed Cuckoo	" erythrophthalmus		1-4	1-4
[388.1]	Kamchatkan Cuckoo	Cuculus canorus telephonus			
		Family TROGONIDÆ. Trogons.			
389	Coppery-tailed Trogon	Trogon ambiguus	s e 2	1	
		Family ALCEDINIDÆ. Kingfishers.			
390	Belted Kingfisher	Ceryle alcyon	1-5	1-5	1-5
[391.1]	Ringed Kingfisher	" torquata			
391	Texas Kingfisher	" americana septentrionalis		1	

Order PICI. Woodpeckers, Wrynecks, Etc.

Family PICIDÆ. Woodpeckers.

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
392	Ivory-billed Woodpecker	Campephilus principalis		1	1
393	Hairy Woodpecker	Dryobates villosus		3	3
393a	Northern Hairy W'dpeck'r	" " leucomelas	5	4-5	4-5
393b	Southern Hairy W'dpeck'r	" " audubonii		1-2	1-2
393c	Harris Woodpecker	" " harrisii	w 3-4		
393d	Cabanis Woodpecker	" " hyloscopus	2		
393e	R'ky Mt. Hairy W'dpeck'r	" " monticolr	e 2-4		
393f	Q'n Charlotte W'dpeck'r	" " picoideus	4		
394	South'n Downy W'dpeck'r	" pubescens		1-2	1-2
394a	Gairdner Woodpecker	" " gairdnerii	w 3-4		
394b	Batchelder Woodpecker	" " homorus	e 2-4		
394c	Downy Woodpecker	" " medianus			3-5
394d	North'n Downy W'dpeck'r	" " nelsoni	5		
394e	Willow Woodpecker	" " turati	w. Cal.		
395	Red-cockaded W'dpeck'r	" borealis		1-2	1-2
396	Texan Woodpecker	" scalaris bairdi	1-2		
396a	Saint Lucas Woodpecker	" " lucasanus	1		
397	Nuttall Woodpecker	" nuttallii	w 2-3		
398	Arizona Woodpecker	" arizonæ	s e 2		
399	White-headed W'dpeck'r	Xenopicus albolarvatus	2 s 4		
400	Arctic Three-toed W'dp'r	Picoides arcticus	n 3-5	n 3-5	n 3-5
401	Amer. Three-toed W'dp'r	" americanus		3-4-5	3-4-5
401a	Alask'n Three-toed W'dp,r	" " fasciatus	4-5		
401b	Alpine Three-toed W'dp'r	" " dorsalis	e 2-4		
402	Yellow-bellied Sapsucker	Sphyrapicus varius		2-3-4	2-3-4
402a	Red-naped Sapsucker	" " nuchalis	2-3-4		
403	Red-breasted Sapsucker	" ruber	2-3		
403a	North'n Red-br'd Saps'r	" " notkens s	3-4		
404	Williamson Sapsucker	" " thyroideus	2-3		
405	Pileated Woodpecker	Ceophlœus pileatus		1-2	1-2
405a	North'n Pileated W'dp'r	" " abieticola	2-4	3-5	3-4
406	Red-headed Woodpecker	Melanerpes erythrocephalus		2-4	2-3
407	Ant-eating Woodpecker	" formicivorus	s e 2		
407a	Californian Woodpecker	" " bairdi	w 3		
407b	Narrow-fronted W'dp'r	" " angustifrons	1		
408	Lewis Woodpecker	Asyndesmus torquatus	2-4		
409	Red-bellied Woodpecker	Centurus carolinus		e 2-3	1-2
410	Golden-fronted W'dp'r	" aurifrons		1	
411	Gila Woodpecker	Centurus uropygialis	s e 2		
412	Southern Flicker	Colaptes auratus		1-2	1-2
412a	Northern Flicker	" " luteus	5	2-5	2-4
413	Red-shafted Flicker	" cafer collaris	2-5		
413a	Northwestern Flicker	" " saturatior	w 3-4		
414	Gilded Flicker	" chrysoides	s e 2		
414a	Brown Flicker	" " brunnescens	1		
415	Guadalupe Flicker	" rufipileus	1		

Order MACROCHIRES. Goatsuckers, Swifts, Etc.

Family CAPRIMULGIDÆ. Goatsuckers, Etc.

416	Chuck-will's-widow	Antrostomus carolinensis			1-2
417	Whip-poor-will	" vociferus		e 2-4	2-3
417a	Stephens Whip-poor-will	" " macromystax	2		
418	Poor-will	Phalænoptilus nuttallii	2-4	w 2-3	
418a	Frosted Poor-will	" " nitidus	2		
418b	Dusky Poor-will	" " californicus	w 2-3		
419	Merrill Parauque	Nyctidromus albicollis merrilli		1	
420	Nighthawk	Chordeiles virginianus	4-5	e 2-4	2-4
420a	Western Nighthawk	" " henryi	2-4		
420b	Florida Nighthawk	" " chapmani		s 2	1
420c	Sennett Nighthawk	" " sennetti		w 2-4	
421	Texan Nighthawk	" acutipennis texensis	2	1	

Family MICROPODIDÆ. Swifts.

422	Black Swift	Cypseloides niger borealis	1-4		
423	Chimney Swift	Chætura pelagica		e 2-4	1-4
424	Vaux Swift	" vauxii	w 1-4		
425	White-throated Swift	Aeronautes melanoleucus	1-3		

Family TROCHILIDÆ. Humming Birds.

426	Rivoli Hummingbird	Eugenes fulgens	s e 2		
427	Blue-throated H'mingbird	Cœligena clemenciæ	s e 2		
428	Ruby-throated H'mingbird	Trochilus colubris		1-4	1-4
429	Black-chinned H'mingbird	" alexandri	2-4		
430	Costa Hummingbird	Calypte costæ	1-2		
431	Anna Hummingbird	" anna	2-3		
[431.1]	Floresi Hummingbird	Selasphorus floresii			
432	Broad-tailed H'mingbird	" platycercus	e 1-3		

A.O.U No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	
433	Rufous Hummingbird	Selasphorus rufus	2-5		
434	Allen Hummingbird	" alleni	w 2-4		
435	Morcom Hummingbird	Atthis morcomi	s e 2		
436	Calliope Hummingbird	Stellula calliope	e 2-4		
437	Lucifer Hummingbird	Calothorax lucifer	s e 2		
438	Rieffer Hummingbird	Amazilis tzacatl		1	
439	Buff-bellied Hummingbird	" cerviniventris chalconota		1	
440	Xantus Hummingbird	Basilinna xantusi			
440.1	White-eared H'mingbird	" leucotis	s e 2		
441	Broad-billed H'mingbird	Iache latirostris	s e 2		

Order PASSERES. Perching Birds.

Family COTINGIDÆ. Cotingas.

[441.1]	Xantus Becard	Platypsaris albiventris			

Family TYRANNIDÆ. Tyrant Flycatchers.

[442]	Fork-tailed Flycatcher	Muscivora tyrannus			
443	Scissor-tailed Flycatcher	" forficata		1-2	
444	Kingbird	Tyrannus tyrannus	2-4	1-4	1-4
445	Gray Kingbird	" dominicensis			1 e 2
446	Couch Kingbird	" melancholicus couchii		1	
447	Arkansas Kingbird	" verticalis	2-4	w 1-4	
448	Cassin Kingbird	" vociferans	2-3		
449	Derby Flycatcher	Pitangus derbianus		1	
[450]	Giraud Flycatcher	Myiozetetes similis superciliosus			
451	Sulphur-bellied Flycatc'er	Myiodynastes luteiventris	s e 2		
452	Crested Flycatcher	Myiarchus crinitus		e 1-2-4	1-2-4
453	Mexican Crested Flyc'her	" mexicanus		1	
453a	Arizona Crested Flyc'her	" " magister	s e 2		
454	Ash-throated Flycatcher	" cinerascens	1-3		
454a	Nutting Flycatcher	" " nuttingi	s e 2		
454b	Lower California Flyc'her	" " pertinax	1		
[455]	Lawrence Flycatcher	" lawrencei			
455a	Olivaceous Flycatcher	" " olivascens	s e 2		
456	Phœbe	Sayornis phœbe		1-2-4	1-2-4
457	Say Phœbe	" saya	1-2-5		
458	Black Phœbe	" nigricans	1-4		
458a	Western Black Phœbe	" " semiatra	1-3		
459	Olive-sided Flycatcher	Nuttallornis borealis	1-3-5	1-3-5	1-3-5
460	Coues Flycatcher	Contopus pertinax pallidiventris	s e 2		
461	Wood Pewee	" virens		1-4	1-4
462	Western Wood Pewee	" richardsonii	1-4		
462a	Large-billed Wood Pewee	" " peninsulæ	1		
463	Yellow-bellied Flycatcher	Empidonax flaviventris		e 1-3-4	1-3-4
464	Western Flycatcher	" difficilis	2-5		
464.1	St. Lucas Flycatcher	" cineritius	1		
464.2	Santa Barbara Flycatcher	" insulicola	w 2		
465	Green-crested Flycatcher	" virescens		e 1-4	1-4
466	Traill Flycatcher	" traillii	1-2-5		
466a	Alder Flycatcher	" " alnorum		e 1-3-4	1-3-4
467	Least Flycatcher	" minimus		1-3-4	1-3-4
468	Hammond Flycatcher	" hammondi	2-3		
469	Wright Flycatcher	" wrightii	2-3		
469.1	Gray Flycatcher	" griseus	1 s 2		
[470]	Fulvous Flycatcher	" fulvifrons			
470a	Buff-breasted Flycatcher	" " pygmæus	s e 2		
471	Vermilion Flycatcher	Pyrocephalus rubineus mexicanus	2		
472	Beardless Flycatcher	Ornithion imberbe		1	
472a	Ridgway Flycatcher	" " ridgwayi	s e 2		

Family ALAUDIDÆ. Larks.

[473]	Skylark	Alauda arvensis			
474	Horned Lark	Otocoris alpestris		e 2-4	2-4
474a	Pallid Horned Lark	" " arcticola	3-5		
474b	Prairie Horned Lark	" " praticola		2-3-4	
474c	Desert Horned Lark	" " leucolæma		w 2-4	
474d	Texan Horned Lark	" " giraudi		1	
474e	California Horned Lark	" " actia	w 1-2		
474f	Ruddy Horned Lark	" " rubea	s w 3		
474g	Streaked Horned Lark	" " strigata	w 3		
474h	Scorched Horned Lark	" " adusta	s w 2		
474i	Dusky Horned Lark	" " merrilli	3-4		
474j	Sonoran Horned Lark	" " pallida	s w 2		
474k	Hoyt Horned Lark	" " hoyti		3-4-5	
474l	Montezuma Horned Lark	" " occidentalis	s e 2		
474m	Island Horned Lark	" " insularis	w 2		

Family CORVIDÆ. Crows, Jays, Magpies, Etc.

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
475	American Magpie	Pica pica hudsonia	2-5		
476	Yellow-billed Magpie	Pica nuttalli	w 2-3		
477	Blue Jay	Cyanocitta cristata		c 2-4	2-4
477a	Florida Blue Jay	" " florincola		s 2	1
478	Steller Jay	" stelleri	w 2-5		
478a	Blue-fronted Jay	" " frontalis	w 1-2		
478b	Long-crested Jay	" " diademata	e 2-3		
478c	Black-headed Jay	" " annectens	e 3-4		
478d	Queen Charlotte Jay	" " carlottæ	w-4		
479	Florida Jay	Aphelocoma cyanea			1
480	Woodhouse Jay	" woodhouseii	2-3		
480.1	Blue-eared Jay	" cyanotis		1	
480.2	Texan Jay	" texana		1	
481	California Jay	" californica	w 2-3		
481a	Xantus Jay	" " hypoleuca	1		
481b	Belding Jay	" " obscura	1		
481.1	Santa Cruz Jay	" insularis	w 2		
482	Arizona Jay	" sieberii arizonæ	s e 2		
482a	Couch Jay	" " couchii		1	
483	Green Jay	Xanthoura luxuosa glaucescens		1	
484	Canada Jay	Perisoreus canadensis		3-4	3-4
484a	Rocky Mountain Jay	" " capitalis	e 2-3		
484b	Alaskan Jay	" " fumifrons	5		
484c	Labrador Jay	" " nigricapillus			4
485	Oregon Jay	" obscurus	w 3-4		
485a	Gray Jay	" " griseus	3-4		
486	American Raven	Corvus corax	1-4		
486a	Northern Raven	" " principalis	5	5	2-5
487	White-necked Raven	" cryptoleucus	2	w-2	
488	American Crow	" americanus	1-3-5	1-3-5	1-3-5
488a	Florida Crow	" " pascuus			1
489	Northwest Crow	" caurinus	w 3-4		
490	Fish Crow	" ossifragus			e 1-3
491	Clarke Nutcracker	Nucifraga columbiana	2-5		
492	Pinon Jay	Cyanocephalus cyanocephalus	2-4		

Family STURNIDÆ. Starlings.

[493]	Starling	Sturnus vulgaris			

Family ICTERIDÆ. Blackbirds, Orioles, Etc.

494	Bobolink	Dolichonyx oryzivorus		1-3-4	1-3-4
495	Cowbird	Molothrus ater		1-4	1-4
495a	Dwarf Cowbird	" " obscurus	s 2		
496	Red-eyed Cowbird	Callothrus robustus		1	
497	Yellow-headed Blackbird	Xanthocephalus xanthocephalus	2-4	w 2-4	
498	Red-winged Blackbird	Agelaius phœniceus		2-4	2-4
498a	Sonoran Red-wing	" " sonoriensis	s 2		
498b	Bahama Red-wing	" " bryanti			1
498c	Florida Red-wing	" " floridanus			s 2
498d	Thick-billed Red-wing	" " fortis		2-4-5	
498e	San Diego Red-wing	" " neutralis	2-3-4		
498f	Northwestern Red-wing	" " caurinus	w 2-3-4		
499	Bicolored Blackbird	" gubernator californicus	w 2-3		
500	Tricolored Blackbird	" tricolor	w 2-3		
501	Meadowlark	Sturnella magna		2-3	2-3
501a	Mexican Meadowlark	" " hoopesi	s 2	1	
501b	Western Meadowlark	" " neglecta	2-3	w 2-3	
501c	Florida Meadowlark	" " argutula			s 2
[502]	Troupial	Icterus icterus			
503	Audubon Oriole	" audubonii		1	
504	Scott Oriole	" parisorum	s 2		
505	Hooded Oriole	" cucullatus sennetti		1	
505a	Arizona Hooded Oriole	" " nelsoni	s 2		
506	Orchard Oriole	" spurius		1-3	1-3
507	Baltimore Oriole	" galbula		1-2-4	1-3
508	Bullock Oriole	" bullocki	1-s-4		
509	Rusty Blackbird	Scolecophagus carolinus	5	1-3-5	1-4-5
510	Brewer Blackbird	" cyanocephalus	1-4	1-4	
511	Purple Grackle	Quiscalus quiscula		2	2-3
511a	Florida Grackle	" " aglæus		s 2	1-2
511b	Bronzed Grackle	" " æneus		1-4	1-4
513	Boat-tailed Grackle	Megaquiscalus major		s 2	1 e 2
513a	Great-tailed Grackle	" " macrourus		1	

Family FRINGILLIDÆ. Finches, Sparrows, Etc.

514	Evening Grosbeak	Hesperiphona vespertina	e 3-5	w 3	
514a	Western Evening Grosb'k	" " montana	w 2-4		
515	Pine Grosbeak	Pinocola enucleator leucura		e 3-5	3-4-5
515a	Rocky Mt. Pine Grosbeak	" " montana	e 2-3		
515b	California Pine Grosbeak	" " californica	w 2-3		
515c	Alaskan Pine Grosbeak	" " alascensis	3-5		
515d	Kadiak Pine Grosbeak	" " flammula	5		

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
[516]	Cassin Bullfinch	Pyrrhula cassini			
517	Purple Finch	Carpodacus purpureus		e 2-3-4	2-3-4
517a	California Purple Finch	" " californicus	w 2-4		
518	Cassin Purple Finch	" cassini	2-4		
519	House Finch	" mexicanus frontalis	2-3		
519b	St. Lucas House Finch	" " ruberrimus	1		
519c	San Clemente House Finch	" " clementis	w 1		
520	Guadalupe House Finch	" amplus	w 1		
520.1	San Benito House Finch	" mcgregori	1		
521	American Crossbill	Loxia curvirostra minor	5	2-3-5	2-3-5
521a	Mexican Crossbill	" " stricklandi	1-3		
522	White-winged Crossbill	" leucoptera	3-4-5	3-4-5	3-4-5
523	Aleutian Leucosticte	Leucosticte griseonucha	w 5		
524	Gray-crowned Leucosticte	" tephrocotis	2-3-4	3-4	
524a	Hepburn Leucosticte	" " littoralis	3-4-5		
525	Black Leucosticte	" atrata	e 3		
526	Brown-capped Leucosticte	" australis	e 2-3		
527	Greenland Redpoll	Acanthis hornemannii			e 4-5
527a	Hoary Redpoll	" exilipes		3-5	3-5
528	Redpoll	" linaria	3-5	3-5	3-5
528a	Holbœll Redpoll	" " holbœllii		3-5	3-5
528b	Greater Redpoll	" " rostrata			n 3-5
529	American Goldfinch	Astragalinus tristis		2-3-4	2-3-4
529a	Western Goldfinch	" " pallidus	e 2-4		
529b	Willow Goldfinch	" " salicamans	w 2-3		
530	Arkansas Goldfinch	" psaltria	2-3		
530b	Mexican Goldfinch	" " mexicanus		1	
531	Lawrence Goldfinch	" lawrencei	w 2		
[532]	Black-headed Goldfinch	Spinus nolatus			
533	Pine Siskin	" pinus	2-n 3-5	2-n 3-5	2 n 3-5
534	Snowflake	Passerina nivalis	3-4-5	3-5	3-5
534a	Pribilof Snowflake	" " townsendi	5		
535	McKay Snowflake	" hyperborea	w 5		
536	Lapland Longspur	Calcarius lapponicus		2-5	2-5
536a	Alaskan Longspur	" " alascensis	3-5		
537	Smith Longspur	" pictus			
538	Chestnut-collared Longs'r.	" ornatus		w 2-3-4	
539	McCown Longspur	Rhynchophanes mccownii		w 1-3-4	
540	Vesper Sparrow	Poœcetes gramineus		e 2-3-4	2-3-4
540a	Western Vesper Sparrow	" " confinis	2-4	w 2-3-4	
540b	Oregon Vesper Sparrow	" " affinis	w 2-3		
541	Ipswich Sparrow	Passerculus princeps			e 2-4
542	Sandwich Sparrow	" sandwichensis	w 3-5		
542a	Savanna Sparrow	" " savanna		2-3-4	2-3-4
542b	West'n Savanna Sparrow	" " alaudinus	1-5		
542c	Bryant Marsh Sparrow	" " bryanti	w 2		
543	Belding Marsh Sparrow	" beldingi	w 2		
544	Large-billed Sparrow	" rostratus	w 1-2		
544a	St. Lucas Sparrow	" " guttatus	1		
544b	Lagoon Sparrow	" " halophilus	1		
544c	San Benito Sparrow	" " sanctorum	1		
545	Baird Sparrow	Coturniculus bairdii		w 2-3-4	
546	Grasshopper Sparrow	" savannarum passerinus		2-3	2-3
546a	West Grasshopper Sparrow	" " bimaculatus	2-3		
546b	Fla. Grasshopper Sparrow	" " floridanus			1
547	Henslow Sparrow	" henslowii		e 2-3	2-3
547a	Western Henslow Sparrow	" " occidentalis		w 2-3	
548	Leconte Sparrow	" leconteii		2-3-4	1-s-2
549	Sharp-tailed Sparrow	Ammodramus caudacutus			e 2-3
549.1	Nelson Sparrow	" nelsoni		2-3	s 2
549.1a	Acadian Sharp-tailed Spar.	" " subvirgatus			e 2-3-4
550	Seaside Sparrow	" maritimus			e 2-3
550a	Scott Seaside Sparrow	" " peninsulæ			
550b	Texas Seaside Sparrow	" " sennetti		e 1	e 2
550c	Fisher Seaside Sparrow	" " fisheri		s 2	
550d	MacGillivray Seaside Spar.	" " macgillivraii			se 2
551	Dusky Seaside Sparrow	" nigrescens			e 1
552	Lark Sparrow	Chondestes grammacus		2-4	
552a	Western Lark Sparrow	" " strigatus	2-4		
553	Harris Sparrow	Zonotrichia querula		3-4	
554	White-crowned Sparrow	" leucophrys	2-3-4	2-4	
554a	Gambel Sparrow	" " gambeli	2-3-5		2-4
554b	Nuttall Sparrow	" " nuttalli	w 2-4		
557	Golden-crowned Sparrow	" coronata	w 2-5		
558	White-throated Sparrow	" albicollis		2 n 3-4	2 n 3-4
559	Tree Sparrow	Spizella monticola		2-4	2-4
559a	Western Tree Sparrow	" " ochracea	2-5		
560	Chipping Sparrow	" socialis		2-4	2-4
560a	Western Chipping Sparrow	" arizonæ	2-5		
561	Clay-colored Sparrow	" pallida		2-3-4	
562	Brewer Sparrow	" breweri	2-4		

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
563	Field Sparrow	Spizella pusilla		e 1-3	1-3
563a	Western Field Sparrow	" arenacea		w 1-3-4	
564	Worthen Sparrow	" wortheni	s e 2		
565	Black-chinned Sparrow	" atrogularis	1-s 2		
566	White-winged Junco	Junco aikeni	e 3		
567	Slate-colored Junco	" hyemalis	5	1-3-5	1-3-5
567a	Oregon Junco	" " oreganus	w 3-4-5		
567b	Shufeldt Junco	" " shufeldti	3-4		
567c	Thurber Junco	" " thurberi	2-3		
567d	Point Pinos Junco	" " pinosus	1		
567e	Carolina Junco	" " carolinensis			e 2
567.1	Montana Junco	" montanus		w 2-3-4	
568	Pink sided Junco	" mearnsi	e 2-3		
569	Gray-headed Junco	" caniceps	e 2-3		
570	Arizona Junco	" phæonotus palliatus	s e 2		
570a	Red-backed Junco	" " dorsalis	s e 2		
571	Baird Junco	" bairdi	1		
571.1	Townsend Junco	" townsendi	n 1		
572	Guadalupe Junco	" insularis	e 1		
573	Black-throated Sparrow	Amphispiza bilineata		1	
573a	Desert Sparrow	" " deserticola	s 2		
474	Bell Sparrow	" belli	w 2		
574a	Sage Sparrow	" " nevadensis	e 2-3		
574b	Gray Sage Sparrow	" " cinerea	1		
575	Pine-wood Sparrow	Peucæa æstivalis			1 s e 2
575a	Bachman Sparrow	" " bachmanii		1-s 2	1-2
576	Arizona Sparrow	" botteri		1	
578	Cassin Sparrow	" cassini		w 1-2	
579	Rufous-winged Sparrow	Aimophila carpalis	s e 2		
580	Rufous-crowned Sparrow	ruficeps	s w 2		
580a	Boucard Sparrow	" " scotti	s e 2		
580b	Rock Sparrow	" " eremœca		1	
580c	Laguna Sparrow	" " sororia	1		
581	Song Sparrow	Melospiza cinerea melodia		e 2-3-4	2-3-4
581a	Desert Song Sparrow	" " fallax	s 2		
581b	Mountain Song Sparrow	" " montana	e 2-3		
581c	Heermann Song Sparrow	" " heermanni	w 2		
581d	Samuel Song Sparrow	" " samuelis	n w 2		
581e	Rusty Song Sparrow	" " morphna	w 2-3-4		
581f	Sooty Song Sparrow	" " rufina	w 4-5		
581g	Brown Song Sparrow	" " rivularis	1		
581h	Santa Barbara Song Spar.	" " graminea	w 2		
581i	San Clemente Song Spar.	" " clementæ	s w 2		
581j	Judd Song Sparrow	" " juddi	e 3		
581k	Merrill Song Sparrow	" " merrilli	2-3		
581l	Alameda Song Sparrow	" " pusillula	n w 2		
581m	San Diego Song Sparrow	" " cooperi	s w 2		
581n	Yakutat Song Sparrow	" " caurina	w 5		
581o	Kenai Song Sparrow	" " kenaiensis	w 5		
581.1	Bischoff Song Sparrow	" " insignis	w 5		
582	Aleutian Song Sparrow	" cinerea	w 5		
583	Lincoln Sparrow	" lincolnii	2-3-5	2-3-4	2-3-4
583a	Forbush Sparrow	" " striata	w 3-4		
584	Swamp Sparrow	" georgiana		e 2-3-4	2-3-4
585	Fox Sparrow	Passerella iliaca	5	2-4-5	2-4-5
585a	Townsend Sparrow	" " unalaschensis	w 5		
585b	Thick-billed Sparrow	" " megarhyncha	w 3		
585c	Slate-colored Sparrow	" " schistacea	e 2-3-4		
585d	Stephens Sparrow	" " stephensi	s w 2		
586	Texas Sparrow	Arremenops rufivirgata		1	
587	Towhee	Pipilo erythrophthalmus		e 2-3-4	2-3-4
587a	White-eyed Towhee	" " alleni			1-s-e 2
588	Arctic Towhee	" maculatus arcticus		w 2-3-4	
588a	Spurred Towhee	" " megalonyx	2-4		
588b	Oregon Towhee	" " oregonus	w 3-4		
588c	San Clemente Towhee	" " clementæ	s w 2		
588d	San Diego Towhee	" " atratus	s w 2		
588e	Mountain Towhee	" " magnirostris	1		
589	Guadalupe Towhee	" consobrinus	w 1		
591	Canon Towhee	" fuscus mesoleucus	s e 2		
591a	Saint Lucas Towhee	" " albigula	1		
591b	California Towhee	" " crissalis	w 2-3		
591c	Anthony Towhee	" " senicula	s w 2		
592	Abert Towhee	" aberti	s 2		
592.1	Green-tailed Towhee	Oreospiza chlorura	2 3		
593	Cardinal	Cardinalis cardinalis		2 s 3	2 s 3
593a	Arizona Cardinal	" " superbus	s e 2		
593b	Saint Lucas Cardinal	" " igneus	1		
593c	Gray-tailed Cardinal	" " canicaudus		1	
593d	Florida Cardinal	" " floridanus			1
594	Arizona Pyrrhuloxia	Pyrrhuloxia sinuata	s e 2		
594a	Texas Pyrrhuloxia	" " texana			

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
594b	Saint Lucas Pyrrhuloxia	Pyrrhuloxia sinuata peninsulæ			
595	Rose-breasted Grosbeak	Zamelodia ludoviciana		1-3-4	1-3-4
596	Black-headed Grosbeak	" melanocephala	1-2-3		
597	Blue Grosbeak	Guiraca cærulea		e 2s3	2-3
597a	Western Blue Grosbeak	" " lazula	1-2-3	w 2-3	
598	Indigo Bunting	Cyanospiza cyanea		1-2-3	1-2-3
599	Lazuli Bunting	" amœna	1-2-3	w 2-3	
600	Varied Bunting	" versicolor	s w-2		
600a	Beautiful Bunting	" " pulchra			
601	Painted Bunting	" ciris		1-2	1-2
602	Morellet Seed-eater	Sporophila morelleti			
[603]	Grassquit	Tiaris bicolor			
[603.1]	Melodious Grassquit	" canora			
604	Dickcissel	Spiza americana		1-2-3	2
605	Lark Bunting	Calamospiza melanocorys		w 1-2-4	
		Family TANAGRIDÆ. TANAGERS.			
[606]	Blue-headed Euphonia	Euphonia elegantissima			
607	Louisiana Tanager	Piranga ludoviciana	1-2-4		
608	Scarlet Tanager	" erythromelas		1-2-4	1-2-4
609	Hepatic Tanager	" hepatica	s w 2		
610	Summer Tanager	" rubra		1-2	1-2
610a	Cooper Tanager	" " cooperi	1-2		
		Family HIRUNIDINIDÆ. SWALLOWS.			
611	Purple Martin	Progne subis	e 1-2-4	1-2 4	1-2-4
611a	Western Martin	" " hesperia	w 2-3		
611.1	Cuban Martin	" cryptoleuca			
612	Cliff Swallow	Petrochelidon lunifrons	1-2-5	1-2-5	1-2-5
[612.1]	Cuban Cliff Swallow	" fulva			
612.2	Mexican Cliff Swallow	" melanogastra	s w 2		
613	Barn Swallow	Hirundo erythrogastra	1-2-5	1-2-5	1-2-5
614	Tree Swallow	Iridoprocne bicolor	1-3-5	1-3-5	1-3-5
615	Violet-green Swallow	Tachycineta thalassina lepida	1-2-4		
615a	St. Lucas Swallow	" " brachyptera			
[615.1]	Bahaman Swallow	Callichelidon cyaneoviridis			
616	Bank Swallow	Riparia riparia	1 2-5	1-3-5	1-3-5
617	Rough-winged Swallow	Stelgidopteryx serripennis	1-4	1-4	1-3
		Family AMPELIDÆ. WAXWINGS.			
618	Bohemian Waxwing	Ampelis garrulus	3-5	3-5	3-5
619	Cedar Waxwing	" cedrorum	1-2-4	1-2.4	1-2-4
620	Phainopepla	Phainopepla nitens	s 2		
		Family LANIDÆ. SHRIKES.			
621	Northern Shrike	Lanius borealis	2-4-5	3-4-5	3-4-5
622	Loggerhead Shrike	" ludovicianus		e 2-3	2-s-3
622a	White-rumped Shrike	" " excubitorides	2-4	w 2-4	
622b	California Shrike	" " gambeli	w 1-4		
622c	Anthony Shrike	" " anthonyi	s w 2		
		Family VIREONIDÆ. VIREOS.			
623	Black-whiskered Vireo	Vireo calidris barbatulus			
624	Red-eyed Vireo	" olivaceus	w 1-2-4	1-2-4	1-2-4
625	Yellow-green Vireo	" flavoviridis			
626	Philadelphia Vireo	" philadelphicus		e 1-3-4	1-3-4
627	Warbling Vireo	" gilvus		1-2-4	1-2-4
627a	Western Warbling Vireo	" " swainsoni	1-2-4		
628	Yellow-throated Vireo	" flavifrons		1-2-4	1-2-4
629	Blue-headed Vireo	" solitarius		1-2-4	1-2-4
629a	Cassin Vireo	" " cassinii	w 1 2 4		
629b	Plumbeous Vireo	" " plumbeus	e 2-3		
629c	Mountain Solitary Vireo	" " alticola			e 2
629d	St. Lucas Solitary Vireo	" " lucasanus			
630	Black-capped Vireo	" atricapillus		1-sw-2	
631	White-eyed Vireo	" noveboracensis		1-2-3	1-2-3
631a	Key West Vireo	" " maynardi			
631b	Bermuda Vireo	" " bermudianus			e 1
631c	Small White-eyed Vireo	" " micrus			
632	Hutton Vireo	" huttoni	w 2		
632a	Stephens Vireo	" " stephensi	s 2		
632c	Anthony Vireo	" " obscurus	w 2-3		
633	Bell Vireo	" belli		2-3	
633.1	Least Vireo	" pusillus	s 2		
634	Gray Vireo	" vicinior	s 2		

Family CŒREBIDÆ. HONEY CREEPERS.

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
635	Bahama Honey Creeper	Cœreba bahamensis			s1

Family MNIOTILTIDÆ. WOOD WARBLERS.

636	Black and White Warbler	Mniotilta varia		1-2-4	1-2-4
637	Prothonotary Warbler	Protonotaria citrea		1-2-s-3	1-2
638	Swainson Warbler	Helinaia swainsonii			2
639	Worm-eating Warbler	Helmitheros vermivorus		e 1-3	1-2-s-3
640	Bachman Warbler	Helmintophila bachmanii		e 1-2	1-2
641	Blue-winged Warbler	" pinus		e 1-2-3	1-2-s 3
642	Golden-winged Warbler	" chrysoptera		1-3	1-3
643	Lucy Warbler	" luciæ	s e 2		
644	Virginia Warbler	" virginiæ	e 1-2-3		
645	Nashville Warbler	" rubricapilla		1-3-4	1-3-4
645a	Calaveras Warbler	" " gutturalis	1-3-4		
646	Orange-crowned Warbler	" celata	e 2-5	1-3-5	2
646a	Lutescent Warbler	" " lutescens	w 2-5		
646b	Dusky Warbler	" " sordida	s w 2		
647	Tennessee Warbler	" peregrina	5	1-n3-5	1-4-5
648	Parula Warbler	Compsothlypis americana		e-2	1 2
648a	Northern Parula Warbler	" " usneæ	1-3-4	1-3-4	1-3-4
649	Sennett Warbler	" nigrilora		1	
650	Cape May Warbler	Dendroica tigrina		1-4	1-n-3-4
651	Olive Warbler	" olivacea	s e2		
652	Yellow Warbler	" æstiva	1-2-5	1-2-5	1-2-5
652a	Sonora Yellow Warbler	" " sonorana	s e 2		
652b	Alaskan Yellow Warbler	" " rubiginosa	w 1-4-5		
653	Mangrove Warbler	" bryanti castaneiceps	1		
654	Black-th'ed Blue Warbler	" cærulescens		1-n-3-4	1-n 3-4
654a	Cairns Warbler	" cairnsii			1-e 2
655	Myrtle Warbler	" coronata		1 n 3-4	1-n 3-4
656	Audubon Warbler	" auduboni	1-2-4		
656a	Black-fronted Warbler	" " nigrifrons	s e 2		
657	Magnolia Warbler	" maculosa		1 n 3-4	1-n 3-4
658	Cerulean Warbler	" cærulea		1-2-3	1-2-3
659	Chestnut-sided Warbler	" pensylvanica		1-3-4	1-3-4
660	Bay-breasted Warbler	" castanea		1 n 3-4	1-n 3-4
661	Black-poll Warbler	" striata	e 1-3-5	1 n 3-5	1-n 3-5
662	Blackburnian Warbler	" blackburniæ		1 n 3-4	1-n 3-4
663	Yellow-throated Warbler	" dominica			1-2
663a	Sycamore Warbler	" " albilora		1-2-s3	
664	Grace Warbler	" graciæ	s e 2		
665	Black-th'ed Gray Warbler	" nigrescens	1 2-3		
666	Golden-cheeked Warbler	" chrysoparia		1	
667	Black-th'ed Green Warbler	" virens		1-3-4	1-3-4
668	Townsend Warbler	" townsendi	1-2-5		
669	Hermit Warbler	" occidentalis	1-2-4		
670	Kirtland Warbler	" kirtlandii		e 3	s 2
671	Pine Warbler	" vigorsii		2-4	2-3
672	Palm Warbler	" palmarum		2-4	1
672a	Yellow Palm Warbler	" " hypochrysea			1-s 4-5
673	Prairie Warbler	" discolor		e 1-2-3	1-2-3
674	Oven-bird	Seiurus aurocapillus	5	1-3 4	1-3-4
675	Water-Thrush	" noveboracensis		1 n-3-4	1-n 3-4
675a	Grinnell Water-Thrush	" " notabilis	1-3-5	w 1-3-5	
676	Louisiana Water-thrush	" motacilla		1-2-s-3	1-2-s 3
677	Kentucky Warbler	Geothlypis formosa		1-2-s-3	1-2
678	Connecticut Warbler	" agilis		e 1-4	1-4
679	Mourning Warbler	" philadelphia		1-n-3-4	1- n3-4
680	Macgillivray Warbler	" tolmiei	1-2-4		
681	Maryland Yellow-throat	" trichas			e 2-s 3
681a	Western Yellow-throat	" " occidentalis	e 1-3		
681b	Florida Yellow-throat	" " ignota			1-s 2
681c	Pacific Yellow-throat	" " arizela	w 2-3		
681d	Northern Yellow-throat	" " brachidactyla		1-2-4	1-3
681e	Salt Marsh Yellow-throat	" " sinuosa	w 2		
682	Belding Yellow-throat	" beldingi	1		
682.1	Rio Grande Yellow-throat	" poliocephala			
683	Yellow-breasted Chat	Icteria virens		1-2-s 3	1-2-s 3
683a	Long-tailed Chat	" " longicauda	1-2-3		
684	Hooded Warbler	Wilsonia mitrata		1-2-s 3	1-2-s 3
685	Wilson Warbler	" pusilla		1-4-5	1-n 3-5
685a	Pileolated Warbler	" " pileolata	1-2-5		
685b	Golden Pileolated Warbler	" " chryseola	w 2-4		
686	Canadian Warbler	" canadensis		1-n 3-4	1-n 3-4
687	American Redstart	Setophaga ruticilla	e 1 3-4	1-3-5	1-3-5
688	Painted Redstart	" picta	s e 2		
[689]	Red-bellied Redstart	" miniata			
690	Red-faced Warbler	Cardellina rubrifrons	s e2		
[691]	Red Warbler	Ergaticus ruber			
[692]	Brasher Warbler	Basileuterus culicivorus			
[693]	Bell Warbler	" belli			

Family MOTACILLIDÆ. Wagtails.

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
[694]	White Wagtail	Motacilla alba			
[695]	Swinhoe Wagtail	" oculariis			
696	Siberian Yellow Wagtail	Budytes flavus leucostriatus	w 5		
697	American Pipit	Anthus pensilvanicus	1-4-5	1-4-5	1-4-5
[698]	Meadow Pipit	" pratensis			
[699]	Red-throated Pipit	" cervinus			
700	Sprague Pipit	" spragueii		w 1-3-4	

Family CINCLIDÆ. Dippers.

701	American Dipper	Cinclus mexicanus	1-5	w 1-5	

Family TROGLODYTIDÆ. Wrens, Thrashers, etc.

702	Sage Thrasher	Oroscoptes montanus	e 1-3		
703	Mockingbird	Mimus polyglottos		1-2-s 3	1-2
703a	Western Mockingbird	" " leucopterus	2	w 2	
704	Catbird	Galeoscoptes carolinensis	e 4	1-2-4	1-2-4
705	Brown Thrasher	Toxostoma rufum		1-2-4	1-2-3
706	Sennett Thrasher	" longirostre sennetti		1	
707	Curve-billed Thrasher	" curvirostre	s e 2	1	
707a	Palmer Thrasher	" " palmeri	s e 2		
708	Bendire Thrasher	" bendirei	s e 2		
709	St. Lucas Thrasher	" cinereum	s 1		
709a	Mearns Thrasher	" " mearnsi	n 1		
710	California Thrasher	" redivivum	w 2		
710a	Pasadena Thrasher	Toxostoma redivivum pasadenense	s w 2		
711	Leconte Thrasher	" lecontei	s w 2		
711a	Desert Thrasher	" " arenicola	n 1		
712	Crissal Thrasher	" crissalis	s 2		
713	Cactus Wren	Heleodytes brunneicapillus		1	
713a	Bryant Cactus Wren	" " bryanti	s w 2		
713b	St. Lucas Cactus Wren	" " affinis	1		
715	Rock Wren	Salpinctes obsoletus	2-3	w 2-3	
716	Guadalupe Rock Wren	" guadeloupensis	w 1		
717	White-throated Wren	Catherpes mexicanus		1	
717a	Canon Wren	" " conspersus	e 2-3		
717b	Dotted Canon Wren	" " punctulatus	w 1-2		
718	Carolina Wren	Thryothorus ludovicianus			2-s-3
718a	Florida Wren	" " miamensis			1
718b	Lomita Wren	" " lomitensis		1	
719	Bewick Wren	Thryomanes bewickii		2-s 3	2
719a	Vigors Wren	" " spilurus	w 2-s 3		
719b	Baird Wren	" " leucogaster	2		
719c	Texas Bewick Wren	" " cryptus		s w 2	
719d	Southwest Bewick Wren	" " charienturus	s w 2		
719e	Northwest Bewick Wren	" " calophonus	w 3		
719.1	San Clemente Wren	" leucophrys	s w 2		
720	Guadalupe Wren	" brevicaudus	w 1		
721	House Wren	Troglodytes aedon		e 1-3	1-3
721a	Parkman Wren	" " parkmanii	w 2-4		
721b	Western House Wren	" " aztecus	e 2-3	w 2-3	
722	Winter Wren	Olbiorchilus hiemalis		2-3-4	2 n 3-4
722a	Western Winter Wren	" " pacificus	2-5		
722b	Kadiak Winter Wren	" " helleri	w 5		
723	Alaskan Wren	" alascensis	w 5		
723.1	Aleutian Wren	" meligerus	w 5		
724	Short-billed Marsh Wren	Cistothorus stellaris		2-4	2-3
725	Long-billed Marsh Wren	Telmatodytes palustris		2-4	2-3
725a	Tule Wren	" " paludicola	w 2-4		
725b	Worthington Marsh Wren	" " griseus			e 2
725c	Interior Tule Wren	" " plesius	2-4		
725.1	Marian Marsh Wren	" marianæ			1

Family CERTHIIDÆ, Creepers.

726	Brown Creeper	Certhia familiaris americana		2 n 3-5	2 n 3-5
726a	Mexican Creeper	" " albescens	s e 2		
726b	Rocky Mountain Creeper	" " montana	e 2-5		
726c	California Creeper	Certhia familaris zelotes	w 2-5		
726d	Sierra Creeper	" " occidentalis	w 3		

Family PARIDÆ. Nuthatches and Tits.

727	White-breasted Nuthatch	Sitta carolinensis		2-3	2-3
727a	Slender-billed Nuthatch	" " aculeata	1-4		
727b	Florida White-breasted Nuthatch	" " atkinsi			1 s e 2
727c	Rocky Mountain Nuthatch	" " nelsoni	e 2-4		
727d	St. Lucas Nuthatch	" " lagunæ	1		
728	Red-breasted Nuthatch	" canadensis	3-4-5	3-4-5	3-4-5
729	Brown-headed Nuthatch	" pusilla			e 2
730	Pygmy Nuthatch	" pygmæa	2-4		
730a	White-naped Nuthatch	" " leuconucha	1		
731	Tufted Titmouse	Bæolophus bicolor		2	2
731a	Texan Tufted Titmouse	" " texensis		1	

A.O.U. No.	Common Name.	Scientific Name.	West.	Middle.	East.
732	Black-crested Titmouse	Bæolophus atricristatus		i	
733	Plain Titmouse	" inornatus	w 2-3		
733a	Gray Titmouse	" " griseus	s 2		
733b	Ashy Titmouse	" " cineraceus	i		
734	Bridled Titmouse	" wollweberi	s e 2		
735	Chickadee	Parus atricapillus		n 2-4	n 2-4
735a	Long-tailed Chickadee	" " septentrionalis	e 3-4		
735b	Oregon Chickadee	" " occidentalis	w 3-4		
736	Carolina Chickadee	" carolinensis			i-2
736a	Plumbeous Chickadee	" " agilis		i	
737	Mexican Chickadee	" sclateri	s e 2		
738	Mountain Chickadee	" gambeli	2-4		
739	Alaskan Chickadee	" cinctus alascensis	w 5		
740	Hudsonian Chickadee	" hudsonicus	4-5	3-4	n 3-4
740a	Kowak Chickadee	" " stoneyi	5		
740b	Columbian Chickadee	" " columbianus	e 3-5		
741	Chestnut backed Ch'kadee	" rufescens	w 3-4		
741a	California Chickadee	" " neglectus	w 2		
741b	Barlow Chickadee	" " barlowi	w 2		
742	Coast Wren-Tit	Chamæa fasciata	w 2		
742a	Pallid Wren-Tit	" " phea	w 2-3		
743	Bush-Tit	Psaltriparus mimimus	w 2-3		
743a	California Bush-Tit	" " californicus	w 2		
743b	Grinda Bush-Tit	" " grindæ	i		
744	Lead-colored Bush-tit	" plumbeus	2-3		
744.1	Santa Rita Bush-Tit	Psaltriparus santaritæ	s e 2		
745	Lloyd Bush-tit	" lloydi		s w 2	
746	Verdin	Auriparus flaviceps	2		
746a	Baird Verdin	" " lamprocephalus	i		
	Family SYLVIIDÆ. WARBLERS, KINGLETS, GNATCATCHERS.				
747	Kennicott Willow Warbler	Phyllopseustes borealis	w-5		
748	Golden-crowned Kinglet	Regulus satrapa	e 2-5	2 n 3-5	2 n 3-5
748a	Western Golden-crowned Kinglet	" " olivaceus	2-3-5		
749	Ruby-crowned Kinglet	" calendula	e 2-5	n 3-5	n 3-5
749a	Sitkan Kinglet	" grinnelli	w 3-5		
750	Dusky Kinglet	" obscurus	i		
751	Blue-Gray Gnatcatcher	Polioptila cærulea		2-n 3	2-n 3
751a	Western Gnatcatcher	" obscura	2		
752	Plumbeous. Gnatcatcher	" plumbea	2		
753	Black-tailed Gnatcatcher	" californica	w 2		
	Family TURDIDÆ. THRUSHES, SOLITAIRES, STONECHATS, BLUEBIRDS, ETC.				
754	Townsend Solitaire	Myadestes townsendii	2-4		
755	Wood Thrush	Hylocichla mustelina		2-3	2-3
756	Wilson Thrush	" fuscescens		2-3-4	2-3-4
756a	Willow Thrush	" " salicicola	e 2-3-4	w 1-3-4	
757	Gray-cheeked Thrush	" aliciæ	5	1-4-5	1-4
757a	Bicknell Thrush	" " bicknelli			e 4-5
758	Russet-backed Thrush	" ustulata	w 1-3-5		
758a	Olive-backed Thrush	" " swainsonii		1-4	1 n 3 4
758b	Monterey Thrush	" " œdica	w 2		
758c	Alma Thrush	" " almæ	e 3-5		
759	Alaska Hermit Thrush	" guttata	w 2-4-5		
759a	Audubon Hermit Thrush	" " auduboni	e 2-4		
759b	Hermit Thrush	" " pallasii		1 n 3-4	1 n 3-4
759c	Dwarf Hermit Thrush	" " nana	w 1-2-3		
[760]	Red-winged Thrush	Turdus iliacus			
761	American Robin	Merula migratoria	5	1 n 2 4	1 n 2 4
761a	Western Robin	" " propinqua	2-4		
761b	Southern Robin	" " achrustera			1 e 2
762	St. Lucas Robin	" confinis	i		
763	Varied Thrush	Ixoreus nævius	w 2-3-5		
763a	Pale Varied Thrush	" " meruloides	2-4-5		
[764]	Red-spotted Bluethroat	Cyanecula suecica			
765	Wheatear	Saxicola œnanthe	5		
765a	Greenland Wheatear	" " leucorhoa			4
766	Bluebird	Sialia sialis		2-4	2-4
766a	Azure Bluebird	Sialia sialis azurea	s e 2		
767	Western Bluebird	" mexicana occidentalis	w 2-4		
767a	Chestnut-backed Bluebird	" " bairdi	e 2-3		
767b	San Pedro Bluebird	" " anabelæ	i		
768	Montain Bluebird	" arctica	e 2-4		

CLARKE NUTCRACKER.
(Length 12 in.)

CLARKE NUTCRACKER.

A. O. U. No. 491. (Nucipaga cloumbiana.)

One of the commonest and most interesting birds met with in the solitudes of the pine-forests of the upper peaks of the Rocky Mountain ranges, is *Nucifraga columbiana*, or the *Clarke Nutcracker.*

His plumage attracts attention at once; " the body is ash-gray, whiter on forehead and chin; wings black with white patch on secondines tail with middle feathers black, outer ones white." (Wils).

Whilst spending several weeks in the spruce forests at the edge of timber-line on the western slope of Pike's Peak, a year or two ago, I had excellent opportunities for studying these interesting birds. Amongst the miners they are known as Fremont's bird, and included also with a number of Jays, as "Camprobber." The Rocky Mountain Jay is the true Camp-robber. The Nut-cracker is of an investigating turn

Photo from life by W. W. Arnold.

CLARKE NUTCRACKER.

of mind, and soon discovers the location of a camp in the woods and immediately pays a visit of inspection, and if permitted to gather up the scraps from the table soon becomes very familiar. Where I was staying, a fat, lazy dog was the rightful heir of all the table scraps, but Mr. Nut-cracker was so thoroughly alert and swift in action, that poor doggie would scarcely begin to wag his tail in anticipation of dinner when the scraps would be snatched from his very jaws and spirited away by his aeriel enemy.

The plunge from a tree top to the ground when making these preditory excursions was something astounding to behold. Hugging tight their stout bodies with their powerful wings, they would pitch, like a diver, headlong downward, arresting the lightning plunge within a few feet of the earth, with such suddenness as to produce a loud explosive noise.

Although they love to live in the cool retreats of the spruce forests girting the crest of the mountains, where every night in the summer season the waters of the laughing streams are congealed by the touch of the Frost King's breath, they ardently seek the kiss of the first rays of the morning sun as they gild the peaks with glory and thoroughly warm up before starting out on the days round in search of their daily bread, which consists of berries, seeds, all kinds of insects and mice. I watched one of these fellows devour a mouse one day. He commenced by picking out the eyes, then the brain, and proceeded until nothing but the tail remained which was discarded.

Their solitude breaking note, Kar'r'r'r! emitted with vigorous enthusiasm, once heard is never forgotten. They are a busy industrious bird, and there are no tramps in their family.

Personal observation leads me to believe that the Nut-cracker does not stand confinement well and this is strange when we consider how readily nearly all members of the Crow family adapt themselves to cage life. Their ability to tear into pieces the hard pine-cone, when seeking for the much loved pine-nuts, evidences the strength of their powerful beaks.

One of these birds which I had in a cage for several months, would easily twist off an iron wire 1-32nd inch in diameter. The cut reproduced from one of a number of photographs taken by the author, shows the crow in one of his most characteristic attitudes on the top of a silver spruce tree. That picture represents about a week's work, and the expenditure of enough patience to supply an ordinary house-hold for months!

DR. WILLIAM W. ARNOLD.

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

We continue to receive inquiries about Junior membership in the Audubon Society. As I am but a local Connecticut secretary I can only send you the Connecticut badge, but I will send the address of your State secretary to any of you who wish it.

We were interested last week in watching Jenny Wren and her eight little brown babies. She was carrying a choice morsel to them, (an insect which seemed a very large mouthful for so tiny a bird,) when Madam Pussy Cat strolled by and cast admiring glances toward Mistress Jenny. Such a scolding! Jenny relaxed her hold but an instant, but her prey darted away without waiting for a second chance. Then Jenny flew to a tree some distance from her nest, and by her vigorous chatterings lured pussy's attention from her helpless infants towards herself.

No one who watches the birds trying to fill with good things—four, eight, and even ten gaping mouths, will doubt that these happy caroling birds lead a strenuous life.

Then too, the bird-land tragedies are many, perils from other birds, from squirrels, snakes, storms, and boys. I think August must be their vacation month, spent quietly in the leafy recesses. Then their gowns are freshened, ready for a long journey into the Southland.

Do you suppose that the young who make the journey for the first time this year, look with wonder on the strange scenes, and will they return and tell us all about it next spring?

Cordially, Yonr Friend,

MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1. Leroy B. Noble, Little River, Conn.
2. J. Howard Binns, Adena, Ohio.
4. Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES.

Who are we ?

8. Lark.
9. Blue Jay.
10. Flycatcher.
11. Knot.
12. Chat.
13. Whip-poor-will.
14. Crow.
15. Swallow.

MAILBAG EXTRACTS.

SOME TAME HUMMERS.

Last summer I went into the mountains. I lived in a log-cabin hotel. Over an unused door a board stuck out forming a kind of wind break or shield. Behind this board there was a hole in a rotten log about a foot and a half long.

In this hole a family of humming birds had built their nest.

There were three little ones. They were so tame that I picked them up and played with them; the old birds did not seem to care. The family were of the broad-tailed variety.

Late in the season the little ones learned to fly, and they flew away.

CHARLES B. MURRAY, Denver, Col.

A HUMMING BIRD AT SCHOOL.

One morning recently, when some of the pupils got to school before the teacher, we watched for her to come. When she came we ran out to the road to meet her and walked in with her. When we got in, my playmate went to set down her lunch basket, and I said,—"O Dot, look here! Here is a little humming bird." It was so tired it could not fly. We took it and held it awhile, and then put it in a tree, but it did not fly. We held it again; and pretty soon it flew up into the top of the tree.

It had black wings and tail, its back was green, and its breast was a dirty white, its throat was dirty white speckled with brown.

LOIE M. CLENCY, (age 10), Valley Center, Cal.

AN OBJECT LESSON.

There are two larch trees on our lawn, where I always look for warblers during the migrations, and rarely without success. But during the spring of 1904 these birds were extremely scarce in this neighborhood. Many species that usually may be numbered by dozens appearing by units, while some sorts were conspicuous by their entire absence. And in consequence—surely the inference is a fair one—the larches, which usually support a few of the white, wooly aphis, are now infested by this pest.

ISABELLA McC. LEMMON, Englewood, N. J.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA NO. 1.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 13-5-8-12-17-4-15 are very useful.
This warm weather is 2-7-9-14-11-12, the 12-13-1-15-15 and 2-4-7-10-8 grow nicely.

J. HOWARD BINNS, Adena, Ohio.

ENIGMA NO. 2.

My 1st is in slow and also in fast,
My 2nd you will find in mast.
My 3rd is in brown, but not in red.
My 4th you can see in bed.
My 5th and 6th you can find in pipe,
My 7th you will find in ripe.
My 8th and 9th are in falter.
My whole is a bird that lives near water.

WM. K. D. REYNOLDS,
Berkeley, Cal.

AN EIGHT-POINTED STAR.

My 1-2-3-4-5-6-7 is an artificial inclosure used for constructing or repairing ships. 9 to 1 is a bird of the most contrary characteristics.

9 to 3 is a small, singing bird and a household pet.

9 to 2 is a common winter bird.

9 to 5 is a bird of great value in ridding an apple orchard of caterpillars.

9 to 4 is a bird of bad, domestic traits.

9 to 6 is of the flycatcher family.

9 to 7 is often mistaken for a robin.

9 to 8 is a small, common bird.

HILDAH CHACE SMITH,
Providence, L. I.

QUERIES.

1. What two birds of bright plumage have crests ?
2. What silent bird has a crest ?
3. What black and white bird has a crest ?
4. What bird with a crest catches fish ?

GLEANINGS.

" There was so much to be happy over, that I was rather startled when I discovered another appreciative being near me. It was a brown thrush, with a soul full of joy. He had burst into song. He was an invisible soloist, but his melody had thrilled the sunlit aisles, and made them holy. ' Little brown thrush,' I said aloud, you trust your Creator, while I only try to. I must do better.' "

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VOL. IV **SEPTEMBER, 1904.** **NO. 9.**

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Class 3. Nests and Eggs,—1st, a $5.00 pair of Field Glasses; 2nd, "North American Birds Eggs."

From N. A. Bird's Eggs. Photo from life by L. S. Horton.

LONG-EARED OWL ON NEST.

AMERICAN GOSHAWK.

A. O. U. No. 334. (Accipiter atricapillus)

RANGE.

Whole of North America except the Pacific coast, breeding chiefly north of the United States and during the winter appearing over our borders as far south as New Jersey, Missouri and California. In some portions of the Rocky Mountains they remain to breed occasionally.

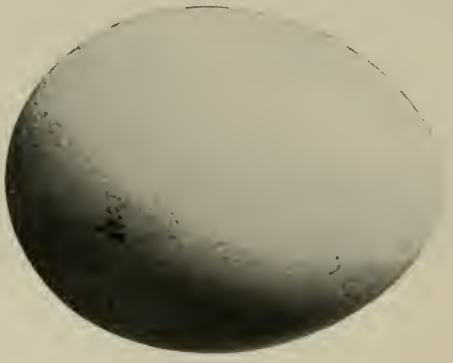
DESCRIPTION.

Length, about 24 in., the female being about two inches longer than the male. Eye; red in adults, yellow in young. Adults:—Above a slaty blue becoming lighter and brighter with old age; below and a broad line over the eye white, the under parts being finely waved with gray and the feathers having black shafts; the crown is somewhat darker than the back and is sometimes black. Young:—Entirely different from the adults, being brownish above and dull white below with numerous streaks on the underparts.

The western Goshawk is similar to the eastern form but is darker below. It is found on the Pacific coast from Oregon to Alaska.

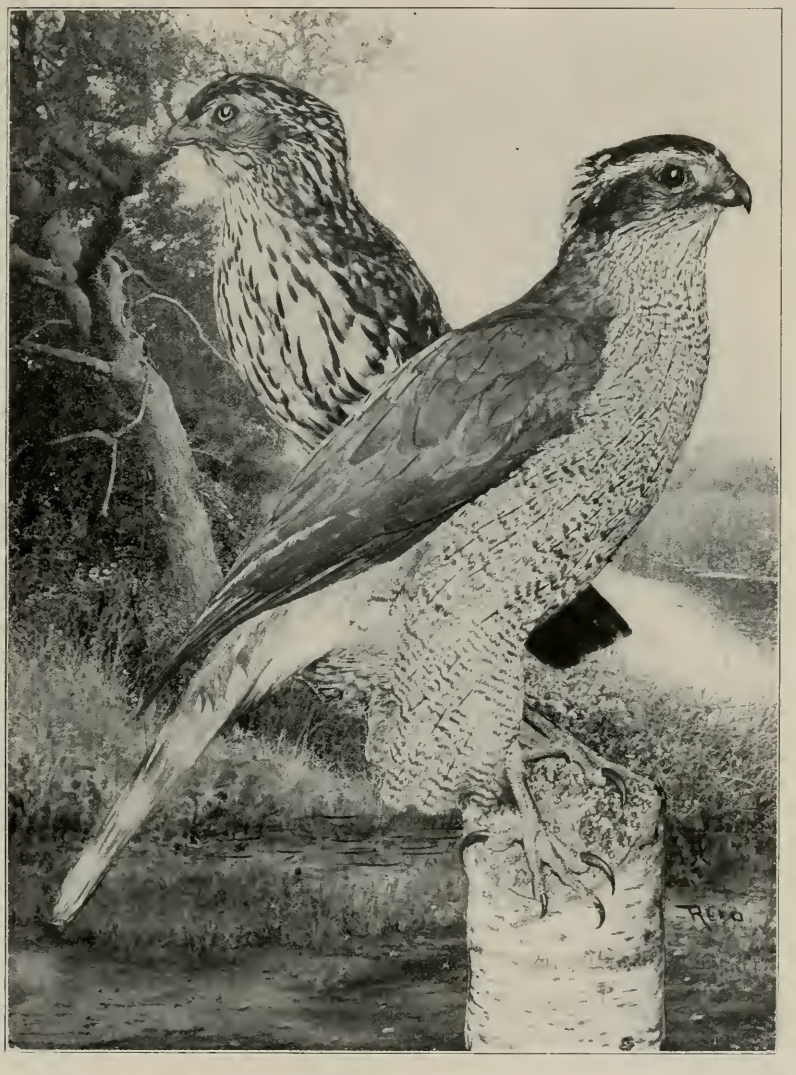
NEST AND EGGS.

These hawks build bulky nests of sticks and twigs lined with leaves and weeds. They are usually found in large forests or woods placed well up towards the top of large trees, usually coniferous ones being preferred. They lay from two to four white eggs with a slight bluish tinge and frequently these will be found to have faint markings of brownish. They are usually laid in April or early in May.



HABITS.

These large handsome birds are very powerful and audacious and are more to be feared by the farmers in the fall when they are quite common, than any others of the family. They are similar in appearance to



AMERICAN GOSHAWK.
[Adult and Young.]

the Old World species but have a darker head. The name Goshawk is said to be a contraction from their original Old World name of Goose Hawk, they being said to frequently attack and kill both domestic and wild geese. They were very frequently used in the Middle Ages as harriers to pursue and capture prey for their owners.

In this country they are very often known as Blue Hawks from their color and as Partridge Hawks from their habit of catching these fast flying birds on the wing. They feed almost exclusively upon flesh and disdain to touch carrion. Squirrels, rodents, rabbits, grouse, ducks, poultry and many small birds are included in their bill of fare. They are very swift fliers and are extremely agile in following the devious course pursued by their victims, their long tail and short wings apparently allowing them to double and turn on their course with remarkable facility.

For boldness and audacity no other hawk can compare with them and were they common in the United States throughout the year, poultry raising would be anything but profitable. A friend in Vermont writes: —"Last winter two Goshawks hung around our place and before we got rid of them threatened to make away with all the chickens that we had. We missed three hens in two days without knowing where they had gone. The next day I heard a commotion in the hen yard and got out of the house just in time to see a large Goshawk coming out of the open coop-door with a chicken in his claws. I did not have the gun with me and he refused to let go of the fowl when I shouted at him. I prepared for another such occurence by placing a gun behind the door where it could be handily reached. Although a chicken disappeared with fatal regularity every day, It was nearly a week before I was able to catch him in the act. A noisy cackling brought me to the door with my weapon just as he was going over the fence with his struggling victim. My shot failed to bring him down although it caused him to drop the hen. In less than half an hour afterwards and while I was still on guard he returned to try to get his daily meal but I had better success this time and dropped him before he had caught his prey."

They have also been known to strike and carry off a Grouse which had just been shot and missed by a gunner, even before he was beyond the range of the gun. Other instances have been recorded of their entering houses through open windows to attack cage birds which they saw hanging before the window, and of their swooping down and carrying off fowls while the latter were being fed. They seem to have no fear of anything when hunger spurs them on and the utter audacity of their attack often stands them in good stead for they are away and beyond reach before the observer recovers from his surprise. They are one of the few hawks about which but very little can be said in their favor but still we would all be very loath to see them exterminated.

CHINESE HOUSE SWALLOW.

This species is an exact reproduction of its distant cousin *Hirundo erythrogastra* in general coloration and habits. In this section of China, (Foo-chow) the bird is migratory in April and October.

In the early Spring as the fields are green with the fast growing grain great colonies of these little feathered friends may be seen sweeping gracefully over the green, busily engaged in the regular pursuits of the day. One who has left the beautiful land of "Sunny Tennessee," or a like climate in the homeland, certainly feels as though he had met friends as he for the first time in the year sees a bevy of these happy little chatterers. To the most careful observer this specie seems to be the the common Barn Swallow. They come in from the South full of mirth and soon select a suitable nesting site and ere long are busily engaged throwing up their earth works.

The nest of this swallow is in all respects similar to that of the Barn Swallow in America, except it is placed in the homes of the people. I have never found a nest in an unoccupied house, though it may be that sometimes such a site is chosen. It does seem however, that the bird is very particular to choose such a building as is frequented by a great many people, and more especially by children. I have often seen a nest in the room of one of our schools where were gathered daily from twenty to forty boys studying at the top of their voice. It is a recognized fact that a school that cannot be heard for a "block" is not worthy a place in the list of schools, and it is into such a room that these birds find their way and plaster their nest upon some suitable place just a few feet above the heads of the pupils. While the scholars are studying at the top of their voices and the very greatest confusion seems to reign supreme, the little family in the mud home, so close, while away the time in perfect happiness. The parent birds pass in and out of the open front, or door, of the room even while it may be occupied by a group of scholars or spectators as the case may be. This friendly nature of the swallow has secured for it the good will of the people, and many superstitions and beliefs have arisen as a result. For more than two years I have endeavored to secure a set of the eggs of this specie and found it impossible to do so. I have gone into many school-rooms, homes and chapels where there were one or more nests almost within my reach but never was permitted to molest them. This feeling of care for the birds is due to certain superstitions however, rather than for any love for the bird.

These superstitions are diffent in different localities. For instance, at the city of Foo-chow it is universally believed among the heathen people that if a nest of these birds is disturbed to the extent that the

birds remove to other quarters, the inmates of that home will ever after be stupid and dull in matters of books and learnlng. I suppose this belief has arisen on account of the bird so often selecting a school-room for a nesting site. I find at Ku-cheng, one hundred miles inland from Foo-chow, that it is possible to secure the eggs of this swallow, tho' I have never been able to secure a nest. It is believed that if the nest is taken away the birds will gather in the home and scold the inmates, thus invoking the disfavor of the gods, and then leave the home never to enter it again. We find it possible to secure sets of this specie therefore, only through such people as have thrown aside their superstitious beliefs, or from those who are rather skeptical toward the general faith in the many gods.

The greatest care is taken in order to induce swallows to nest in the homes, and even in the shops on the narrow streets. Little platforms of wood are placed in such places as are liable to attract attention of one of these little home seekers. When life begins to be manifest in the little home another platform is placed in such a position as to catch the filth which might otherwise fall upon the inmates of the house.

The eggs of this specie number from four to six, tho' more generally five, and are of a pure white color, less pointed than those of the common Barn Swallow of the homeland. This difference of coloration and and form of the egg is the only marked difference I have been able to detect between the two species.

HARRY R. CALDWELL, Ku-cheng, China.

A MISSOURI POLYGLOT.

On a morning in early May, of the year 1902, I was sitting out on the stile before sunrise, quaffing, in long deep draughts, the cool, fresh morning air. It is a fine tonic and much more delicious than the "pleasant to take" spring tonics sold in bottles.

And as I sat there I was conscious of many odd and peculiar notes that issued from the thickets bordering a stream running through the fields half a mile away. That they were notes of some bird I had not the slightest doubt, but what bird I didn't know. I never remembered hearing them before but there was nothing strange in that fact, as I had only just begun to take enough interest in birds to go out of my way to identify one. And I went to breakfast wondering what this particular bird was. Days passed. I heard those same notes all day every day after that.

Once I went in search of the bird but failed. He led me into the densest thickets along the stream, always calling, calling, always keep-

ing just a few yards ahead, always keeping out of sight. Then I gave up the chase, wearied, torn and somewhat ruffled in spirits, and turned on my heel, and he laughed, wickedly, maliciously.

Days lengthened into weeks. May 28th, found me sitting partially concealed near the edge of an abandoned pond. It was in the center of a small grove. A stream, the same mentioned above, entered the pond at the upper end, all the surplus water running out over a low place in the dam, thus forming a miniature Niagara, and then resuming its course on down through the fields. The place was rarely visited by any one except myself. Weeds, thickets and scrubby growth flourished. And I think this must have been the favorite resort of every bird in the neighborhood. One could always find "something doing" here. On this particular afternoon I watched a Dickcissel as he foraged for worms, in a bit of marshy ground the other side of the pond. He seemed to find the worms—I couldn't identify them—in plenty. After he had gorged himself he stepped gingerly into the shallow water, walking out to where it was probably an inch and a half deep and then proceeded to take a bath. He seemed undecided just how to do. In fact he looked scared. I think he was afraid he might go under. He splashed lightly for about ten seconds and then abruptly left the water alighting on the top rail of a fence. And, oh my, how glad he seemed that it was all over. One could almost see him heave a sigh of relief. And just then another bird came for a plunge. It was the Phoebe who had a nest up stream about a hundred yards where the bridge crossed. He alighted on a dead limb about ten feet above the center of the pond and from that vantage ground plunged straight down into the water, as a King fisher would dive for his prey. He was wholly under water for an instant then rose heavily to the limb above. He repeated this performance three times, at intervals of a few seconds. Then after fluttering and pruning his feathers for a while, he returned to the bridge and his brooding mate. Following him up stream with my eyes—just as he disappeared around the bend, I observed another little bird coming down toward the pond, tripping lightly along through the shallow water, now and then dexterously flicking out of the little wavelets that rippled about his feet, something which he hastily swallowed. As the bird neared me I recognized him as a common Water Thrush, the first I had seen in years, nor have I seen one since. He passed within a few feet of me and seemed to be eating the tadpoles with which the water teemed. In one place the bank fell sheer into the water. Close to the edge grew a honey locust tree and in the clear water below could be seen a tangled mass of roots that grew from it. A short time before, one could see twined about

these roots long strings of a clear, jelly-like substance flecked and speckled with black. They were "frog eggs." They had recently disappeared, hence the myriads of tadpoles. The Thrush continued his journey around the edge of the pond to the waterfall, then, turning without a pause, went tripping back up stream apparently intent only on catching tadpoles. A slight unintentional movement on my part, as he passed me, instantly caught his eye and he rose to the branches above with a metallic "chip" of alarm. He sat there watching me first with one eye, then the other, then both together, and bobbing, bowing, wagging, teetering and uttering his sharp "chip" until he thoroughly alarmed every bird within ear shot. Then he left.

After a little while, when things had become quiet again, I saw a little pedestrian coming down a pathway that led to the pond from the cornfield. She seemed in an awful hurry, apparently more so as she neared the water, covering the last six feet in a trot. She was a Horned Lark, had doubtless been brooding her eggs in the sunken nest up in the field since early morn, and had now come to relieve her parched little throat. After satisfying her thirst she went back in a very business like way picking up a seed occasionally by the wayside. I watched her off, then, hearing a loud spluttering in the pond, turned suddenly, catching a gleam of gold and green, as a Yellow-breasted Chat beat a hasty retreat into the nearest thicket. Ah-ha, I had surprised him in the midst of his bath. It was my turn to laugh now, and I did, although I knew two black eyes were regarding me sullenly from that thicket. But I could not see him and had to depend on my imagination to picture him in his mortification at having the tables turned. It was sometime before he could find his voice and then he laughed, hooted, jeered, barked, gnacked, whistled, cackled and in fact uttered every kind of sound imaginable and a whole lot that were not. Then, wishing to get a better view of that wonderful creature that could not be moved to show the slightest interest in his gifted vocal powers, he flew up to a branch where I got a fine view of him and identified him for the first time. I saw a little bird about seven inches long, olive green above and bright yellow below, and with a whitish line over the eye. So this was the bird that had led me such a wild goose chase, or chat chase as you please. This was the individual who had so tired my patience and then laughed in my face. Well, I should never forget the little Golden-throated Polyglot, I was sure of that.

A few days before while walking along an old unused roadway, at the edge of the woods, I found a patch of skin with the feathers on, as fine feathers as any I ever saw, bright golden yellow and pure olive

YELLOW-BREASTED CHAT.
[Life size.]

green. I picked them up and wondered what little tragedy had been enacted there and what bird had thus been the victim. As I sat gazing at the Chat, my thoughts returned to that bunch of feathers and I knew what bird had once worn them, and thought what a wretched ending for such a gay, light-hearted, happy-go-lucky little fellow. I frequently saw him and heard him every day throughout the summer, but our friendship did not grow as I should have liked. I fear it was all one-sided. I loved the little bird but he would brook no advances on my part. His aversion to me was quite evident. And thus summer waned, glorious autumn in all her gorgeousness came and passed, and with her went the Chat. Yes, he was gone, there was no doubt of that. As I strolled along the stream I found the modest little Juncos, Tree Fox and Song Sparrows in abundance, but nevertheless there was a vacancy they could not fill. I missed my noisy little Chat. He was no longer there to follow and scoff and laugh and mock at me from the safety of his impenetrable thickets. They were now brown and leafless, a mouse could not find concealment in them. Then spring, the season that is ever looked forward to with eager expectancy, sweet anticipations, by every bird lover rolled around once more. And with spring came the birds. And, as in past years, so now, I watched for and greeted each little feathered friend, now all the brighter for their long sojourn in the sunny South, with a thrill of joy indescribable.

My little Polyglot did not arrive till May 8th. On that morning, bright and early, I heard him, the same little noisy fellow chattering down by the stream. He was still shy but not so much so as the summer previous. He sat on a limb above his thicket and regarded me in silence. Then his throat began to swell till it was nearly as large as his body. I knew something was going to happen. It did. But I don't remember whether it was a squawk, a whistle, or something else. Unfortunately I forgot to record it. He seemed to want to amuse me. He bowed and nodded and assumed many comical positions sometimes nearly turning up side down as he clung to the limb. But when the summer of 1903 passed, I was little better acquainted with him than when he first arrived. I found however, that they were not so rare as I had at first supposed, but were common if not abundant throughout this locality especially along streams bordered by thickets. And so when he returned in the spring of 1904 I determined another summer should not pass before I had learned something of their home life. First I read up what my bird books had to say of him. About all I could learn from them was that he was an accomplished ventriloquist, information not very encouraging to one just getting acquainted with him, who wished to find his nest. Hence I had to depend solely on my eyes and ears.

On May 9th, I went to the place nearest my home where I heard one calling. I found myself in the center of a little tract of wild ground, probably an acre, surrounded by thickets and shrubbery of many kinds but mostly buck bushes and dogwood. I sat down and waited making no attempt to conceal myself. I thought it useless. The male chat saw me long before I saw him. By watching him I soon located the female. She had a fine hair like straw in her bill. She made no attempt to conceal herself but flew up into a dogwood and from thence across an open space straight to the thicket where a quarter of an hour later I located the nest which was apparently just about completed. It was fastened firmly in the top of a buck bush and was not difficult to find. A mere glance into the thicket revealed it. A week later I returned to the nest and it contained three chats' eggs. Pretty little eggs, pinkish white, not too freely sprinkled with brown. There was also another egg about the same size, but bluish white speckled with dark brown and lilac. Is it necessary to say it was a Cowbird's? After locating this nest I had no trouble in finding three others during the two weeks following I found all by merely watching the male bird and that was not difficult, he was always in evidence. I always found him within a radius of 25 yards of the nest, usually half that distance, and he chatted almost incessantly the whole time I was in the vicinity. Three, out of the four nests found contained one Cowbird's egg each, so I conclude the Chat is a frequent victim of this little brown rascal's laziness. All four nests were situated as the first one, in buckbushes. I secured them after the little birds had left and found them to be exactly alike in the material used in their construction. They were two and three-fourths inches in diameter and two and one-fourth deep, inside measurement. The foundation was of coarse grass stems. The nest proper was of grasses, leaves and strips of corn husk lined with fine stiff woody fibers. But to return to the bird. Is he really such a ventriloquist as his biographers would have us believe? My idea of a ventriloquist is, that he has the power, when speaking, of making his voice appear to come from somewhere remote from himself. If the Chat has this power, he has never exhibited it while under my observation. I have always been able to go directly to him by following the sound of his voice, which is very penetrating and can be heard a quarter of a mile and further. Ventriloquist or not there is no denying his wonderful vocal powers.

EDGAR BOYER. Waverly, Mo.

From North American Birds Eggs. Photo by Walter Raine.

NEST AND EGGS OF AMERICAN MERGANSER.

This species usually nest in holes in trees, but on this island they were nesting in holes under boulders.

THAT BOBOLINK'S NEST.

I think every schoolboy has had a desire, which in some cases developed into sort of a mania, to find a Bobolink's nest. Something in the rollicking schoolboy fashion in which he renders his choice vocal selections has appealed to our boys in a very fascinating way. It has also appealed to us, the children of a larger growth. Who does not appreciate the Bobolink's cheerful song? Who is not better, and more cheerful for having heard it? See him as he sways back and forth on that willow twig in the meadow yonder. Hear his medley of liquid notes as they come from his tiny throat, as free and spontaneous as a summer shower.

As a boy I searched for the little nest with the brown, sparrowy mother, and always when I thought I had the key to the "home," I found it was not there. I will admit that others were more fortunate than I. Yet I determined to persevere, so as a man, whenever those rollicking notes came to me across the field, the desire was reawakened. Search as I would no nest seemed to be there. But one has said that, "perseverance is always rewarded." Thoreau also says, "What you seek in vain for, half your life, one day you come full upon all the family at dinner," and so it proved. Bob was singing in a tree, I was raking hay when swish! Something brown darted from under my very feet, down I went on my knees, and there nestled snugly in the side of a cradleknoll was the treasure I had sought so long, and often; the whole family at dinner, four of them; fluffy, sparrowy little birds. Two days later they were gone, yet with them went my best wishes, and I still retain the sweet memory of the pleasure I derived from those two short days. You ask has life lost all its charms for me, now I have found what I sought so long? I answer you nay. I am yet looking for a Bobolink's nest.

GEO. R. CROCKETT.

AMERICAN GOLDEN-EYE.

A. O. U. No. 151. (Clangula americana.)

RANGE.

Whole of North America, breeding from northern United States north to the Arctic Ocean: winters in the United States south to the Gulf of Mexico.

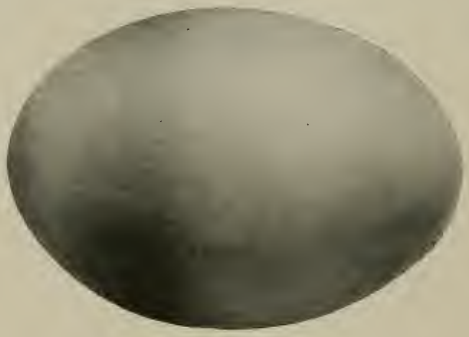
DESCRIPTION.

Length about 20 in.; female slightly smaller. Eye bright yellow. Male.—entire head greenish black with a round white spot between

the bill and the eye. The underparts, secondaries, coverts and centers of the scapulars are white, the rest of the upperparts being black. Female.—Head brown without any white patch, underparts and speculum white, the breast being gray and the back slaty.

NEST AND EGGS.

These beautiful birds breed northward from the United States to the limit of trees. Like the Wood Duck they make their homes in the hollow cavities of trees or in case of the absence of these, in cavities under boulders. The bottom of the cavity is lined with leaves, grass and down from the breast of the female. Their six to ten ashy green eggs are laid during the latter part of May or in June.



HABITS.

These ducks are familiarly known to all gunners and also to many others as Whistlers, a name given them because of the whistling sound made by their wings when in flight. They are also frequently called Great-heads because of the puffy appearance of the short crest. During the summer they are found chiefly about fresh water rivers or lakes where they nest in hollow trees growing near the banks. Their nests are found at all elevations from the ground, sometimes not more than a foot and again they may be twenty or thirty feet up. Frequently the opening is so small that it would appear impossible for so large a bird to squeeze through it, but they appear to do so with the greatest of ease. The young, like those of the Wood Duck, are obliged to flutter and scramble down the tree trunk as best they may, when it comes time for them to leave their nursery, the mother bird, in the meanwhile encouraging them by guttural croakings from the ground beneath. When they have all made the descent in safety, she leads them to the waters edge where they swim and play as though water had always been their natural element.

In the fall they start on the journey to the south, travelling in small flocks and resting in fresh water lakes, ponds or rivers. Numbers of

BARROW GOLDEN-EYE, [Upper figure.]

AMERICAN GOLDEN-EYE, [Male and female.]

these are also met with along the coasts but they are most often found here in pairs feeding in sheltered coves or inlets upon shell fish which they get from the bottom by diving. Their flight is very swift and steady and they always appear to have a fixed destination in view for they are difficult to decoy although occasionally one or two will come to the decoys with a flock of Scaups or "Blue-bills."

They are very active birds when upon the surface of the water and so keen is their perception that they will dive at the flash of a gun and disappear below the protecting surface of the water before the shot reaches the place whereon they rested. They are good swimmers and can go a long ways under water or to a great depth in search of food. In the interior they feed largely upon weeds and grain which they procure from fields bordering ponds. When rising from the surface of the water they do not spring directly up as do the Black Ducks but pursue a slanting course until they are at a sufficient elevation. Their only means of communication with one another appears to be by means of a low croak, their only other note being the whistling made by their wings when in rapid flight.

BARROW GOLDEN-EYE.

A. O. U. No. 152. (Clangula islandica)

RANGE.

North America, breeding north of the United States except in the Rocky Mountains where they breed in Colorado. They winter south to the middle portions of the United States.

DESCRIPTION.

Same size and general build as the common Golden-eye but with the head glossed with purplish and the spot in front of the eye in the shape of a crescent. The white on the wing is also usually broken by a black bar. The female is practically not to be distinguished from that of the common Golden-eye.

HABITS.

The habits of the Barrow Golden-eye do not appear to be essentially different from those of the more common variety. Like the latter they nest in the hollow cavities of trees. In the fall they are frequently seen associated with the other Golden-eye and as a rule this one is thought not to be quite as wary and to more easily be called to decoys. The flesh of both species is very palatable and they are eagerly sought by gunners.

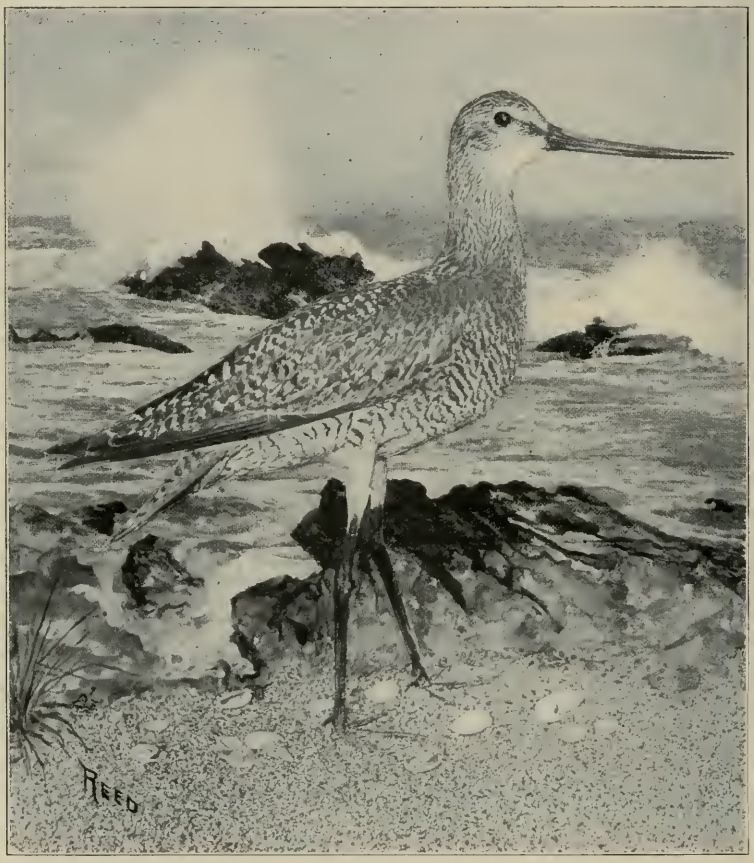
TO BED WITH THE BIRDS.

There has always been a mysterious charm to me about the last half hour of the bird day. This fascination is only fully felt when I go to bed, not only *when* the birds do, but *as* they do, in a little nook of my own choosing. Some cluster of firs that promises shelter and darkness, or some hollow in the hills that holds all night the warmth of the sun and lets the wind go by overhead. In such a spot, unknown to the rest of the world, I can stretch out on fragrant fir-boughs or meadow hay, just as the sun has set. For a few moments I, like the birds, am filled with joy and thankfulness at this "Great wide wonderful beautiful world." How small and safe I feel! Then only to realize how little we need, and how only in such a life can one feel with the wise one who "Having nothing, yet hath all."

And now the birds voice this feeling for us more perfectly than any any human poetry can. As I hear the Lazuli Bunting's reedy pipe from the elder bush, and the Tanager's strain from the tall fir, seeming to call out "Higher, clearer, sweeter, happier, dearer;" the Russet-backed Thrush with his "Cordelia, Cordelia, Cordelia," from the thicker woods, and the Vireo warbling in the aspens, I know that each little heart is full of content and that they have what is best for them. But now the chorus ceases. There comes a hush as of expectation. Now many birds seem to bethink them of one last thing to be done before the curtains are drawn for the night. A Robin goes hurrying by with a childishly serious look at me out of his round eye, as if to say, "Dont delay me, I have important business to attend to." The Lazuli Bunting makes one last circuit of his singing trees and settles down with a quiet crooning noise just over the nest where his little brown mate is brooding her eggs, as if to say, "My beauty cannot harm you now, though I am careful to keep out of sight all day." The Grosbeak brings a last morsel to his wife and talks to reassure her in his sweetest tones, a sort of bird baby-talk. The Flicker slips into her hole, with a glance around to see if she has been observed.

I always fancy it is as if they were playing a game of hide and seek with our Earth Mother, and as if she said, "Now quick children, hide yourselves safely, and don't let me hear a sound till morning." And all scurry into their places, with soft hush-words, while their mother hides her eyes. Only when you think of the Owls and prowling night creatures, you cannot but hope that it really is a game to them, and that they do not know that their life is in danger every night, as soon as they close their eyes.

ANNA HEAD.



MARBLED GODWIT.

MARBLED GODWIT.

A. O. U. No. 249. (Limosa fedoa.)

RANGE.

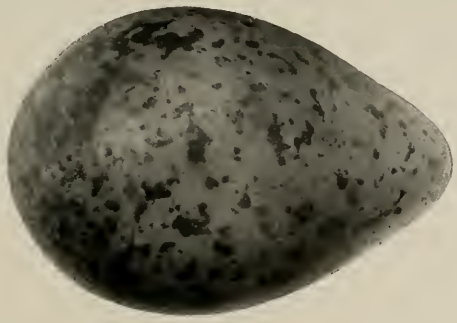
Whole of North America, breeding in the interior from Minnesota and the Dakotas northwards. Winters south of the United States.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 18 in. Bill curved slightly upward. Adults in summer.—back and wings yellowish brown barred with black; tail chestnut barred with black. Underparts buffy barred with black in fine wavy lines. In winter they are uniform grayish above faintly marked with darker, and a grayish white below.

NESTS AND EGGS.

Marbled Godwits breed in the interior of northern United States and from thence north to the Arctic Ocean. They scoop out a slight hollow in the ground and line it with a few grasses: in this they lay three or four eggs during June. The eggs are a buffy drab spotted and blotched with blackish brown and yellowish. The nests are sometimes found in fields remote from water but are usually placed in marshy localities beside of ponds, pools or brooks.



HABITS.

With the exception of the Long-billed Curlew this is one of the largest of the North American shore birds and as its flesh is very palatable they are one of the most persistently hunted of all the shore birds during the brief period that they remain with us in the fall. They are usually found in flocks of from ten to thirty individuals but on rare occasions several hundreds may be met with together. They are much more abundantly met with in the interior about fresh water ponds but for a short time in the fall and again in the spring, numbers of them are found along both coasts. They call quite readily and also come to decoys which are stuck up in marshes or on beaches to attract passing flocks of waders. Their flight is very rapid and the whole flock wheel like one unit, as if they were trained soldiers. They feed along the beaches and marshes at low tide, upon marine insects and small shellfish.

BIRD INCIDENTS.

By Berton Mercer.

Refreshment for the Birds.

There are many ways in which we can be of service to the birds in promoting their comfort, and many simple methods by which we can encourage them to locate near our dwellings.

Some years ago we placed a small log, about two feet long, on the ground in the yard under a maple tree. One side of the log was cut out in such a manner as to form a little trough about three inches deep by four or five inches wide. This we filled with fresh water every two days and always kept it nicely cleaned.

The trough was originally placed in the yard as a drinking place for the birds during the summer, and we were more than repaid for our trouble by the pleasure derived from watching them. First a few birds came and inspected it, drank from it, and took an initial bath, and these evidently appreciated the situation and confided the good news to others, and the number of visitors to the trough increased until finally it became a popular "summer resort" with the birds in the neighborhood. The different birds using the trough were Robins, Cat Birds, Song Sparrows, Chipping Sparrows and Wrens, all of which took baths with the exception of the last named; I never observed them do more than drink. However the Wrens made a daily examination of the under side of the trouge in search of any spiders, worms or bugs that might be luring there.

On many a sultry day in summer I have seen the little Song Sparrows come up to the trough all dusty and panting with thirst. After taking a long drink of the cool water, and indulging in a good bath, they were completely refreshed and would frequently repay us with a sweet song of thanks for the benefit received. Some times two birds would take a bath at once, and it was truly amusing to watch them splashing and hopping in the water, making it fly in all directions. and afterwards returning to some shady nook to dress their feathers.

Maryland Yellow-throat Nest.

During the past summer while walking through a section of low land where there was much coarse grass and low growth, I noticed a Maryland Yellow-throat sitting on a scrub bush with a mouth-full of sedge grass, roots, etc. I stood perfectly still and watched him to see what he would do. Presently, as if divining my attention, he seemed to say "I'll just show you where it is," and flew directly to a bunch of tall grass and disappeared. After a few minutes he came out again, looked at me saucily and sang out, "Glad to meet you," "Glad to meet you,"

and then proceeded to gather another mouth-ful of materials and carried them to the same place. On making an examination I found a partially completed nest, and on calling there two days later, the nest was finished —a beautiful, round cup-like structure. I stopped there on several occasions afterwards but no eggs were deposited in it, although the birds remained in the vicinity all season. It is my impression that this nest was simply made as a "blind," while the true home was somewhere else. I am the more inclined to think so on account of the careless manner in which the bird exposed it in the first instance.

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

One of you have asked about the robin's second brood. Robins, Phoebes, Swallows, Wrens, Sparrows and many other birds, raise several families in one season, sometimes laying eggs even in sultry August. The Robins usually use the same nest through the summer, repairing it, if need be, with fresh mud, plaster and twig joists. I have seen Sir Robin sitting upon the eggs in a most contented manner, while Madam was busying herself about something else out of sight of the home nest.

Not long ago the Birdlover had a delightful talk with a bold young chippy. Master chipping bird did the most of the talking however. He alighted on the lower step of a veranda where the Birdlover was sitting, and began to talk. I presume he remarked on the weather and crops, then he hopped up another step, still looking up with a "chip, chip, chip," soon the next step was mounted, and presently he ventured up the last step close to the feet of the Birdlover, and looking up confidingly into his face told a long story in chippy language.

After fifteen or twenty minutes, he spread his wings and sailed away to the crooked apple tree which contained the horne nest, where he

chattered away to his less venturesome brothers and sisters, perhaps telling them of the strange bird which lived in the great white nest on the hill.

Cordially, your friend
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1. Naomi E. Voris, Crawfordsville, Ind.
2. James Howard Binns, Adena, Ohio.
3. Leroy B. Noble, Little River, Conn.
4. Huldah C. Smith, Providence, R. I.
5. Jacob Stehman, Roherston, Pa.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES.

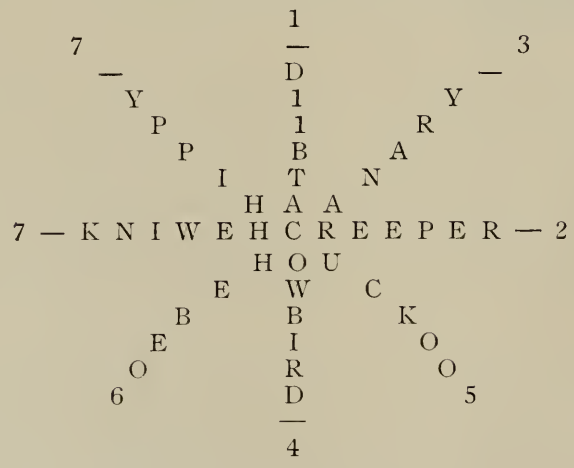
ENIGMA NO. 1.

American Kingfisher.

ENIGMA NO 2.

Sandpiper.

EIGHT-POINTED STAR.



QUERIES.—CRESTED BIRDS.

1. Jay and Cardinal.
2. Cedar Bird.
3. Tufted Titmouse.
4. Kingfisher.

MAILBAG EXTRACTS.

I have put up a bird house and am making another one. There are a good many English Sparrows around here. I tacked a piece of bread on the fence, and it was eaten up pretty quick, I think the Fourth of July will be an unhappy time for the birds, because they will get scared.

I am very much interested in the Bird Magazine.

WM. K. D. REYNOLDS.
Berkeley, Cal.

Last year about the eighth of May, I was walking in the yard, when suddenly I heard the little voice of the House Wren. I followed the voice till I found the little fellow busily hunting insects on the apple tree. Thinking he probably wished to rent a house, I went to work sawing, hammering and trying to make a house. But as it was entirely new business to me I sawed my apron more than I did the wood. I finished the house that afternoon and nailed it up.

The next day was Sunday, and when I came home from church, Mamma said, "Jenny and Johny have moved in." I could hardly realize that such cute birds had moved in such a rude house.

It was so interesting to watch them come to the house together, and Jenny go in the house and fix the straws and sticks, while Johnny would sit on some twig or the top of the house and pour forth such a beautiful song.

One day we heard some very faint chirps from the bird house, and knew the little ones had hatched. When they left we do not know.

After a while Jenny seemed to be repairing the nest, and before long there were eight more little eggs in it. We saw some of those little ones leave the nest, and such a scolding as the parents did, I have never heard before or since. It may be they were scolding because I was around. This year my uncle made me two very cute houses. I hope my Wrens will come back next year and occupy these nice homes.

NAOMI E. VORIS, Crawfordsville, Ind.

I wish to note in the magazine the discovery of two unusual nesting sites. One was a blue bird's nest situated in a tree on a limb. I found it on May 26th with five eggs and watched them until they hatched. The old birds seemed to like the shady leafy home as much as if it were bare. The other was a catbird's nest built in a pile of four foot wood beside the river. I was fishing on May 21st, on the opposite side of the river from the wood, when to my surprise a catbird flew down and picked up a cast off minnow head. I watched where she flew and saw her go in a large opening in a side of a pile of wood. I then poured out some earth worms and waited. About one minute

elapsed and she returned, Seeing the worms crawling off she began pecking them all to kill them. She returned home with only one worm, and soon another catbird came back with her and got a worm. This went on about an hour until my worms gave out, and then I went across and found the nest containing four young catbirds with open mouths. They were nearly ready to fly, and when four days later, I returned with worms, they had taken their departure. It seemed as if the bluebirds and catbirds had exchanged nesting sites.

ORREN W. TURNER.

ENIGMA.

I am a bird composed of 20 letters. As 11-8-8-7 and 1-2-18-4-19-9 were going 12-2 the 10-13-1.1 after 7 bucket of 10-9-15-13-17 they 5-11-10, 12-20-13, 8-13-5-15 of a 12-16-17-3-19-16 which had 15-20-14-13-13 eggs 6-8 it. JAMES HOWARD BINNS, Adena, Ohio.

PI.

Some birds that repair and use the last year's nest.

1. Ernw,
2. Lalwows,
3. Rideblub,
4. Slow,
5. Slagee,
6. Whakshif,
7. Targe-treesed cryflatceh.

PI NUMBER 2.

The *sten* of the sociable little *oraspwrongs* is not always *dufon* on the *rundog* or in a *shub*. He sometimes takes possession of a convenient *leho* in a *reet*, and has even been known to *kame* a *meho* for his *tellit nose* in old *int snac*. The *sten* is *dame* of *raceso ragsess*, *dewes* and *veales*, often *delin* with *rahi*.

GLEANINGS.

How falls it, Oriole, thou hast come to fly
In southern splendor through our northern sky?
In some blithe moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange lily, flecked with black,
In a forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning to heaven, until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

EDGAR FAWCETT.

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American Ornithology.

A Magazine Devoted Wholly to Birds.

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VOL. IV **OCTOBER, 1904.** **NO. 10.**

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Among the most handsome, as well as interesting exhibits at the St. Louis Fair, is that of the G. Cramer Dry Plate Co. located in the Palace of Liberal Arts, block No. 53, at the intersection of Aisle Gand Aisle four. This exhibit, which is the ONLY ONE OF ITS KIND at the World's Fair, consists of a large number of the finest photographs and a number of exquisitely beautiful transparencies, all made by the foremost photographers and artists of this country on the famous Cramer Plate. This exhibit must be seen to be appreciated, and we would therefore strongly urge any of our readers who attend the Fair to be sure and visit this very interesting display, feeling confident that what they see there will amply repay them for their visit.

The Cramer Co. have advised us that they will be much pleased to have visiting photographers to the World's Fair call at their magnificent establishment at the corner of Lemp ave and Shenandoah St., where a most cordial welcome awaits any visitor.

Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

YOUNG KINGFISHERS.

[Six little Kings.]

THE PURPLE MARTIN.

Written for American Ornithology by OLIVER DAVIE.

With the exception of the little "Jennie Wren," the Robin, and Bluebird, there is scarcely any other bird that should call forth our love and claim protection about our garden and houses more than the Purple, or, as it is commonly called, "House Martin." The little Wrens keep our ears open to their lively, chattering notes; our eyes open to see their wonderful acrobatic movements up and down a tree trunk or limb, with their out-of-sight antics behind these, or through the chinks and crevices of some old barn. The Robin thrills the heart with his loud piping notes of love in the early days of blustery March, reminding us that the gentle hours of spring are at hand. The Bluebird cannot be depended upon as a weather prognosticator, for many of his tribe remain with us all winter. It has hiding-places in hollow trees, where, when wintry winds begin blowing, when sleet and snow begin to freeze on the trunks of the forest, he retires to one of these retreats, and on every sunny day he will come forth from his log-cabin and sound his soft piccolo notes, saying, "The spring will come, the spring will come." And we take his word for it.

But the Martin, that sable-winged minstrel of mirth! Mirth and jollity are in his throat and actions; he belongs to a choir that never have had their harps tuned to sadness, tuned only for the merriment of mankind; no dirge or tears are in his notes. His song is a succession of screams and chatterings, which wind up with a clatter of rattle-bone sounds, such as is heard from the end-men at the minstrel show.

Being a true swallow he is possessed of wonderful power of flight. Often on a clear summer day, when he has soared and circled as close to the blue dome of heaven as possible, one can distinctly hear those screams, chatters, and rattling bones hundreds of yards above. Often at midnight, or long after he has retired to rest in his little house, he utters these same notes, but in a more subdued tone, as if scolding his new bride, whom he has won only the day before. The Martin is an early riser; in Ohio, in the month of June he is out of his house and on the wing about half-past three, before the first rays of the sun begin to streak the eastern sky, just as the cooling zephyrs begin to rise, when one can inhale the fresh odors of living vegetation. He retires sometimes when it is so dark that it is difficult for him to find his way home.

One of the economic points of value in these birds is that they live exclusively on noxious winged insects, and destroy thousands of them daily, from the most minute to the largest. I have seen them catch the common locust in mid-air, and bring the screaming insect home as

food for their young. Of course the oldest of the young birds is always the strongest, and he generally forces his way to the front door first. Here he opens his large yellow-rimmed mouth and swallows the locust while it goes down singing, probably one of Beethoven's sonatas. I have frequently seen the parent bird bring the large-sized dragon-flies (we boys used to call them "snake-feeders") and feed them to their young, who would swallow them, wings and all. This operation, however, often requires considerable time; while the youngest of the brood were kept back, their oldest brother was occupying all the space of the door, swallowing the dragon-fly.

The parents will come and go, frequently without being able to feed the younger of their brood at all, on account of the big fellow standing in front of the door struggling to swallow the dragon-fly.

Besides the credit which we must give Martins for destroying harmful insects, and with all their other remunerative instincts, they have one which will please the farmer or any person engaged in raising poultry in rural districts. Martins will pursue and drive away hawks of the largest size. He is a wise farmer who will encourage Martins, for they will take care of the hawks, while the hens take care of their broods.

The Martin arrives in Central Ohio from its winter home in South America, about the 9th day of April. This date, according to my notes of twenty years, can almost be depended on, although they sometimes reach this point as early as march 25th.

The birds rear but one brood of young during the summer months, and begin to congregate (young and old) by the middle or latter part of August, this means the departure for their Southern home. In great troops they depart, and, like bands of gypies, they make stops along the route, according to the condition of the weather.

In some of the smaller towns just at dusk one would imagine, from the number of Martins to be seen roosting under the cornices of the larger buildings, that they had come to capture the place, as Chinese sometimes do "by force of numbers." But on they go, those merry troopers, those minstrels carrying their banjoes and rattle bones with them, cheering each other, for the way is long to the land of the olive and cypress, the land where wild vines of myrtle and ivy hang in festoons over the waters; where the Flamingo and Scarlet Ibis reflect their cardinal colors, equaling those of the setting sun.

Here in these tropical gardens they make their winter home, resting at night in the hollows and cracks of the trees about them; in the daytime they feed on winged insects never known where there young were born. Here, while on the wing, they dip their bills into the waters to

quench their thirst, near the braids of hanging moss, in the land that knows no snow.

Before this country was discovered, before civilized men erected dwellings for the Martin they nested, like other swallows, in hollow trees. The Indians used to cut round holes in the old fashioned gourd; dig out the contents, fasten it to a tall pole, and raise it for the Martins to nest in. In many places throughout the country to-day this is done, and is very interesting. The hole in the gourd should be fully three inches in diameter, and placed just high enough up on the side to leave a cup for the nest, and under the hole a twig should be fastened for the birds to alight on.

A very neat and artistic Martin-house can be made in the shape of a little cottage, with from two to six rooms. These should be not less than seven inches, inside measurement. The doors should be three inches wide, with platforms in front of each for the birds to alight on.

A gentleman in my neighborhood has one patterned after his own house of ten rooms, all the rooms being occupied every summer.

A neat little two-roomed cottage like my own martin-house can be made out of any wooden box which may be found about the house or at the family grocery-store.

In the neighborhood of the Ohio State University there are no less than fifteen martin-houses, nearly all put up through the writers influence. All are inhabited by birds each summer, and their owners declare they never would be without them.

The Martin is not particular about the materials for his nest. Sticks, straws, and dry grass, which he gathers from the fields or roadways. Sometimes he alights on a tree and picks off a green leaf and carries it to his nest. The hollow of the nest is usually back in one of of the furtherest corners of the room.

I have observed that the birds work harder while building during wet weather, especially immediately after a rain. Probably the reason is, that the wet materials pack more closely than dry ones, for, upon examination, the nest will be found quite solid.

Commonly from four to five narrow, white eggs are laid, rarely six. These are hatched by the middle of June, or, according to circumstances a little later, and by the middle of July the young birds begin thinking about flying, which gives the old ones great concern. As in the case of a young lad determined to leave home against the wishes of his parents, they do everything in their power to persuade him that he is not able to take care of himself. The old Martins are afraid their little ones will fall into the jaws of quadrupeds in waiting beneath.

Here is the way they hold their little ones as long as they can: The

mother bird, or the father bird, will sit on the platform and blockade the door until one or the other returns with food for the babies. This is kept up until one of the youngsters break out, sometimes to alight head first on the kitchen roof, or be caught in a grape-arbor with outspread wings. Sometimes if the little one is lucky he alights on the branch of a tree. In any case the old birds unceasingly wait upon their little ones, feeding and watching them constantly for a few days until on strong wings they can soar to cheer the old folks who bore the hardships of their summer's rearing with tenderness and love.

The Martins are very sociable and neighborly birds. Where there is a community in which there are a number of Martin-boxes, every pair of birds in that neighborhood visit one another's home almost daily, especially after the young are born.

Imagine the clatter and din from a half hundred throats of Martins flying and screaming around the homes of their community, congratulating each family in most emphatic terms upon the good looks and health of their babies.

A truly sublime sight is to watch a troop of Martins drinking in mid-air, just before a thunderstorm. The heat of the day has been intense; drouth has cauged vegetation to droop under a blazing sun; the air we breath is hot, as though from a furnace; the stillness of all life is most impressive. In the west there are forming great mountains of black clouds. They seem to be rolling and tumbling over one another, and coming toward us. Every now and then streaks of lightning illumine the sky, with occasional mutterings of thunder. Large drops of rain begin to fall, and far up in the air the Martins may be seen catching the liquid crystals as they fall, purer than those from any earthly fountain, for they have come directly from the Hand of Heaven.

WHERE ARE THE PURPLE MARTINS.

As far as I can learn, but one Purple Martin has been observed in central Massachusetts this year and the person who observed this one is not sure as to its identity. During the breeding season in 1903 several weeks of continued rainy and cold weather appear to have killed off all the young birds and to have caused all the old ones to leave and many to perish. Owing to the scarcity of insect life they are unable to get food for either themselves or their young and whole houses full of young were found to have perished. In some cases a few of the adults returned after the weather had cleared up but they did not stay

or attempt to rear another brood during the season. But it was with much surprise that bird lovers found that none of the beautiful Martins were to return this year and many would like to know how they have fared in other sections of the country. Will any of our subscribers who can give any information on this point write and let us know if the usual numbers or if any Martins have been seen by them this season. We would like especially to know if they are more abundant than usual in any locality to account for those which should have returned to Massachusetts and did not.

LEACH PETREL.

A. O. U. No. 106. (Oceanodroma leucorrhoa).

RANGE.

North Atlantic and North Pacific Oceans, breeding from Maine and the Farallones north to the Artic Circle. They winter southward from the southern limits of their breeding grounds to the waters adjacent to Central America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 8 inches. General color of plumage a brownish gray, more browu below. The ends of the wing coverts and sometimes the secondaries are light grayish. The primaries and tail are black, the latter being deeply forked; the tail coverts are entirely white; the legs are comparatively short as compared with most of the Petrels and are entirely black.

NEST AND EGGS.

Petrels nest in the ground at the end of burrows, laying their single white eggs at the end either upon the bare earth or upon a scant lining of grasses or rootlets. The eggs are a dead white in color and sometimes show a faint wreath of minute brown spots about the larger end; size 1.35 x 1.00. They are laid during the latter part of June or early in July and three weeks or more of incubation are required to hatch them.

HABITS.

When upon land, Petrels are one of the most awkward of birds; their feet seem to be too weak to sustain even their slight weight and they waddle from side to side balancing themselves with their long slender wings. But give them their freedom to sail through the air and skim over the water and they change immediately into a thing of grace.

LEACH PETREL.

All day long they fly, on tireless wings, like a hawk or gull, now skimming like a swallow, but rarely seen at any considerable elevation above the water. However turbulent the water, they will follow exactly the risings and fallings of the waves, now just skimming above the crest of a hill of water, then skimming down its incline with the precision of a machine so exactly do they maintain their distance above the water. All this time their eager eyes are searching in every direction for something edible, upon seeing which they go pattering towards it, literally running on the water; if the supply of food is large they will settle in the water in the midst of it, but if only a small scrap is found they gather it up in their bill while still on the wing and continue their endless flight. Their food consists of oily scraps of any substance they may find; what they usually find is uncertain for their stomach has not been found to contain anything other than a yellowish oily fluid, but certainly they are very fond of fish liver. They seem to always live at peace with each other and with other birds for even when several of them are excitedly gathering up scraps of food, never a word of complaint or anger is uttered by any of them, even when one gets a piece from right under the bill of another. Sometimes during long continued storms they become exhausted from hunger and some perish and their little bodies wash ashore and again when weakened by hunger they may be blown inland with the storm they are unable to combat, and sometimes found many miles from the seacoast.

PETRELS AT HOME.

This summer I was fortunate in being able to spend a week on Duck Island, a small island near Mount Desert off the Maine coast. The trip was made especially to study and photograph the large Herring Gull colony that inhabits this island, consequently it was with added delight that we found that the island was also densely populated with Leach Petrels.

Arriving at Southwest Harbor at about ten o'clock in the morning we soon had engaged the services of a fisherman to take us out to the island in his gasoline launch although he was very chary about venturing outside in the very dense fog which made it impossible to see a boat's length ahead. By following the deep sound of the fog whistle which bellowed at frequent intervals from the lighthouse on the island we were enabled to keep in the right direction and at last sighted the island, not however, so dense was the fog, until several minutes after we had first heard the waves breaking on the rocky shores.

LEACH PETREL AND NEST.

Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

We made our headquarters at the cottage of Mr. Van Horn, a lobster fisherman and the only human resident on the island with the exception of the three lighthouse keepers and their families. Seldom has it been our fortune to find a host so genial and obliging; his only fear seemed to be that he could not do enough for our comfort.

From the house the only signs of bird life to be seen were Barn and Tree Swallows, Song Sparrows and occasionally a Herring Gull lazily flapping his way over the water, or a Black Guillemot rapidly flying over the waves. By listening intently, above the roar of the breakers could be heard the harsh discordant cries of the large colony of Gulls on the other side of the island. The fog had now cleared away some but it was still impossible to see beyond a quarter of a mile and all objects at a nearer distance were hazy. During the five days that we were on the island, the first four were very foggy and it was only on the morning of the fifth when we were obliged to return home that the sun appeared brightly above the horizon.

We had gone but a few hundred yards along the shore when we were greeted by a faint Petrel odor, a disagreeable odor that is always found about their nests and that is always retained by the birds or eggs after years in a cabinet. Upon investigation we found numerous small holes in the ground, varying from two to three inches in diameter; most of them were located under roots, stumps or overhanging stones but a little farther on we found that the ground was literally honeycombed with the entrances to their little burrows.

But for the presence of the holes and the faint odor, scarcely perceptible when standing up, one would not dream of the hidden bird city that they were walking over. Not a Petrel was to be seen and at no time during our stay did we see a Petrel on the wing of his own accord. We dug out perhaps ten of the burrows in order to get the photographs that we wanted. At the end of each was a single Petrel sitting on a single white egg; in only one of them were two of the birds found together. It is a customery habit of this species for one of the birds to sit on the egg during the daytime while its mate is roaming about over the water in search of food, returning at dusk to relieve his weary partner and allow her to get her meals. The ground in the sections of the island most frequented by the Petrels is of a soft peaty nature, covered with grass or pine needles for the holes are very numerous in the groves of pines on the island. None of the burrows, many of which were very fresh and must have been made this year, showed any signs of the dirt which was removed when digging, and if as indicated, they had carried it by mouthfulls to dump over the edge

of the cliff, their task must have been a very laborious one, unless, as the small boy said of the Chipmunk, 'they began at the other end.'

The burrows varied in length from about eight to thirty inches and terminated in a larger chamber to give the occupant room in which to turn about. Most of them had a scant lining of fine black rootlets upon which the single egg was laid. At this time the week of July eighteenth, nearly all the eggs appeared to be nearly ready to hatch although we did not find a single nest with a young bird in it. When the nests were opened the old birds huddled back in the darkest corners, creeping about like gray mice and seeming to be rather dazed by the sudden exposure to the light. Some of them immediately commenced digging and the progress that they made was amazing. They seemed to use both their bill and feet, the former after the manner of a pickaxe and the latter as shovels; it took only a few minutes for them to tunnel in so as to be completely out of sight. When taken in the hand they offered but little resistance beyond sometimes ejecting from the mouth the offensive oily yellowish fluid upon which they feed their young. When placed on the ground they waddled, or perhaps crawled would better express the manner of their locomotion, back into their burrows; only two of them rose in flight from the ground, indeed, it seems to be quite a difficult matter for them to get the necessary spring to successfully launch themselves into the air, from terra firma; the surface of the water along which they go pattering with their little feet is much more to their liking. When thrown into the air they would give a couple vigorous flaps with their wings and then swoop out of sight over the face of the cliff. My attempts to successfully photograph them when thus flying were rather futile, for upon first starting their flight, they pursued such a devious course and got out of range so quickly that they were gone before I could get a satisfactory focus on them.

None of the birds handled or seen made the slightest sound, but at night we could frequently hear them as they went to and fro from one nest which was located within ten feet of the house, under a large rock. Their notes are very similar to the twittering of a flock of Swallows.

LEACH PETREL.

[When released from the land they scaled gracefully over the edge of the cliff.]

BANK SWALLOW COLONY.

By Berton Mercer.

During the course of an extended walk through the country one summer morning, I came to a deep cut where the road passed between very high banks. They were composed of a mixture of sandy material and reddish clay, and were covered with a growth of coarse grass and scrub trees. Noticing an unusually large number of swallows circling in the air, I watched them for a time and presently saw one of them fly direct to the bank and disappear in a small opening near the top. Investigation revealed the presence of about fifty burrows scattered over the face of the bank, beginning about twelve feet from the base and ranging from there to the summit. These ranged in depth from six inches to two feet. The entrance in most cases was oval in shape, and the tunnel ran straight back with a slight depression at the far end. Some of the nests (for such they were) had a slight lining of dried grass, while other occupants were content to use the bare sand.

This unexpected discovery was evidently made in the height of their breeding season, as nearly all the nests contained eggs, ranging in number from three to six. The eggs when fresh were pearly white, or when held up to the light, had a pink tint, owing to the frail nature of the shell. When partly incubated they became much soiled from contact with the damp sand. The birds did not seem to mind my presence and continued to fly around in careless unconcern while I made an examination of almost every nest in the settlement.

RINGED KINGFISHER.

A. O. U. No 391 1 (Ceryle torquata.)

RANGE.

Found in the United States only in southern Arizona and Texas.

DESCRIPTION.

Similar in coloration to the common Belted Kingfisher but much larger averaging fifteen or sixteen in. in length; the underparts back of the bluish gray breast band are a uniform chestnut, this color extending to the lining of the wings; the bluish gray color of the back and breast band is a great deal brighter than that of the common Kingfisher; the bill is even longer and heavier in proportion than that of our native bird.

HABITS.

The Ringed or Rufous-breasted Kingfisher is the largest and perhaps the most handsome of the species found on the American Continent. It is met with quite often in Central America and in common in South America. Like the commonly known species they are always found in the vicinity of water and also live almost exclusively upon fish which they catch by diving or dropping upon from an elevation over the water. Their loud rattling cry, uttered as they go from point to point over the water is said to indistinguishable from that of the Belted Kingfisher.

They are tropical birds and become scarcer and scarcer as we go north, and while quite rare over our borders they are apt to occur at any time during the summer.

UNDERGROUND TENANTS.

Last June a friend, while roaming about on the edge of some woods, suddenly felt the earth giving away beneath his feet and sprang to one side just in time, as he soon found, to avoid treading upon a whole family of little Kingfishers. Probably the old birds had misjudged the thickness of the earth and had made the roof of their underground house too high for there was scarcely half an inch of thickness of dirt separating their home from the outer world. The next day he was very enthusiastic in his description of how handsome they were and

Photo from life by C. A. Reed.

ADULT KINGFISHER LEAVING TUNNEL.

how well behaved they were while sitting on the edge of a large stone where he placed them while he repaired the damage that he had unwittingly done. A flat stone was carefully placed over the roomy cavity and dirt packed on top of that so as to render it inconspicious and then it was much more secure than it was as the birds had left it; the birds were then released one at a time at the entrance of the tunnel and safely found their way home.

We found that they were still at home when we visited the place a week later armed with cameras and paraphernalia for making pictures. Before looking at the little ones the camera was placed on a rock within about five feet of the entrance and carefully focussed. It was then covered with a gray cloth so as to have the same general color and shape as the surrounding stones, and a long rubber tubing was run to a sheltering clump of bushes about twenty yards in front.

A few minutes after we had comfortably seated ourselves in the ambush, a warning rattle was heard from the bed of the brook and soon this was repeated from the edge of the woods close to us. Guided by the sound we soon located her perched on one of the lower branches of an oak, and as we had expected, with a small fish in her beak. That she was suspicious was easily seen by the anxious and frequent rattlings and the curious bobbing up and down of her tail, much like the characteristic motion of the Spotted Sandpiper. It was clear that she saw that an addition had been made to the landscape about her home and she did not relish the change, but as she steadily watched it and saw that it did not move or show signs of life, her fears were allayed. At times she would turn the fish about in her bill and once, at least, tossed it in the air and deftly caught it again in a new position. Finally she darted towards the small hole in the bank, but much to my surprise, instead of stopping on one of the several twigs about the entrance, she dashed right in without a pause and as I was not prepared to take moving pictures I let her go trusting to get her image on the plate when she came out. She remained within her house about three minutes and then suddenly her tail feathers appeared in the doorway and she had darted out with the speed of light.

We waited for her to come back and feed her young three times and each time she entered without a pause, fed her charges and then backed out of the tunnel, which was about three feet in length, and flew away so quickly that there was no chance for a satisfactory picture. The one shown was made in one-five hundredths of a second, the bulb being squeezed when the tail feathers came in sight, thus getting her just as she was about to turn to fly.

When we lifted the stone that served as a roof to their home, we dis-

Photo by C. A. Reed.

YOUNG KINGFISHERS.

closed a beautiful sight; contrasting with the dark brown earth and relieved by the snowy white collars, the backs and crests of the little ones appeared a delicate shade of blue; six sharple pointed beaks were turned with one accord in our direction and twelve bright brown eyes blinked there surprise at our intrusion. They proved very tractable and like a company of soldiers would stand in line wherever we placed them. Two of them were a little unruly and showed considerable animosity toward each other, one grabbing the other by the wing and the latter retaliating by vigorously pecking his brother. Peace in the family was restored by separating the beligerants and then they kindly allowed us to make a series of views of them in various attitudes and groups. They were at this time in full plumage, nearly as large as their parents and would probably have left the nest on the day that we visited them had they not been disturbed. We left them as we found them snugly ensconced at the end of their burrow and safely protected from rodents and inclement weather by the stone roof.

THE BLUE JAY.

About a week before Christmas I observed a Blue Jay in a neighboring yard and thought how nice it would be if we could secure him and his mate for a daily visitor through the dreary winter, so arming myself with a plentiful supply of crumbs, I crossed the road and under the tree where I first saw him I scattered a few crumbs and as I retraced my steps, dropped a few more and when I reached the window boxes of my own home I covered two of these with the remaining crumbs as tempting a feast as any bird could wish.

I did not see any more of him that day but the next morning he came to my window. Very shy indeed, at first, just alighting for a morsel and then away to a neighboring tree to devour it more leisurely. The next day another came and soon another and another till in less than a fortnight I had ten of those feathed beauties that took breakfast at my window every morning. Then began in earnest my study of the Blue Jay. I had always been his friend and could not believe many of the scandalous stories told of him. First I studies his tastes and found him quite an epicure in his way. He cared but little for corn and oats and mush of any kind he would not touch but pieces of toasted bread and bits of fat were his espearal dainties. One day I put on the boxes some scraps from leaf lard and suet with bits of toast. Two of the birds that morning took pieces of the bread, thrust them into the fat until thoroughly covered and then flew away: In that way this pair took their breakpast. My ten Blue Jays were blessed with good appetites and if given what they liked best would carry away a large amount in a short time. They are very fond of trimmings of steak and other pieces of suet but lean meat was not to their fancies. They came for their daily meal about eight in the morning and though they took occasional lunches during the day, they never called for food except in the morning: If their call of "Jay Jay" did not bring their food promptly, some of the bolder ones would pick on the window panes with their bills, and stormy mornings they came some earlier and went away hastily. One pleasant day I noticed my flock in some trees near the house. It seemed to be a social gathering where each bird did something for amusement. Some were pruning their feathers, others were hopping from branch to branch uttering their weird call and others were busy picking something from the trees. I determined to find out what it was and on examining the trees on which they were at work, I found eggs of the tent moth encircling the tender branches. One great point scored by my Blue Jay friend. The birds were not nearly as pugnacious towards the English Sparrows or toward each

other as I have seen many other birds appear. Soon after the middle of February I noticed different notes in his call and I found too when he uttered these, he moved up and down on the branch where he rested. It seemed as if the rising and falling helped him in the utterance of them. It is a call peculiar to himself and not one he makes to mimic other birds. My birds were slender and graceful when first they came but before winter had nearly gone many had grown quite portly and assumed a kind of dignity peculiar to fleshy people. As the warm days of April came they returned less and less frequently, and at last, toward the middle of the month we thought our winter friends had flown. One morning the last of April I looked out and the ten beauties were scattered among the trees, calling to each other. Such a noisy concourse it was, but discordant as it appeared to be, we all enjoyd this farewell visit, as it proved to be. It has been said that the Jay lays her eggs in the nest of other birds, but this is not true as I have seen their nest and eggs. It is usually built in a tree-crotch fifteen or twenty feet from the ground. It is rather a rude structure built of twigs and strong roots but the lining of the nest is much finer than the outside. The nests I examined were in a scrub oak and cedar but we found another in a maple too high for inspection. The eggs four or six in number, are pale olive gray, dotted with cinnamon brown. Both the male and female help each other in building the nest and their family relations seem as happy as those of other birds as far as I can see. The Jay is an insectivorous bird and also very fond of fine seeds such as he finds in many noxious weeds, and while these food supplies can be found he will not visit the haunts of man. Thus he not only destroys many injurious insects but prevents the spread of numerous weeds. He is said devour young birds and eggs, but statistics show that these are not his regular diet, for out of two hundred and eighty stomachs examined only three showed traces of eggs and two of young birds.

I have found it impossible to attract Jays to the house, while their natural food supply can be obtained. When deep snows lie upon the ground they are driven to seek elsewhere, and then will take any kind of food gratefully.

B. M. PHILLIPS, Oxford, Me.

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

One of the little lads who belongs in our corner was disappointed when the postman brought his August Bird Magazine, and again when the September number came. I will tell you why, for other lads and lasses have been disappointed in the same way.

On the first day of August we received a list of correct answers to the July puzzles, with the request that the writer's name be placed upon *August* Roll of Honer. On that date, not only the Bird Chats for August, but also for September were already in the publisher's hands. Two months seems to you a long time to wait doesn't it? But I hope you will send in your replies and cultivate patience.

Our summer friends have flown away and we shall again coax our winter visitors to be sociable and friendly. Write to us of your success. Some of you taught the birds to be very tame during last winter's cold and snow.

Cordially Your Friend,
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Arthur D. Stout, Plainfield, New Jersey.
Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
Leroy B. Noble, Little River, Conn.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES.

ENIGMA. Louisiana Water Thrush.

Pi. No. 1. Some birds that repair and use the last year's nest. 1. Wren, 2. Swallow, 3. Bluebird, 4. Owls, 5. Eagles, 6. Fish-hawks, 7. Great-crested Flycatcher.

Pi. No. 2 1. Nest, 2, Songsparrow, 3. found, 4. ground, 5. bush,

6. hole, 7. tree, 8. make, 9. home, 10. little, 11. ones, 12. tin, 13. cans 14. nest, 15. made, 16. coarse, 17. grasses, 18. weeds, 19. leaves, 20. lined, 21. hair.

FEATHERS FOR A KING.

The natives of the Hawaian Islands adorn themselves on gala days with long wreaths called "lei," made of bright flowers or feathers. These are twined about their heads, necks, waists, or arms. Before the United States gained possession of the islands, a lei worn only by members of the royal family was made of the feathers from a bird called the Oo. Each bird supplies but two of the valuable feathers, which are a bright yellow the royal color of Hawaii. A lei made of these rare feathers is valued at several hundred dollars.

WHAT WAS HIS NAME?

Marjory ran into the house one evening in June, calling to us to come out and see what had happened to the young robins in the nest just above the house on the edge of the wood. It was too dark to see into the thicket, but there were sounds of a loud scolding and sharp calls of alarm, it must be Robin calling "Come, quick! quick." Then came a sound like the cry of a child. Had Robin avenged himself? Again, a new note came through the darkness, this time it sounded as if Joe's guinea hens were out for an evening walk. This was followed by such a succession of strange sounds, whistling, mewing, clucking and scolding. We were unable to find the mocker, but at intervals all night long we heard the curious sounds. The next morning we stationed ourselves in the midst of the tangled bushes, resolved to solve the mystery, and after long waiting were rewarded by several fleeting glimpses of the imposter.

Our uncanny seranader proved to be a good sized olive green bird, with bright yellow throat and breast, belly white and a white line over his eye, and a black beak, and he is strangely named a "warbler."

He dashed by us with drooping wings and tail, with feet extended behind him like a heron's in a most innocent manner. It was hard to believe that this handsome fellow was the author of such a Babel, neither did it seem as if he could belong to the family of the tiny wood warblers.

A few weeks later we found among the briars, about as high as our head, a bulky nest of leaves, bark and dead twigs, lined with fine grasses and containing three pinkish white eggs, blotched with spots of reddish brown. Who will tell us the name of this midnight prowler?

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

7-11-11-10-2 sat beneath the large 1-2-3-7-5 tree to 5-2-4-3 a book written by 3-7-5-9-10-11. From the woods 11-2-7-5 by some large birds called 1-4-9, 1-7-6- Some 3-2-7-5 little goldfinches sang cheerily as they ate seeds from the 6-2-2-3-13 at her feet. A row of 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8-9-10-11-12-13 whispered above her head on a branch, and old 3-7-11 the dog 5-4-11 up to her 6-4-12-12-10-11-12 his tail. In the field a 6-7-10-11 loaded with grain 3-5-4-9-11 by a yoke of red oxen creaked and creaked.

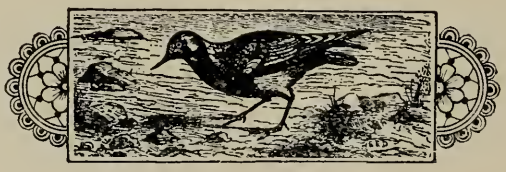
Suddenly a drop of 5-7-10-11 fell splash, upon the page before her. She 5-7-11 quickly to the house lest the 5-4-10.11 should spoil the 11-2-6 hat she was 6-2-4-5-10-11-12.

Give five reasons why we should care for and protect the birds. Five reasons from those you give will be given in the December Bird Chats.

GLEANINGS.

"Then come those peaceful gorgeous days when the earth seems like a fairy bubble reflecting a thousand tints too lovely to be lost."

But summer wanes, and autumn approaches. The songsters of the seedtime are silent at the reaping of the harvest. Other minstrels take up the strain. All the songs of the spring and summer appear to be floating, softened and refined in the upper air. The birds, in a new, but less holiday suit, turn their faces southward. The swallows flock and go, silently and unobserved, the thrushes go. Autumn arrives, bringing finches, warblers, sparrows and kinglets from the north. Silently the procession passes. JOHN BURROUGHS.



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BY W. J. HOLLAND.

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A Magazine Devoted Wholly to Birds.

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RESULT OF OUR PHOTO CONTEST.

The photographs submitted in our competion this year, while not so numerous as last year, are as a rule of better quality, in fact there were so many of about equal merit that the task of awarding the prizes was a very difficult one, and led us to make an additional award in both Class 1 and 2. After a very careful consideration we have awarded prizes as follows:

Class 1. 1st., Arizona Jays by E. R. Forest, Washington, Pa.
2nd., Rocky Mountain Jay by L. B. Gilmore, Saegertown, Pa.
3rd., An Entomologist by J. P. Parker, Cleveland, Ohio.
4th., Barn Owl by N. W. Swayne, West Chester, Pa.

Class 2. 1st., Bank Swallows by J. A. Miller, Lowville, N. Y.
Young Kingfishers by J. M. Shreck, Buffalo, N. Y.
3rd., Young Bobolinks by L. S. Horton, Hyde Park, N. Y.
4th., Young Bluebirds and mother by R. H. Beebe, Arcade, N. Y.

Class 3. 1st., Nest of Vesper Sparrow by F. R. Miller, Toledo, Ohio.
2nd., Nest of Ruffed Grouse by J. A. Miller, Lowville, N. Y.

THE WOODLAND.

By Stephen P. Brownell.

In solitude to-day I muse
  Within the silent shade
Of woodland dense, whose wilds infuse
  Love for its lonely glade.

Upon a moss-clothed log I sit,
  Where flows a gentle stream;
From tree to tree the warblers flit
  Like fairies in a dream.

The branching tree-tops rise o'erhead,
  Their giant arms extending;
While leaves of purple, green and red
  Like jewels hang depending.

So still, so beautiful, so grand,
  This wild life of the wood!
Not crowded street nor ocean strand
  Can waken such a mood!

But hark! What is that jarring sound
  Which mars the veery's song?
The plowman shouts from yonder ground
  To urge his team along.

O woodland mine! thy silence sweet,
  Earth's toil doth yet invade;
And deeper still must I retreat
  To muse in thy lone glade.

MY FAVORITE BIRD.

By Dr. Chas. S. Moody.

He is not a sportsman who, shouldering a rifle can tramp all day in quest of game, and fail to see the many things that the Great All Father has made and endowed with beauty. He is no worthy disciple of Walton who, while whipping the stream, does not look beyond the creel of fish to the myriad forms of fleecy clouds floating in the empyrean blue, the foliage of the trees creating shadow shapes upon the water, the dark green grass, forming a setting for the buttercups that seem like yellow stars starting from some flowery heaven to gladden the hearts of men, the merry song of birds and the chatter of the squirrels, the drowsy hum of insect life, all that combines to make for me at least, a fishing bout one of extremest pleasure, what though it is devoid of fish. Many and oft are the times that I have sat upon a flat rock in the mid-stream, solacing myself with a pipe, and watched the drama of Nature being enacted before my eyes.

The being whose heart is not attuned to harmony with the infinite is fit for "treasons, strategems and spoils." Perhaps of all the things that the Creator hath made, I love best the birds. Many happy days have I spent, to the woeful neglect of my profession, making friends with the winged children of the air. No bird is beneath my love. Even that black and white marauder, the Magpie comes in for a share of my affection. There is one little fellow, though, that, by his cheerful manner in the face of seemingly natural disadvantages, has interested me most. I refer to the Water Ousel, (Cinclus mexicanus) though why mexicanus I have never been able to find out, for the bird is more often found here. Dear little fellow! Through storm and sleet, through wind and calm, he is always the same. It is all the same if fortune smiles or adversity frowns. He sings his merry roundelay in the face of the warring elements. His habitat is confined to the rivers and streams of the Pacific coast, and to eastern bird-lovers he is merely a picture in a book or at best, the stuffed specimen in the museum. The western ornithologist may study him in his native heath, and an interesting study it is. Perhaps you are resting beneath the shade of some birch or spruce beside a stream when you hear a trill of music, of few notes 'tis true, yet bearing upon its melody the spirit of the dark fir forest around. The singer is a slate colored bird sitting upon yonder stone and bobbing up and down in the most erratic manner by bending his knees and all the while holding his body in the most military manner, A shaft of sunlight shoots through the dense foliage like an arrow of gold, and lights up the water, the rock,

the bird. Now can you fully appreciate the beauty of the erst commonplace birdie.

It is now that the dull slate becomes transformed by the alchemy of the light into opal tints richer than ever taken from Hungarian mines. The erratic little twist that he gives to his head makes a play of thousands of colors. He turns upon you a laughing black eye and bows gravely. Now something attracts his attention in the water. Some dainty bird-land morsel, perhaps and with the abandon of a schoolboy he plunges into the brawling current. The rushing water seizes him and rolls him over and over, whip him against a boulder but from it all he emerges mot a whit disconcerted. Bursting into song like the ripple of laughing waters he flits away home. Now, follow, as I have followed, searching every bushy tree, peering under every overhanging bank, for the cunning concealed nest that you know is somewhere about. At last, tired with the unsuccessful search I sat upon a rock beside a waterfall, where the water plunging over the cliff, broke into spray, forming myriad rainbows against the dark background of basalt towering on the further side of the stream a thousand feet and more. Where the spray dashed against the face of the cliff there were hanging festoons of dark green moss that hung and swayed in the air current made by the rushing waters. As I sat, painting fancy pictures in the rushing waters, I became aware of a pair of brilliant eyes watching me curiously and apprehensively from out the mossy canopy covering a crevice in the rock. With a sharp chirp the mate lit woodpecker-wise upon the swaying moss and began, in the sweetest Dipper language to hold converse with his sitting mate. Then I knew that my quest was at an end and that I was about to be introduced to the home life of Mr. and Mrs. Dipper.

Yet thirty feet of white water flowed between me and a more intimate knowledge of my friends, and to come at the nest without going over the fall was a problem. How I reached the nest is a story in itself; suffice it to say that it was not that day, nor even the next, but reach it I did. I found Mrs. Ousel at home, and what is more, very much loth to vacate. She defended her treasures valiantly, using a sharp little beak to the most provoking advantage. At last I induced her to retire for a little time and allow me to take notes. The nest was composed of moss. In fact it was merely dug out of the heavy festoons of moss that filled the crevice of the rock. The spray dashed over the nest, all the time wetting the incubating bird and in her absence drenching the five white eggs that the nest contained so that it is a wonder that they were ever hatched. They were though, for I returned some weeks later to find the parents busy carrying food

to five hungry mouths that opened pleadingly when they heard my footsteps. The parents sat upon a nearby ledge and teetering up and down scolded me roundly for my interferance. The food seemed to be principally the larvae of the Salmon Fly and small crayfish judging from the debris scattered arounk the ledge of the nest. All summer long I watched this family, and late in the fall I could see the youngsters yet in tow of the old birds flitting up and down the stream. I should liked very much to have added this set of eggs to my cabinet, but the birds seemed so much a part of this wild stream that I did not have the heart to disturb the little home.

SANDERLING.

[Young in winter plumage showing wing markings.]

SANDERLING.

A. O. U. No. 248. (Calidris arenaria.)

RANGE.

Breeds within the Arctic Circle and migrates on both coasts to southern South America.

DESCRIPTION.

Length 8 in. Extent about 15 in. Eye brown; bill and feet black. Adults in summer;—Above variegated with black, rusty and gray: below white, the throat and breast being spotted with black and washed with rusty. In all plumages the bases of the primaries, secondaries and the tips of the greater coverts are white. Adult in winter. Back grayish with dusky shaft lines: below pure white with no traces of rusty in the plumage. Young. Similar to the winter adult with the back very strongly marked with black and white.

NEST AND EGGS.

Sanderlings nest in the extreme north, laying their eggs in slight depressions in the soil among the beach grass. The cavity is usually lined with grasses and during June and July three or four eggs are laid; these have a greenish or ashy brown ground and are brightly marked with blackish and brownish blotches.

HABITS.

Owing to their northerly distribution and the lack of observation of those who have collected them in their summer home, we know but little of the home life of the Sanderling, but in winter immense numbers of them swarm along both coasts, they being outnumbered possibly only by the Least Sandpipers. Flocks of fifty to one hundred individuals are of common occurence during September and October when their migration is at its height, and they are killed by the thousand and sent to market by gunners all along the coast. As an article of food they are little to be desired owing to their small size and they are so common, so tame and fly in such compact flocks that their capture is anything but exciting yet men will devote their whole time to

SANDERLING.
Winter. Summer.

hunting them and other shore bird during the migration, for the cent or possibly two cents apiece that they will bring in the market. Were it not for the remote breeding grounds and the fact that they have few enemies there, they would long ago have become scarce, but as it is, they do not seem to decrease in numbers year by year even with the heavy tax upon their lives that is exacted as they seek shelter or food upon our inhospitable shores. They are one of the least suspicious of all the shore birds and will light among and feed around decoys totally unaware of the danger that may await them. Their notes when flying are a musical "tweet-weet" a sound easily imitated and a repetition of which will usually cause them to swerve in their flight and to alight on the beach in front of the observer. Naturally the numbers when they return north in the spring are greatly less and they also tarry shorter on the way so that comparatively few of them are then killed.

LOUISIANA WATER THRUSH.

By Harry R. Caldwell, M. A.

ONE of the first birds to break the long silence of the wooded southland with its mating call is the spirited and always happy Louisiana Water Thrush. In February, while the male Bluebirds are settling their differences in combat, the Water Thrush is luring the pretty one of his choice in the wooded fastness with his quaint but beautiful song. If at this season of the year we betake ourself to the haunt of the Louisiana Water Thrush we will hear it resounding with a melody of song. But upon examination we will find that the whole chorus issues from the throat of a single male, wooing his love, or now rejoicing over having won so lovely a mate. In early spring there is no other bird that so completely fills the wooded glen and dell with song as does the Water Thrush, but as the nesting season draws nigh he surrenders his right of song to the Wood Thrush which at this time arrives from winter quarters with his flute well in tune.

The movements of the Louisiana Water Thrush as he stands upon some pinnacle in song, or runs the length of a moss covered log at the brink of a marsh are easily confused with those of the Spotted Sandpiper. There is that same bobbing and tilting of tail common to the "Tip Up."

As the period of nidification draws nigh, the sweet song that has made the wooded glen a place of oft retreat and delight to the lover of Gods' out of doors dies away and we now hear the plain *cheat, cheat, cheat* only, which generally issues from, or near the site which has been chosen for a summer home. Nesting season usually begins with March, though it is not uncommon to find nests containing fresh eggs in May.

The upturned roots or a fallen tree, or the moss and fern covered slope overlooking some secluded stream is an ideal nesting site. The nest is generally in close proximity to flowing water, and it is not uncommon to find one under the drip of a fern covered craig, or snugly tucked away under a water-soaked log. The nest is composed of rootlets and grass stems upon a massive foundation of leaves plastered together with mud.

Near my home in East Tennessee were a number of deep ravines which were chosen from year to year by these birds as a desirable summer home. I returned to my home in the summer of 1900 after an absence of a couple of years, and directed a lover of bird lore to a place where he might go in order to locate the nest of a Louisiana Water Thrush. After a very careful search of an area not to exceed eight feet square on an almost perpindicular bank of a little stream he returned without locating a nest. The following day I happened to wend my up this shaded glen, and glanced into what had so often proven a home site of this species. Standing in the tracks made by my friend on the previous day, I began to raise the overhanging ferns one by one soon to disclose Mrs. Water Thrush peeping out though her latticed door. Within were five mottled eggs. So completely was this nest concealed that without first shifting the position of the overhanging ferns no trace of it could possibly be seen.

I have known two nests of this specie which contained abnormal eggs. One contained a full and slightly incubated set of perfectly white eggs. The incubating bird was so indisposed to leave her nest that I approached and stretched forth my hand and laid it over the nest without so much as disturbing the bird. Upon the removal of my hand she fluttered down into the nearby stream and across to the other side. Another nest contained three-soft shell eggs. These were perfectly shaped and apparently an incomplete set.

BIRD LIFE IN SOUTH AMERICA.

By Leander S. Keyser.

What kinds of birds dwell south of the equator, and how do they behave themselves? These are questions that every lover of animal life would like to have answered. In the southern hemisphere the seasons are reversed, and many of the other conditions that prevail are different from those known on the northern continent, and the inquisitive mind cannot help wondering how these changed circumstances affect the avifaunal life of those remote regions.

That many people are interested in these questions is proved by the fact that the fourth edition of Dr. W. H. Hudson's "The Natural in La Plata" was lately issued in answer to the public demand. Yet, as the book is published in England, and is somewhat expensive, it is not to be supposed that many people will be able to procure it; and therefore a recital of some of the more striking ways of South American birds may be of value and interest to many of the readers of this journal.

Dr. Hudson's observations were made, for the most part, on the pampas of La Plata, with an occasional reference for comparison to the animal life of Brazil, Chili and Patagonia. It strikes one who lives on the northern half of the earth as odd to read of January as midsummer, of August as midwinter, of March and April as autumn, and of September and October as spring; but of course such is the reversal of the seasons in the great Argentine Republic. The migratory movements of the birds of that country correspond to these seasonal differences. March, April and May see the migrants of the southern hemisphere flying northward from the approach of the southern winter, toward the sunny lands of the equatorial belt; while at the same time our North American migrants are winging their way to their summer homes and breeding grounds in the North Temperate and Arctic regions. Then in September and October the northern birds are traveling toward the equator to escape the northern winter, and the southern birds are journeying away from the equator to find the southern summer. Their pilgrimages are in the same direction both in spring and autumn, but for precisely opposite reasons. While our northern migrants are busy rearing their young, their relatives of the far south are enjoying their vacation in the tropical and sub-tropical climes, and vice versa.

However, the lines of division between North and South American birds are not so sharply drawn as one would be led to suppose from the

foregoing general statements. A number of curious facts stir inquiry in the mind of the the naturalist. For instance, about twenty-five species of rails, plovers, and their allies—the order known as *Limicolæ*, are to be found, either summer or winter, in La Plata; but, surprising as it may seem, at least thirteen of these are visitors from North America, spending the winter on the pampas, of the southern continent, although all of them breed in summer—that is, our northern summer—in the northern hemisphere, several of them in the remote Arctic regions. These birds are great travellers, one might almost call them "globe-trotters."

This surely is an enigma—why these northeners pass over so many countries, through such a variety of climates, where the conditions are apparently suited to their needs, to spend their gala-time on the pamas of Argentina. "Nevertheless," as Dr. Hudson puts it, growing eloquent in his wonder and admiration. "In September, and even as early as August, they begin to arrive on the pampas, the golden plover often still wearing his black nuptial dress; singly and in pairs, in small flocks and in clouds they come, curlew, godwit, plover, tatler, tringa, piping the wild notes to which the Greenlander listened in June, now to the gaucho herdsman on the green plains of La Plata, then to the wild Indian in his remote village; and soon, further south, to the houseless huanaco-hunter in the gray wilderness of Patagonia." Another matter that excites surprise is that, while many of our North American birds go south of the equator to spend their holiday season, none of the distinctly South American species, so far as known, ever venture so far north as the United States, though summer may smile her blandest. One would have to seek far to find the reason why northern birds are greater travellers than their southern kindred.

There are other problems of migration that puzzle the ornithologist in South America, as well as excite his interest to a white heat. A species of godwit and several kinds of plovers are divided into two brigades, the northern and southern. The northern division spending the southern summer in La Plata on the pampas, and when March comes, starting off on their journey to the far north, crossing the equator, the Gulf of Mexico, the United Srates, and sometimes breeding in the Arctic regions as far north as latititude 82 degrees. Then, some time after they have left La Plata, the southern division of the army, consisting of the same species, arrives from the south, and spends the South American winter on the pampas. The crucial question is: Where do the southern birds breed? Being strong-winged birds, it would be strange if they did not go farther south than Patagonia, making a migratory journey of only some eight hundred miles, while many

of their northern congeners travel semi-annually more than eight thousand miles. These speculations lead Dr. Hudson to believe that the southern brigades wing their way to the great antarctic continent to rear their young, though this theory still lacks proof. However, it excites surprise to learn that birds of the same species are divided into two companies, the one going north, the other south, and that one division spends the summer in the same locality that the other spends the winter. Our author does not tell us whether they ever meet on the pampas or not.

The pampas are richer in water and shore birds than in any other kind. This is because they are the meeting place of many migrants both from the north and the south. There are about eighteen species of the order including storks, ibises, herons, spoonbills and flamingoes; twenty species of ducks, geese and swans; ten or twelve of the rails, and about twenty-five of the snipe and plover group. Of land birds there is not so rich a variety, on account of the scarcity of food on the pampas and the absence of timber. Still, there are some very interesting species both of terrestrial aquatic birds several of the most striking of which deserve notice here.

Among them is the majestic rhea, the South American ostrich, which while being rapidly exterminated, still "survives from a time when there were also giants among the avians." Long and strong of limb, it is very fleet, giving the hunter on horseback a hard race over the grassy plains. Its expertness in dodging and twisting often enables it to elude the rider and his bolas or lariat. Of a pale, bluish-grav color that assimilates to the haze, it is rendered invisible even at a moderate distance, When running swiftly, it possesses the unique habit of keeping one wing raised vertically, though why it does this is uot known, unless it helps the creature to steer its course. With the natives of the pampas no greater sport could be found than rhea-hunting with the bolas and a swift horse trained to follow the bird in all its quick dartings and doublings. This sport is known as the "wild mirth of the desert."

When taken young, the rhea, is easily domesticated, becomming as tame as the common fowls of the farmyard. Our naturalist once kept a brood of young rheas, which he captured soon afterthey broke from the shell. While they soon learned to provide for their own wants so far as food was concerned, catching flies, grasshoppers, and other ininsects with surprising dexterity, they would follow their human master about as if they took him for their parent. They were utterly unconscious of the dangers surrounding them, and yet, strange to say, they were not destitute of the feeling of fear; for when their keeper imitated

the rasping alarm-call of the old birds in time of peril, the youngsters would rush up to him in the greatest terror, though no enemy was in sight, and, squatting at his feet, would endeavor to conceal themselves by thrusting their heads and long necks up his trousers. This would seem to prove the heridity had infused into the younglings the element of fear as soon as they heard the warning call of their parents, and that it was so strongly intrenched in their nature as to respond even when they had never heard the call of their real parents.

One of the most characteristic birds of the pampas is the crested sceamer, called "chakar" in the vernacular. It is the size of a swan and its shape and appearance are those of a lapwing, save that it has a powerful curved gallinaceous beak. Its name, screamer, is given it on account of its habit of screaming loudly at intervals much like the domestic peacock of the north; but, in spite of this disagreeable vocal out-burst, the bird has real musical talent. Both the male and the female sing, often rendering a striking duet, the two parts differing from each other, but fusing together in a kind of harmony. The chakar soften gather in large flocks, and engage in concert singing that is marvellous to hear. Suppose we let Dr. Hudson describe one or two of these concerts in his own language.

"There is something strangely impressive in these spontaneous outbursts of melody so powerful from one of these large flocks, and, though accustomed to hearing these birds from childhood, I have often been astonished at some new effect produced by a large multitude singing under certain conditious. Travelling alone one summer day, I came at noon to a lake on the pampas called Kakel—a sheet of water narrow enough for one to see across. Chakars in countless numbers were gathered along its shores, but they were all ranged in well-defined flocks, averaging about five hundred birds in each flock. These flocks seemed to extend all around the lake, and had probably been driven by the drought from all the plains around this spot. Presently one flock near me began singing, and continued their powerful chant for three or four minutes; when they ceased, the next flock took up the strains, and after it the next, and so on until the notes of the flocks on the opposite shore came floating strong and clear across the water: then passed away, growing fainter and fainter, until once more the sound approached me traveling around to my side again. The effect was very curious, and I was astonished at the orderly way with which each flock awaited its turn to sing, instead of a general outburst taking place after the first flock had given the signal.

"On another occasion I was still more impressed, for here the largest number of of birds I have ever found congregated at one place all sang

YOUNG GREAT BLUE HERON.

together. This was on the southern pampas, at a place called Gualicho, where I had ridden for an hour before sunset over a marshy plain where there was still much standing water in the rushy pools, though it was at the height of the dry season. This whole plain was covered with an endless flock of chakars, not in close order, but scattered about in pairs and small groups.. In this desolate spot I found a small rancho inhabited by a guacho and his family, and I spent the night with them. The birds were all about the house, apparently as tame as the domestic fowls, and when I went out to look for a spot for my horse to feed on, they could not fly away from me, but merely moved a few steps out of my path. About nine o'clock we were eating supper in the rancho, when suddenly the entire multitude of birds covering the marsh for miles around burst forth into a tremendous evening song. It is impossible to describe the effect of this mighty rush of sound; but let the reader try to imagine half a million tones bursting forth on the silent atmosphere of the dark, lonely plain. One pecularity was that in this mighty noise, which sounded louder than the sea thundering on a rocky coast, I seemed to be able to distinguish hundreds, even thousands, of individual voices. Forgetting my supper, I set motionless and overcome with astonishment, while the air, and even the frail rancho, seemed to be trembling in that tempest of sound. When it ceased, my host remarked with a smile, "We are accustomed to this, senor—every evening we have this concert,' It was a concert well worth riding a hundred miles to hear."

No less remarkable is the fact that the Chakar soars upward into the air and sings, as if he were a relative of the little Skylark of Europe. Ponderous a bird as he is, and having a spread of wing of only six feet and a half, he possesses a power of soaring equal to that of the Vulture and the Eagle, scaling so high that his bulky body appears like a speck moving across the sky, and sometimes disappears entirely; and when he sings at the height, his "notes become wonderfully etherealized by the distance to a soft, silvery sound," to which it is a rare delight to listen.

"I was once very much surprised at the behavior of a couple of Chakars during a thunder-storm," says Dr. Hudson. "On a still, sultry day in summer I was standing watching masses of black cloud coming rapidly over the sky, while a hundred yards from me stood the two birds apparently watching the approaching storm with interest. Presently the edge of the cloud touched the sun, and a twilight of gloom fell on the earth. The very moment the sun disappeared, the birds rose and soon began singing their long-resounding notes, though it was thundering loudly at the time, while vivid flashes of lightning lit the

black cloud overhead at short intervals. I watched their flight and listened to their notes, till suddenly, as they made a wide sweep upward, they disappeared in the cloud, and at the same moment their voices became muffled, and seemed to come from an immense distance. The cloud continued emitting sharp flashes of lighning, but the birds never reappeared, and after six or seven minutes more, their notes sounded loud and clear above the muttering thunder. I suppose they had passed through the cloud into the clear atmosphere above it, but I was extremely surprised at their fearlessness; for as a rule, when soaring birds see a storm coming, they get out of its way, flying before it or swopping to the earth to seek shelter of some kind, as most living things seem to have a wholesome dread of thunder and lightning."

A number of South American birds are fond of dancing. The beautiful Platan rails called Ypecahas go about the performance in this way. Having prepared a smooth, level spot in the marsh, hemmed in by tall rushes, one bird will issue the invitation to the frolic by a powerful cry repeated three times, which is responded to by his mates from all sides as they hurry to the tryst. In a few moments a dozen or twenty burst from the reeds into the open space, and at once the performance begins. The birds rush around and dance from side to side as if possessed by a spirit of frenzy, their wings spread and vibrating and their long beaks wide open and raised vertically. At the same time they utter a medley of unearthly screams, which might well come from an equal number of human beings filled with terror and despair. The exhibition lasts three or four minutes, when the birds scatter again amid the rushes.

The shows given by the scissor-tailed tyrant-birds take place in the upper air instead of on the ground. Although these birds live in pairs, at sunset several couples will call excitedly to one another, at which they will assemble, and when all are ready, they will "mount upwards like rockets, to a great height in the air, and after wheeling about for a few moments, precipitate themselves downwards with amazing violence in a wild zigzag, opening and shutting the long tail-feathers like a pair of shears, and producing loud whirring sounds, as of clocks being wound rapidly up, with a slight pause after each turn of the key. This aerial dance over, they alight in separate couples on the tree tops, each couple joining in a kind of duet of rapidly repeated, castanet-like sounds."

It would doubtless be interesting to describe the parties given by the jacanas, the spur-winged lapwings, the wood-hewers, the whistling troupials, the soaring field-finches, and the white-banded mocking-bird of Patagonia, which not only mimics the songs of other birds, but often "bursts into its own divine song, uttered with a power, abandon

and joyousness resembling, but greatly excelling, that of the skylark, "singing at heaven's gate," the notes issuing in a continuous torrent; the voice so brilliant and infinitely varied, that, if rivalry and emulation have as large a place in feathered breasts as some imagine, all that hear this surpassing melody might well languish ever after in silent despair." However, enough has been said to prove that South America offers a fertile field for the student who desires to make original investigations in the noble science of ornithology.

GREAT BLUE HERON.

A. O. U. No. 194. (Ardea herodias)

RANGE.

Breeds in North America from the Gulf to the Arctic regions; winters in the southern half of the United States and southwards.

DESCRIPTION.

Length about 45 inches; extent apout 6 feet. Eye yellow, bill and bare space in front of eye, yellowish; legs blackish. Crown, middle line of the underparts, and under tail coverts, white; neck gray more or less tinged with brownish; back of head and the long plumes growing therefrom black; line down the front of the neck streaked with black and brownish; long flowing white plumes from the breast; back, wing coverts and tail grayish, rest of wing blackish; sides of breast jet black; front edge of wing and the tibia rich chestnut. Young: No plumes from beck of head; whole crown blackish; plumes from the breast very short or lacking; little or no black on the sides and the whole underparts with a streaked appearance.

NORTHWEST COAST HERON.

A. O. U. No. 194 a. (Ardea herodias fannini.)

RANGE.

Pacific Coast of North America from Vancouver Island north to southern Alaska. Like the majority of other birds in this very humid region, teis Aeron is very much darker than the common Blue Heron.

WARD HERON.

A. O. U. No. 194 b. (Ardea herodias wardi.)

RANGE.

Florida. This subspecies is very similar to the Great Blue Heron, but the neck is usually darker and the underparts whiter and the whole bird averages slightly larger.

GREAT BLUE HERON. [Adult]

NEST AND EGGS.

Blue Herons build bulky but shabby nests of sticks and twigs, placing them in trees at various elevations from the ground depending upon the locality and the chances of their remaining undisturbed. In the south they usually build in large communities called heronries and the nests may be found at various altitudes from ten to one hundred feet above the earth; generally in the northern part of their range, but a few pairs are found breeding in one place and these usually in the tops of high trees in swampy territory. Their eggs are laid from April in the south to June in the north and the number is usually three or four. The eggs are pale bluish green and vary in shape from ovate to elliptical.

HABITS.

These imposing birds are the largest of the Heron family to be found within our limits. An old adult bird is a strikingly beautiful object, the long white plumes streaming from the breast reaching nearly to the ground, while the black ones from the back of his head fall upon his back while in a resting attitude. The young just before flight are as ugly looking and awkward as their parents are graceful, their long legs and neck seeming to be forever in the way, to their great discomfiture, while their heads are swayed from side to side and moved backward and forward in their endeavors to properly focus their eyes upon any intruder into their home. For a week before attempting flight the young clamber about among the sticks composing their nest and upon branches in the immediate neighborhood, their steps being very wobbly and uncertain, and their long toes tightly wound about the slender branches, holding on for dear life. Who would ever suppose that this ungainly bundle of awkwardness would ever attain the grace and beauty displayed by the old birds?

On several occasions in the past I have had the opportunity of watching them for a long time through a field glass, although I must confess that it was at a time when they were on the opposite side of a long, narrow pond and that, while I watched them with great interest, it was with an intense longing that they should come over to my side of the pond within range of my gun. How daintily they raised each foot and how carefully they allowed it to settle in the water, with no splash or ripple to warn their finny prey as they changed their location. Then how still and rigid they would keep with their eyes literally glued upon the shallow water in front of them, their neck doubled in graceful curves and their whole attitude one of tense expectancy. Soon a small fish makes its way within the bird's radius of attack. As if worked by powerful springs, the long neck suddenly straightens and the head shoots downward, the long sharp bill cleaving the water like an arrow and being instantly withdrawn with a struggling fish between the madibles. The next operation is to turn the fish about so that it may be swallowed head first, this being accomplished with curious contortions, the swelling of the throat marking the progress of the fish the whole length of the heron's neck.

They are usually very shy birds and difficult to approach but sometimes, when standing among tall rushes, one will try to escape observation rather than fly; the legs are stiff, the body perfectly erect and the long neck stretched to its fullest extent with the bill pointing toward the zenith, an attitude in which at a casual glance they will readily pass for one of the surrounding stalks. They will maintain this seemingly uncomfortable position for minutes at a time until danger is past or until they are satisfied that they are discovered, when with a disgusted grunt they will spread their six feet of wing and slowly flap away. It has been the custom of gunners to kill these and all other herons at every opportunity even though they had no possible use for them, until they have become quite uncommon in New England. Fortunately they are now protected at all seasons of the year so that probably they will hold their own, although undoubtedly many will continue to be killed by ignorant hunters. While, it is argued, they are of no economic value reckoned in dollars and cents, they are a very beautiful and welcome sight to those who are so fortunate as to be able to see them and as such, deserve our fullest protection as do all other species which do no positive harm and even if their good is not apparent to everyone.

Photo by G. Eifrig.

HERONRY.

[This heronry, in Ontario, Can. contained in 1904 about 150 nests of Great Blue Herons with eggs or young.

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

I want to tell you of a happy family of which a friend told me the other day.

I wonder if you could guess who were in the group which had a tea party together.

The place where the party was held was an old barn, the home of Sir Chanticleer and his large family. The feast consisted of cracked corn in a large tin pan. The table was the barn floor and the guests were—first, Madam Hen, her sisters, her cousins, her aunts and their children; second, Mr. English Sparrow and eight or ten of his relatives, and lastly, Mr. Grey Rat, with four of his immediate family. These all ate peaceably together from the pan which held the repast intended only for Madam Hen and her kin. The sparrows showed their usual fearlessness, hopping in and out of the dish. Rats and chickens stood side by side on the brim, and all "went merry as a marriage bell." Don't you wish you had been there with your camera?

Cordially your friend
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1 James H. Chase, Logansport, Ind.
2 Russell Adams' St Johnsbury, Vt.
3 Samuel D. Robbins, Belmont, Mass.
4 Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
5 Lillian M. Weeks, Marietta, Ohio.
6 William K. D. Reynolds, Berkley, Cal.
7 Olive D. Crittenden, New Haven, Conn.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.

What his his name? Yellow-breasted Chat. Numerical Enigma. Cedar Waxwing.

MAILBAG EXTRACTS.

How We May Help the Birds.

How often has the question been asked, "How can we help the birds?" I hope many, if not all of the readers of the American Ornithology have asked this question, and hope they will take a hint that will aid them to answer this noble question. In the summer the birds find plenty to eat, and we find them destroying grubs and insects that are very injurious to our best trees and garden, but in the cold winter all is so different. The ground is covered with a thick blanket of snow, which often covers the tops of the highest weeds, upon which our snowbirds and other birds of the same family feed. If these helpful birds cannot get food enough to keep up a good high temperature within their body, they will freeze. We cannot afford to part with them, so the only thing to do is to provide them food.

Rather than lose our little friends, I am sure we would all be willing to go out into the fields, shovel away a little snow, place a board and scatter seeds of any kind upon it, if you cannot get seeds, oats, or any other grain, crumbs will do very well.

Our little friends will soon find their feast, and should we visit the field a few days later, we should find that they had eaten it all up, and we would hear them calling out their gratitude, and asking for more.

The snowbird is but one example. There are at least ten other species of birds to be found in every part of the United States, all of which need to be cared for. When the trees are covered with snow and sleet what would the chickadees and the nuthatches, and the woodpeckers and the jays do for food? We must tack up suet or fat of any kind on the tree trunks high enough to get the birds out of harm's way, and also hang a basket of cracked nuts and crumbs upon the trees.

If we all feed the birds during the hardest parts of the long cold winter, and keep them well supplied with good fresh food we will no longer need to ask "How can we help the birds?" Then their numbers will increase, and our troublesome grubs will decrease.

Samuel Dowse Robbins, Belmont, Mass.

THE TWO KINGS.

Last July while we were sitting upon the bank of an artificial lake in Palma Park, Detroit, we saw the two Kings in a tree. The kingfisher flew across the lake, it was then the King-of-birds made himself known. I never saw a kingbird molest any bird while it was sitting still, although I once saw a crow so nearly exhausted that it lit upon the ground to get away from a Kingbird

The kingbird waited for him upon the fence post, and attacked him as soon as he flew. As the boys say, he never hits while the other fellow is down, at least I never knew him to.

Going back to the story, the fisher was driven away several times. I was provoked at the kingbird as that was the only fisher I had a chance to watch this year, but soon I was glad the kingbird ruled the park.

A little later the fisher returned. This time to prove that he was the King of fishers, and some people may call him a thief. This time the kingbird was not on duty, and I was very much surprised at seeing him drive into the lake and bring forth one of the Park's goldfish.

It was a pretty sight, a gold-colored fish in the bill of a grayish-blue bird; but why should he catch what was put in the park to beautify it? I suppose the gold color in the water is much easier to see, and he visits the park whenever he wants an easy catch.

I hope the kingbirds will make the parks their future homes, and be kings of the parks as well as the King of birds.

This is the only time I ever knew that the fisher would eat or catch a Goldfish. FRANK SMITH, Grand Rapids, Mich.

ENIGMA.

My first is in green as well as ravine,
My second in leaf but never in lamp,
My third is concealed in the word address,
My fourth is hidden in both guest and guess,
My fifth in scarlet can always be found,
My sixth in paddle as well as in damp,
My seventh in round, also in ground,
My last can be found in both rent and tent,
Now what bird's name do you suppose is meant?

SAMUEL D. ROBBINS, Belmont, Mass.

HOUR GLASS NO. 1.

X X O X X A weapon.
X O X An animal.
O A consonant.
X O X Something for catching fish.
X X O X X A long spear.
Centrals are the name of a bird.

HOUR GLASS NO. 2.

X X O X X Meat.
X O X An inlet of the sea.
O A vowel.
X O X An insect.
X X O X X Effort.
Centrals give the name of a bird.

WILLIAM K. D. REYNOLDS, Berkley, Cal.

GLEANINGS.

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the Shepherd, blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen in the pail,
When blood is nipped, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl, Tu-who!
Tu-whit! Tu-who! A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.—*Shakespeare.*

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will please send name and address to Dr. S. D. Luther & Son, Fayetteville, Ark. for insertion in our Ornithologists' and Oologists' Directory. We want every subscriber of this magazine to comply with this request, as we desire this Directory to be complete, and to serve as a medium of exchange, between all of the bird lovers in the U. S., East, West, North and South. If you desire to advance this fascinating Nature Study to the position, which it deserves, then write us today. Your insertion is free gratis. Special ads. at reasonable rates. Subscriptions will be received at once, but no cash remittances will be accepted, until all names are in; at which time all will be given due notice. Address all communications to DR. S. D. LUTHER & SON, Box 162, Fayetteville, Ark.

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EDITED BY WALTER K. FISHER

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VOL. IV **DECEMBER, 1904.** **NO. 12**

With this issue we close our fourth volume of American Ornithology. We are gratified for the support that our friends have given us in the past and hope for a continuance of them as we want to make 1905 our banner year. With the lessening of his labors in other directions, the editor will be able to devote more attention to this magazine and he desires the co-operation of all our readers in the matter of supplying notes and short stories. With the material and photographs that we already have in hand, we can state that our magazine will be second to none during the ensuing year, and we trust that our readers will aid us by calling the attention of the magazine to all their friends and by renewing their subscriptions promptly. Special offers of A. O. in combination with other books will be found on the advertising pages. We have in preparation a note book for bird observations that will be novel in many respects. It will be ready by Jan. 1st, and will be sent to all our subscribers.

We have bound in this number, the Title Page and Frontispiece for this volume. It can be removed in one sheet by bending up the binding wires, and bound in the front of the book.

We wish to call the attention of our readers to the Association of Camera Hunters that is being formed. It will be for the interest of everyone interested in bird photography or protection to be identified with this association. It will mean much towards the preservation of our wild birds. It is being formed by Mr. LeRoy Melville Tafts of Farmington, Me. See notice among our ads. this month.

SOME MAINE FRIENDS.

Last July, while coming down a mountain side, I passed a small thicket; and, happening to look at it I saw a Loggerhead Shirke sitting on a branch, not more than four feet from me. I stopped, and the bird then flew noiselessly away. I easily distinguished him from "Lanius borealis" by the absence of wavy bars on the breast and by a line across the forehead at the base of the bill. This was my first experience with the Loggerhead, though I had seen the commoner Northern Shrike or "Butcher-bird" before.

In a dense growth of alders, bushes, and small cedars bordering a stream I saw several interesting birds. Among these the Golden-crowned Kinglet, Woodcock and Wilson Warbler deserve mention. The Wilson Warbler first attracted my attention by its sharp and persistent chipping. The bird hopped about near me fearlessly, and I recognized it by the yellow body and black band on the crown. The damp bed of the stream furnished a feeding ground for the Woodcocks and I frequently saw them there at work. Of the Golden-crowned Kinglet I caught only a fleeting glimpse.

In the pine woods we find everywhere the white-throated Sparrow, or "Peabody-bird." This fat sociable sparrow is seen sometimes singly, sometimes in flocks. As a rule they do not sing much, but their call note "chink", so well likened by Mr. Bickwell to the sound of a marble cutter's chisel, is most frequently heard.

Purple Finches, Redstarts, and Cedar wax-wings are frequent visitors about the house. The Purple Finches arrive in flocks, have a sociable talk in the tree-tops, and then disappear. One pair of cedar-birds always nests on our grounds. In 1902 and 1903 they built in a neighboring poplar, but this year the nest was placed in a hedge. Seeing one of the birds always perched on an overhead telegraph wire I concluded the nest must be in the hedge. It was finely concealed, and I would never have found it and the four speckled eggs but for a couple of telltale straws, which protruded through one side of the hedge from the bottom of the nest.

About the same time I also found another Cedar-bird's nest, but this was placed far out on a long branch of a solitary pine. The parent birds saw me standing near and at first did not venture to approach the nest and feed their young ones. But when they finally did, they

hopped out along the branch to the nest, as though they thought themselves successfully screened by pine needles.

A tall, branching poplar, standing on our grounds, besides furnishing a nest for Cedar-birds, also supplies a home for the Yellow Warbler. Last summer the nest was placed on a branch, about twelve feet from the ground, and easily accessible. But it ended in disaster, and this year the Yellow-birds chose another site, owing to certain marauding felines.

At all times during the day Ruby-throated Hummingbirds come to feed from the boxed geraniums on our piazza railings, and from their favorite honeysuckle.

CHARLES LEE BROWN.

BIRD HOMES.

On a warm sultry afternoon, I was seated beside a little stream in the woods upon a tree that had fallen across the brook. There were no birds singing, they appeared to have deserted the place for the time being. When all of a sudden a pair of tufted Titmice came flying swiftly through the woods, and apparently not taking notice of me, landed on the tree upon which I was sitting, only a few feet away. I kept perfectly still and the birds, after going through a few maneuvers, hopped into the brook at my feet and took a bath. From there they flew into a near-by tree and dressed their feathers.

I have this season found my first Oven-bird nest, although I repeatedly made fruitless searches. A friend and myself were going through the woods when a small bird crossed our path, keeping to the ground and running. We recognized it at once as the Oven-bird and made no attempt to follow it; but began searching the ground where we had first noticed it, and to our surprise discovered a nest with two young and one egg. It was very well concealed and looked like the nest of a field mouse, a round ball of dried grass, so well did the dome cover the nest. Closer observation proved that one side was open where the bird passed in and out, but this side was protected by a tussock of grass. So with all these protections we never would have found the nest were it not for the parent birds. Later in the season, June 27th, I found another nest situated in a roadway in the woods only a few inches from the rut where the wagon wheels passed. I tramped upon a large limb that lay two feet from the nest, causing the bird to leave and in this way discovared the second nest this season containing four young about a week old. The old birds showed great concern and came very close to me with wings and tail trailing on the ground

evidently trying to lead me away from their treasure. I took notice of the golden crown on their head, this is hard to distinguish unless the bird is close to you.

I have observed a number of times where birds often put to flight and chase other birds larger than themselves. For instance you have often seen the Kingbird and Redwing black bird; how they delight in pursuing the large Crow, whenever he invades their territory. They say the Crow is a coward and this seems to prove it. I have in turn seen a pair of Crows chase a large Turkey Vulture that was trying to seek shelter in the woods. On another occasion I saw a Hawk pursued by about a dozen Crows. Hawks are generally known to be daring and show fight but he offered no resistance, possibly on account of the large number against him.

Few birds other than some of our larger species are known to show courage enough to attack a person in defense of its nest. You seldom read of a small bird that will defend its home against a person. I have one to mention. The bird was an Orchard Oriole. About six years ago when I was fourteen years old, I found the nest in an apple orchard. I was bare-footed and climbed the tree. The birds came around me, but I did not take particular notice of them; while examining the contents of the nest one of them flew directly at my feet, its sharp bill penetrated my skin with enough force to cause the blood to flow. The birds flew around me in a way that made it anything but comfortable for me, and I quickly got down from the tree. I have been at the nests of Kingbirds already that would dart downwards at me as if they were going to attack me, but have no where except in the above cited instance encountered such determined resistance on the part of a small bird.

JACOB STEHMAN.

THE AMERICAN HERRING GULL.

There is an interesting colony of American Herring Gulls on a small island on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, known as Seal Isand. They are quite plentiful here in the breeding season, coming about the middle of March and remaining until October or November. A few of the young spend the winter here. They are a very dark brownish gray, slightly marked or mottled with light. The third year they have the plumage of an adult.

Here their nests are mostly in trees but a few build on the ground. When in these the nests are more stoutly constructed than when on the ground. The nest in the picture was built of grass and sticks and was taken on a cloudy day with two seconds exposure.

One day in June I determined to get a pictureof a Gull on her nest, so set out armed with camera and string. I selected a suitable nest, focussed on it and covered my camera with moss and sticks. Then making my string fast to the shutter I concealed myself under some

Photo by Bernice Crowell.

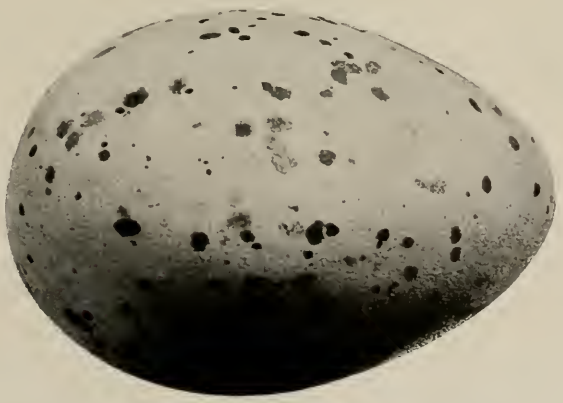
GULL SITTING ON NEST.

stumps of trees and prepared to wait for my picture. After waiting about two hours, down came the Gull and alighted near the camera. Walking up to it she picked off some of the moss and then settled on her nest still holding some of the moss in her bill. I pulled the string and gave about four seconds exposure as it was in the dark part of the wood and being late in the afternoon, the long shadows were stealing through the forest. She did not seem to hear the sound of the shutter and did not move until I commenced to whistle. She then flew up with a scream and soon had all the neighboring Gulls in the air.

Sometimes after waiting for three and four hours covered with sticks, moss and brush, I have found on developing the plate, a Gull with two bills and four eyes, but this only made me more anxious to succeed. The nest containing two chickens and one egg was taken on a bright day with one second exposure.

BERNICE CROWELL.

The Herring Gull is one of the largest of the family, being about two feet in length and having an expanse of nearly five feet. It is exceeded in size by the Black-backed and Glaucous Gulls, the first being much darker on the back and the latter much lighter. They have yellow bills and eyes, flesh-colored feet, a pearly gray mantle, the rest of the plumage being white in summer and the head slightly striped with dusky in the winter. Immature specimens are a uniform dark gray with lighter edges to the feathers. They nest on islands from Maine northwards and winter from Massachusetts southwards. They build on the ground unless disturbed when they take to the trees. They fly with their bill in a line with the body and are frequently seen resting on the water. Their food is wholly animal matter, chiefly fish.



EGG OF HERRING GULL, (Natural Size.)

A PROTECTED GULL COLONY.

By C. A. Reed.

Situated about seven miles south of Mt. Desert off the coast of Maine is a small island, triangular in shape, and about one and one half miles long by three quarters of a mile in width. As long ago as can be remembered this island has been tenanted with Herring Gulls, as are most of the other islands of the Maine coast, and on this one, as well as the others, the birds were continually persecuted. Fishermen made regular trips during the nesting season and gathered bushels of eggs for food, while the Indians and hunters slaughtered the birds out of pure wantonness.

Many beautiful little islands, with rock-bound shores, dot the Maine coast, many adorned with light-houses to keep the mariner on his course.

The Gulls and Terns have been all driven off of a great many islands where they formerly nested and were in a fair way of meeting the same fate on Duck Island, but owing to the earnest work of a few bird protectionists, the three lighthouse keepers on the island were appointed wardens and now zealously guard the colony against the depredations of mankind.

We had fully intended making our trip to the island during the first week in July, but owing to the pressure of business it was the morning

Mr. VanHorn's house on Great Duck Island. Little Duck Island is seen in the distance and in the extreme distance are the highlands of Mount Desert.

of the eighteenth before we arrived at Rockland and took the steamer on the Mount Desert line. It was a dismal morning the fog being so dense that it was impossible to see the sky or even a boat's length ahead.

With her whistle continually blowing deep-toned, ominous blasts, the boat slowly threaded her way among the many small islands, beautiful in fair weather but now only hazy outlines or invisible. My anticipations of many photos taken 'enroute' were dispelled early and the camera was not brought into requisition that day and might as well have been left at home the next, the atmosphere being so thick that it could literally have been cut with a knife. With the aid of a gasoline launch we made our way from Southwest Harbor, the southernmost stopping place on Mount Desert, to Duck Island being guided by the compass and the fog whistle which is blown at minute intervals in foul weather.

We made our headquarters at the cottage of Mr. Van Horn who, with the exception of the three lighthouse keepers, is the only inhabitant on the island. He is a typical New England fisherman, bronzed by the sun and the elements. He daily makes the rounds of his lobster traps, each marked by its floating buoy, and upon his return the proceeds of his days or nights catch are deposited in an old covered dory which has been converted into a fish car, and from this receptacle they are once a

week transferred to a fishing smack which makes the rounds, and by them sold to the wholesale markets.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon that we landed on the narrow gravel beach in front of the fishermen's, this being the only place along the whole shore that was not bound by rocks or ledges. A dull yellowish ball dimly glowing in the sky showed that, but for the fog, the day would have been pleasant. Occasionally a gull slowly flapped overhead but there was no indication of the large colony that was just over the hill on the other side of the island.

Song Sparrows were very numerous and there was nearly always one of them to be seen sitting on one of the fence posts, his throat swelling with the melody he was producing. A pair of Barn Swallows twittered under the eaves of the building and Flickers shrieked from the dead trees on the top of the hill, while along the edges of an inland pool a number of Sandpipers teetered in evident enjoyment. As we made our way around the island following the shore, above the roar of the break-

Photo by Bernice Crowell.

NEST AND EGGS OF HERRING GULL.

ers on the rocks we could soon hear strange sounds; as we continued, these sounds grew louder and louder, sounding like crowds of people cheering, dogs barking, college yells, barnyard fowls or in fact most anything that the fancy dictated. Of course we knew it could not come from but one source, the Gulls, and as we approached every rise of ground we fully expected to see the great white birds on the other side but instead would be greeted by a still louder volume of sound from beyond the next hill.

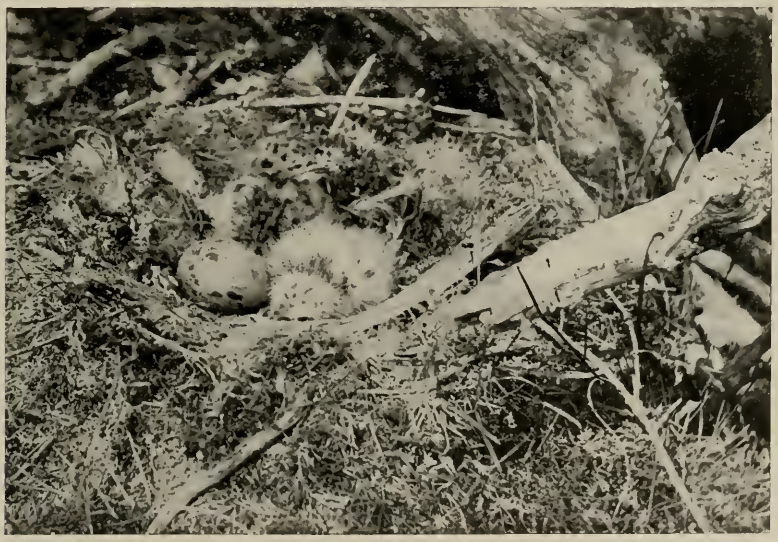


Photo by Bernice Crowell.

EGGS AND YOUNG OF HERRING GULL.
(Showing the beautiful spotted downy plumage.)

Finally as we forced our way through a dense thicket of pines we beheld the foremost ranks of the largest of the two colonies on the island. For a number of minutes we stood in the shadows of the trees watching them. Many were circling about in the air uttering their harsh, noisy and varied cries, but the majority, seeing no cause for alarm were either perched on the dead pine stumps or walking about on the ground.

Of those that were standing on the trees a large number held their wings outspread, facing the wind, as though, even while at rest, they delighted in feeling the rush of air beneath them. Their buoyancy was shown at times when a heavier gust of wind came, for they would almost be lifted bodily into the air; they might easily have varied their angle and sailed aloft without a visible movement of their powerful wings. Those on the ground seemed to be walking aimlessly about in

A characteristic view in the largest of the Gull colony showing the tangled masses of standing and fallen trunks.

a surprisingly graceful manner for so large a bird with such short legs. A few seemed to be playing a game of tag; one would start chasing another, whereupon a third would often cross between the two and would then be pursued by the starter of the game just as children do in 'cross tag'. We frequently saw this game, if such it was, played, the birds continuing until they appeared to tire of it.

Another game is mentioned by my friend Mr. Parker who has visited the island during the past two seasons but we were not fortunate enough to see it during our stay. It might be called the tug of war. One bird picks up a small stick, perhaps six or eight inches long and, advancing up to another offers it the other end of the stick; this individual catching the spirit of the fun, grasps the end and then ensues a silent but vigorous tussle to see who shall retain possession; no animosity seems to be shown by either party and the stick is dropped as soon as one gains the victory.

Scattered about among the large white Gulls were many smaller grayish, wooly looking creatures mounted on stilt like legs, and, as

they sped over the ground, reminding one of the sheep with which the island is also inhabited. These young Gulls, for such they were, we found to be the most lively youngsters that we had ever handled. They could, and would upon the slightest provocation or, in fact, no provocation at all, run like deer and hide themselves under the nearest stump or fallen limb.

We were very much disappointed not to find a single occupied nest containing eggs. Several of them had single eggs which had not hatched but not one had a complete set or even young which were not large enough to run all over the island. The part of the island used by the birds was composed of hills and hollows covered with a carpeting of grass now almost worn off with the tramping of the birds feet; many dead pine stumps were standing, some with branches, others with none; and a great many more had fallen down making large inpenetratable barriers that must be climbed over or gone around. At the foot of every stump and under every prostrate trunk were one or more hollows in the ground, denoting where a nest full of little Gulls had been raised.

The young Gulls hid among the rocks and their black and gray plumage harmonized beautifully with their surroundings.

Showing the rocky character of the shore, where boulders weighing tons are hurled about during winter storms.

We also found that there were a great many scattering nests among the large rocks that were tumbled in heaps along the shore; here they were made of piles of dead grass and seaweed, whereas in the interior they were unlined hollows in the ground. The next day we appeared in the same place with our battery of cameras and ammunition of plates, and although it was still very hazy we proceeded to make the best of the situation. As there were no nests with eggs, there were no stable home attractions to lure a gull into the desired range and situation. Obviously it would be useless to focus the camera on a nest even though it contained young birds as the parent only had to give a few commands in Gull language and the whole nestful of youngsters would take to their heels leaving nothing for the camera to focus upon except the bare ground. This is one of the occasions where a bird that hatches chicks covered with down has a great advantage over those whose young must remain in the nest for two or three weeks; if they are

afraid to go to the nest, its occupants will come to them. All that we could do was to make shots as the occasion offered at the old birds, either flying or sitting on the trees, but we could not get them nearer than twelve or fifteen feet, as we would have had we been there two weeks earlier.

Our troubles in photographing the adult birds were as nothing when we turned our attention to the young. We could easily get them huddled down between rocks or even under stumps, if simply views of their rudimentary tail feathers were satisfactory, for that was all that could be seen in such cases, their heads being hidden deeply in the recesses. Time after time we lifted them out of their retreat, carefully focussed on them while held in the hands on the ground and told them to stand up and look their prettiest, but no sooner were they released than they were going at full speed for another cover; and how they could run! They were at once the most agile and the most awkward of anything that I have seen; they would tumble and fall flat over anything from a straw to a stick or stone, and one little fellow in his haste got his legs tangled up with each other and rolled end over end for a few feet until he could get straightened out and continue his

On the rock-bound north shore where the waves beat and a small colony of Gulls nested.

mad career. The first nook that they came across was their hiding place; if large onough to conceal them, well and good, if not, it had to answer even though only their head was out of sight. Vexatious as it was not to get the pictures we wanted, we laughed at the antics of the young birds until the tears rolled down our cheeks, and as I heard the excited cachinatiens of the parent birds I thought of the old saying, "Laugh and the world laughs with you, etc." but whether they were laughing or not, I am not prepared to say, but if they had the slightest sense of the ridiculous, they must have been laughing to see us try to head off and photograph their unruly children. Since returning home, I have often thought that perhaps we pursued the wrong course in trying to calm them; instead of soft and soothing tones to keep them quiet, if we had imitated the shouts, cries and cackles of their parents perhaps they would have minded us.

Many of the Gulls were on the ground while others curved gracefully through the air, all noisily cackling.

Although estimating the number of birds in a place can not always be satisfactory, we judged as best we could from the flying birds, the nests and the noise, that there must be about five hundred pairs of adult birds in this colony snd perhaps a hundred pairs in a smaller

With some difficulty we rounded up some of the sheep where we could make a photograph of them.

colony on the other side of the island. Other avian residents on Great Duck Island besides the gulls, sparrows and sandpipers, were Leach's Petrels which had honeycombed the higher parts with their burrows, Black Guillemots which were numerous and nested on the more rocky and precipitous northeastern side, a few pairs of White-bellied Swallows that nested in holes in the decayed pine stubs, many Juncos and an Owl which was heard several times but not seen. Several hundred sheep are on the island and some of them were in sight at most any time. These animals which are owned by a party living on the mainland are left on the island all winter with little shelter and no food except what they can gather along the shores. We also learned that there were several cats on the island and these accounted for about a dozen Petrel burrows that we found torn up; a few small mounds of gray feathers told the rest of the story. The cats certainly found provender very abundant and easily obtained.

The third day we spent on Little Duck Island a smaller island located about a mile north of Great Duck. Although not having more than

one quarter the area of the large island we found that this one contained fully as large a colony of Gulls. When we landed they rose from the ground and trees in clouds, making a din that could easily be heard on the large island, a mile away, as we found out the next day. We found conditions here the same as on the other island only a larger percentage of the birds nested among the rocks on the shore. The eggs had all hatched and the young were as unwilling subjects to study as the others had proved. I think that without doubt many of the young of those birds that nest on the rocks are lost by falling into crevices from which they are unable to extricate themselves. On two

They stood on the tops of the stunted pines, always facing the wind and often with wings gracefully outspread.

occasions we rescued a little fellow from such a situation, when there appeared to be no possible way for him to escape unless the Gulls maintain a hook and ladder service for emergencies. Occasionally we would see a couple of young Gulls swimming, always accompanied by their anxious parents who seemed to be showing them just how to do it.

The weather was still very hazy but much clearer than on the previous day and it was on this island that we made the most of our pictures. When we went inside the tent which we had set up, the birds seemed to think that we had left the island, the noise gradually ceased and the birds settled down one by one, some on the tops of little pines within about twelve feet of us. They all eyed the strange rock-colored

contrivance that covered us, with curiosity and distrust and the slightest movement of the cloth was sufficient to start some keen eyed individual into a frenzy of excitement.

This island also abounded in Petrel burrows and there were more Guillemots than on the large island. On one end of the island we saw about a hundred of them at a time sitting in rows on the edges of the large boulders where the spray from the breaking surf continually dashed over them.

The morning upon which we were to return home dawned clear, without a vestige of fog or mist so that, for the first time during our visit, we could plainly see Little Duck Island from our house, and also Mount Desert in the distance. Soon we also saw the little launch puffing noisily toward the island meaning that our stay was about at an end, and much as we regretted leaving just as the sunshine had come, after four days of fog, business demanded it. As we stood in the stern of the steamer and watched the islands fade away in the distance, it was with the hope that next year about two weeks earlier might find us in the same place.

Many yachts, owned by wealthy summer residents of Bar Harbor, passed the island.

The American Bittern's Song.

By G. W.

IT was a beautiful day in early May. Through the cloudless sky the sun had shone from early morn, warming the green fields, shining on the glossy spring leaves and opening the apple blossoms, until now it was slowly sinking, a red, fiery ball, behind a distant hill. A cool evening breeze was sweeping over the near by marshes, matting down the brown last year's grass, through which a river wound its way in and out to the ocean. Here and there lines of mist, soft and white, in the twilight marked the passage of some brook, or inlet of the river.

Among the sedges and tuffs of sea grass stood a lone fisherman, the Bittern. Not a muscle of his body moved, even his eye seemed made of glass. Now and then as a wagon rumbled over a distant bridge, he slowly lowered himself into the grass only in a few minutes to slowly rise again as silent as ever. Once there was a dash of his long neck, seeming to unroll itself from his shoulders, and the white belly of a frog gleamed for a second from between his mandibles. At last as twilight settled over the marshes, he slowly raised his head, thus making himself about a foot taller than the surrounding grass, and calmly gazed about. Then he slowly straightened himself and drew back his wings, folding them tightly on his back, thus showing his light brown sides. Standing thus he filled his lungs, by deep breaths, three or four times. Then drawing his head between his shoulders he quickly shot it up and out as if nauseated, and at the same time large bunches went back and forth in his neck.

When the head was drawn between the shoulders a peculiar squeaking noise was made and when the air reached his mouth a sound like rushing water filled the marsh. Three times he repeated this song in succession and then after waiting about four minutes he again repeated it three times, and so on always three times in succession, until darkness crept over the land. Then with a loud squawk he flew out low over the marshes to join some distant friends in sleep.

Near at hand the song might be suggested by the words, pump-er-lunk, or by the pumping of a lift pump. But at a distance the last syllable only reaches the ear, making the sound from which he derives the name stake driver.

WHEN NATURE FROWNED.

He flew from the big cedar to the cornice of the house. That was when I first saw him. He stood there a moment, curiously looking at the smooth boards, but seeing no prospect for a breakfast, he took wing again, this time going to a locust tree. I recognized him as a Red-breasted Nuthatch, the first one I ever saw. As soon as I saw him standing like a little statue on the cornice, I thought how pretty he would look, mounted in the position, and disagreeable thought it was. I could not banish the thought from my mind. I went out to get better acquainted with him. As he busily searched the locust tree he now and then uttered a queer little "quair-quair-quair-quair," in a nasal voice.

Finishing the locust, he flew around the corner to the big hackberry tree. Ah! surely he would find a good breakfast here, where the rough bark afforded so many hidden places for the insect world. Alighting he stood a moment in an expectant attitude, before he began scampering over the tree. Sometimes he would loose himself far up among the branches. Than again, I would find him only a foot or two from my head, gazing curiously at me. Whatever he thought of me I never knew. He made no comment. After a little he unceremoniously re-resumed his climbing. Sometimes he would dart out into the air after a gnat. Once he ran out to the very tip of a long limb that drooped to within three feet of the ground. He clung to the tip, and with head downward looked long and silently at his image in a pan of water on the ground below. Then as if remembering he was idle, he scampered hastily back up the limb again.

I thought if I were going to secure him I had better do so as soon as possible, for I knew not when he might leave our trees to resume his journey southward.

I shot him as he ran along a limb within six feet of me. And I a bird lover! Bird lover? Bosh! He fluttered lightly, noislessly to the ground. Gently I took him up. In his eyes there was only suffering—

nothing more. He knew not why, nor by whom he suffered. That was all. And his blood trickled through my fingers. Only a little blood, yet his life's blood—blood that had all his life kept that little body warm, and on the move—climbing—climbing—climbing.

Gradually as I watched, I saw the film of death steal over his little eyes—blotting out the look of mute suffering. And so he died. I laid him down and washed the blood from my hands. It seemed as if I should never get it off. And Nature seemed to frown on me as the murderer of her child.

I would not mount him. No! no! If I could not give him back those little drops of warm red blood, those shining little eyes, I was sure I would not mock Nature by stuffing him with chaff, giving him a pair of expressionless glass eyes.

Many of my readers have mounted birds. Sister, brother, what do you find in those stiff, lifeless forms, those hard, glassy eyes, that set mocking stare, to admire?

I took him out under the cottonwoods—the great cottonwoods—and at the base of the largest, I buried him. And now, when I go out there, to sit on the great roots that spring from the tree, and rest, I always think of that little bird. I picture to myself a tree, in far away Canada, a tree with a little pitch-smeared opening in the bark, and clinging to the pitch, here and there, a little faded, rusty feather. It is the home of our little bird, the only home he ever knew. He left it at Nature's bidding, to go, he knew not where, trusting solely to her guidance, and never dreaming but that she would guide him safely back, some sweet day. I have told all too well the fate he met far from home, in a strange land. And I, who have often smilingly, even proudly informed my friends that "I'm a bird lover," have given the lie to my own words by deliberately taking the life of one of the most interesting and confiding of all my bird acquaintances.

I sit by his little grave and ponder thus till twilight grows into dusk, and as I rise to go the rustling leaves whisper:—

"Tread lightly here, for here 'tis said,
When piping winds are hushed around,
A small note wakes from under ground,
Where now his tiny bones are laid.
No more, in lone and leafless groves,
With ruffled wing and faded breast,
His restless, homeless, spirit roves:
Cone to the land where birds are blest."

Bob White.

MRS. PHOEBE'S DOMESTIC DIFFICULTIES.

"Phoebe, Phoebe, Phoeberic," that tells me that the Phoebe's have arrived. I know where to look for him, but he repeats his call note, perhaps a dozen times, before I discover him on the barn.

He is about the size of an English sparrow, but is shaped like a Kingbird. His upper parts are a dull slate, the head and tail being darker than the back. Underparts are light ash.

The Phoebe deserves to be called the Great Flycatcher, for that seems to be one of his chief occupations. He even interrupts his call to dart after one.

Well, Mrs. Phoebe decided it was time to go to housekeeping, and after looking at several other places, decided that the ledge in the top of our north porch was just the right place for a home. She would fly into the porch and hover quite a minute, chattering all the time, and I imagined she said, "Its too high for a cat to reach, I can see when the door is opened, so I'll not be taken by surprise, and that post at the corner of the flower bed will be just the place to rest after a long chase after flies."

The next day they began carrying mud but only succeeded in dropping enough for a nest on the floor. The ledge was too narrow and the mud not of a good quality for nest material. They worked so hard that after two or three days we took pity on them and tacked up a shingle. They soon had the foundation laid and began to rear the superstructure, which was composed of fragments of cedar bark, wool, and string, also a few horse hairs, with a lining of wool, feathers and other soft material. They mix the other material with the mud much as masons do plaster, which gives the nest a fuzzy appearance.

There were four little white eggs when she began to sit. Soon after this I missed the male bird and I neither saw nor heard him till the young birds were nearly ready to fly.

The poor little mother had to work early and late to keep them fed, but even that was not enough. After he came back he would not let her feed them, when she flew to the nest he would chase her out before she could alight. Often she would try a dozen times before she succeeded.

One day we heard him making a great fuss and on going to the window, saw him take one of the birds from the nest and drop it on the porch floor. Mother picked it up and found a hole under its wing where he had struck his bill. It gasped a minute and died. He kept at it and watched his chance till he had killed them all, then began calling, "Phoebe, Phoebe, S-w-e-e-t Phoebe," I thought, Oh, yes, you little heathen I'd like to wring your neck.

Meek little Mrs. Phoebe was more easily reconciled than I and began to repair the nest, covering the one egg that had not hatched. She laid three eggs and began to sit. As soon as she began to sit he left again—I hoped, for good.

When the birds were about half grown I noticed they looked droopy. Mother picked one up and her hands were covered with tiny lice. The nest was swarming with them so we tore it down and sprayed the entire porch with brine.

I think Mrs. Phoebe must have believed in the maxim, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again," for in the latter part of the summer we found a nest in the granery. The granery is built in a side hill and the south side of the basement is left open. The nest was built on a railroad spike that is driven into a beam. So far as I know, nothing happened to this nest full.

MAUDE L. MILLER, Springbrook, Mich.

DON'T KILL THE BIRDS.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman said. The world looks so happy let's each take a gun and go out and kill something for pastime and fun. And proudest be him who counts the most dead."

They blotted out lives that were happy and good; blinded eyes, and broke wings that delighted to soar. They killed for mere pleasure and crippled and tore. Regardless of aught but the hunger for blood.

"'Tis a beautiful morning," a sportsman cried, who carried a kodak instead of a gun. "The world looks so happy, so golden the sun; I'll slip to the woods; where wild things hide." The deer that he shot never dreamed of his aim, the birds he caught went on with their song, peace followed his footsteps, not slaughter and wrong; yet rich were his trophies and varied his game.

Dr. W. C. Gray, editor of the Interior, speaking of his experience in killing a deer some years ago, and his determinatian never to kill another, said: "I wish the gentle and innocent things could know of my conversion to Christianity."

We are told in the Bible that "God created every winged fowl after his kind; and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying: "Be fruitful, and let fowl multiply in the earth."

It is a sad fact that man is not permitting the birds of the air to multiply as God directed; they are wantonly killed for sport of man, and boys destroy thousands of eggs and nestlings each year.

Fashion decrees that women must wear the plumage of wild birds for ornaments. Glance at the bonnets atany church service and note the

large number of graceful plumes known as aigrettas. There is not a woman who does not know that these plumes are obtained only by the most cruel and barbarous methods. How can she kneel and partake of the holy communion while wearing them?

Can the children of the Sunday schools grow to be good men and women unless they are taught that kindness to all God's creatures is a part of Christian life?

The Saviour says: "Not a sparrow shall fall to the ground without your Father's knowledge."

This certainly means that human beings will be held responsible for all acts of cruelty to even the most humble of God's creatures.

Birds are a check on insect life, and so lessen the labor of the tiller of the soil. Scientific study during the past two decades has demonstrated the fact that birds are the most valuable friends the agriculturalist has. They destroy insect pests and noxious vermin. They also eat thousands of tons of weed seeds, which if left to propogate, would soon overrun the land.

Birds require no pay for their labors, they only ask to be left alone to enjoy in peace and safety the life the creator gave them, the same right that every good citizen enjoys.

A clever, handsome woman kindly disposed enough to be singing for a settlement club, wears around her hat a complete wreath of smashed humming birds. Not only their feathers, whose beauty might for a moment make us forget their background of death, but the wretched little creatures' dislocated wings and dried heads, with staring, glassy eyes, so ugly in their unnaturalness as to call anyone's attention to the animal.

To kill for ornament, is a thing no creature does but man—and man has ceased to do that in civilized races.

As intelligence increases, as education extends, as the higher sympathies develop the associative idea of death and pain becomes stronger than the sensuous effect of color.

But our women in this respect are not civilized. Their love for beads and spangles shows the true savage in his harmless nearness, and their indifference to cruelty even in its proudest exhibition, shows that savage in darker colors.

What does it cost, this garniture of death? It costs the life which God alone can give. It costs dull silence where was music's breath. It costs dead joy, that foolish pride may live.

"Telegram" M. D. W.

ARIZONA JAY. Photo from life by E. R. Forrest.
(Winner of first prize in our recent contest.)

ARIZONA JAY.

A. O. U. No. 482. (Aphelocoma sieberii arizonae).

RANGE.

Northern Mexico north to southern Arizona and New Mexico.

NEST AND EGGS.

The Arizona Jay usually builds its nest in young trees at elevations of from six to fifteen feet from the ground. The nest is made of small sticks, twigs and rootlets carelessly woven together, and sometimes lined and sometimes not, with horse hair or fine grass. This bird differs from all other American Jays in that it lays plain blue eggs without markings. They are three or four in number and are usually laid in April.

HABITS.

Arizona Jays are common residents in southern Arizona, frequenting the oak saplings among the foothills of the mountains. They appear to be more sociable than most of our Jays and a number of them frequently build in the same grove. They are also very noisy, their calls being as harsh and varied as those of the common Blue Jay of the east.

They have the family traits of the race, especially that of thievery, and repeatedly rob the nests of smaller birds, of both the eggs and young. During the nesting season this forms their staple article of diet; it is no uncommon sight to see one of them carrying the young of another bird in its beak to feed its own offspring.

They are very restless and nervous, and are often seen hiding food in crevices in the bark or on the ground although it is very probable that they find and utalize but a very small percentage of what they thus conceal. All other birds seem to recognize this blue fellow as an enemy and make a continual outcry while one is near their home. Besides animal matter their food consists of various kinds of insects, nuts, berries and more than anything else, acorns. It is not at all uncommon to find one with half a dozen of the latter in his crop at the same time. By their destruction of grasshoppers it is probable that they may do considerable good in the course of the year but their many grave faults serve to render this good unnoticed. With the exception of the Pinon Jay they are the dullest colored of the family found in our borders.

ARIZONA JAY.

BIRD CHATS WITH OUR YOUNG FRIENDS

Address communications for this department to
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT, 156 Waterville Street,
Waterbury, Ct.

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:

It was hard to select from the many excellent reasons which you sent why we should care for the birds, but I know that many of the little sprites are enjoying the food which your thoughtfulness has provided for them these sharp mornings. I wish you might have been with me and seen a game which was played, early in October, in a large field filled with mullen stalks.

The game was not football, nor was it baseball but resembled the old game you sometimes play,—"Pussy wants a corner," only there were *hundreds* of "corners" instead of four, and the corners were the clusters of end pods upon waving spires of mullien. It might have been called a "Yale Field," for the Yale colors were floating everywhere. Bluebirds by the *hundreds* were darting about from stalk to stalk exchanging places exactly as you run from corner to corner in your games. They seemed to be having such a good time, and my friend and I watched the charming sight for half an hour, then were obliged to leave with the game still in progress. Some other Bluebirds were poised upon the weathervane upon the top of the barn, the other day—one upon the head of the gilt horse, one upon the tail, and two others upon each end of the vane at right angles. These birds also exchanged places, murmuring all the while a sweet song. Do you suppose that birds really play games and enjoy them as you do? Probably you have all seen crows and other birds which surely seem to be having sport.

With this number are carried our wishes for a very Merry Christmas to our lads and lasses scattered throughout our country from ocean to ocean.

Cordially your friend
MEG MERRYTHOUGHT.

ROLL OF HONOR.

1 Lillian M. Weeks, Marietta, Ohio.
2 Russell Adams, St. Johnsburg, Vt.
3 Abbie Wadenburg, Curran, Ill.
4 Huldah Chace Smith, Providence, R. I.
5 James H. Chase, Logansport, Ind.
6 Olcott W. Bronson, Topeka, Kansas.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

Enigma. Redstart. 1. Hourglass. Raven. 2. Hourglass. Crane.

FIVE REASONS WHY WE SHOULD CARE FOR AND PROTECT THE BIRDS.

1. Because they are useful to farmers, gardeners and fruit-growers by destroying many insects, worms and weed seeds which would harm grain, fruit and vegetables.

2. Their song cheers many a discouraged heart to try again, and in my mind puts the finishing touch to all nature.

3. Because of the lessons of patience and industry they teach us in building their homes and caring for their young.

4. They give beauty and animation to out door life.

5. We should protect them, so the generations following may enjoy them the same as we do.

Olcott W. Bronson,
Abbie Wadenburg,
Lillian M. Weeks,
Russell Adams.

ENIGMA. NO. 1.

7-15-4-17 and 17-9-4-11-3-12 were eating 6-7-12-9-13 and 6-15-19-16-8-7 in a 6-3-7-20-2 11-7-12-5. When they had 8-18-4-12-14 they 1-12-14-19 up in the top 1-17-8-7-12 other. When at last the 13-3-14-13-12-7 bell rang. They rode back on 4-21-5 hay 20-9-7-11.

Russell Adams, St. Johnsburg, Vt.

ENIGMA. NO. 2.

The sixteen letters forming 4-7 name prove that 14 am as beautiful as the sunlight. Why 16-11 people like to wear 3-8 on their hats, I wonder. I am pretty of course, but I look ever 1-11 much better flying about in the sunshine than 14 would still and stiff and lifeless! I never

16-14-16 7-11-2 any harm, 3-6-1. 1-12-5-7-9-8-6, please don't ask for 3-7 brother's wings and breast for 7-11-2-15 picture hat. I 12-14-9-10 sing my very best and cheer 7-11-2-15 garden with my song, and I will call all the members of my family together and 12-5 destroy all the bad insects that kill your fruits and flowers if 7-11-2 12-11-2-9-16 only decide to wear ribbons and flowers instead of 13-14-15-16-1. 12-14-9-10 7-11-2?

JEAN LAMPTON, Florence, Italy.

WHAT IS MY NAME?

My name is——. I cannot tell you the color of my gown, for sometimes it is of an ashen grey, and sometimes a bright rufous color. Both my gray and red coats are striped with black, and with each I wear a vest of white or very light grey with black streaks and cross-markings. If you think that by the color you can tell my age or sex, or that I change my dress to suit the weather, you will be fooled.

I am smaller than my relatives, excepting one cousin, and you will not mistake me for him for I wear eartufts which look like horns. I lay my eggs in the hollow of a tree which I carpet with a few feathers, chips, rotten wood or leaves. Perhaps I do eat a song-bird now and then, when I am *very* hungry, but I prefer a diet of mice with cut worm sauce, and you surely will forgive me if I once in a while feast upon an English Sparrow. I like to fill the silence of the night with my music, which is in a minor key. Some people, whose musical taste is uncultivated, call it a moaning, quavering wail.

GLEANINGS.

At one point in the grayest, most shaggy part of the woods, I come suddenly upon a brood of Screech Owls, full grown, sitting together upon a dry, moss-draped limb, but a few feet from the ground.

They sit perfectly upright, some with their backs and some with their breasts toward me, but every head turned squarely in my direction. Their eyes are closed to a mere black line. Through this crack they are watching me, evidently thinking themselves unobserved. After observing them a moment, I take a single step toward them, when, quick as thought, their eyes fly wide open, their attitude is changed, they bend, some this way, some that, and instinct with life and motion, stare wildly around them.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

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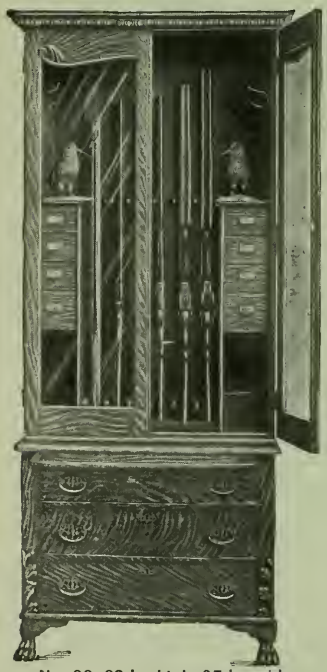

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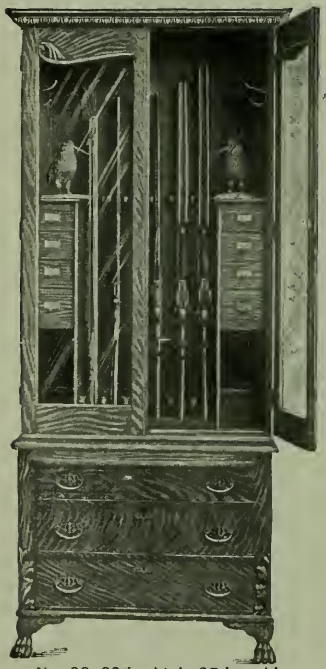

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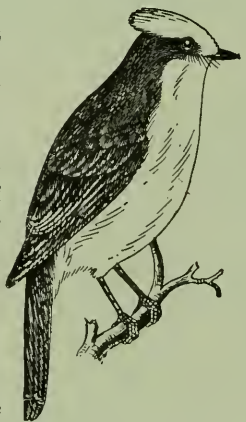

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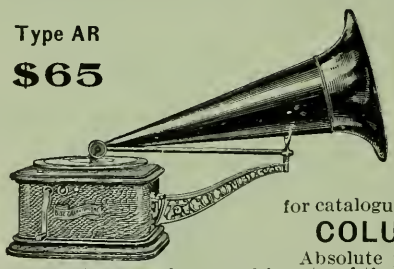

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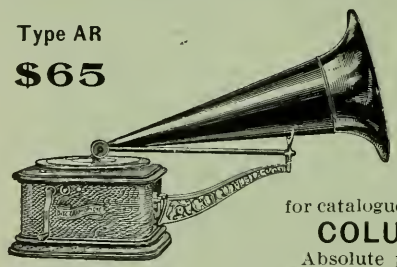

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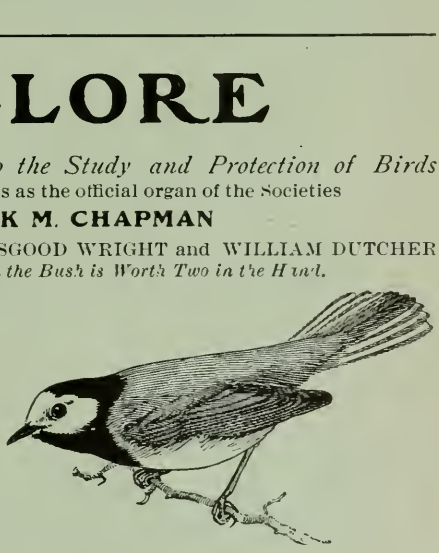

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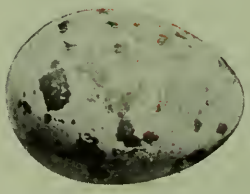

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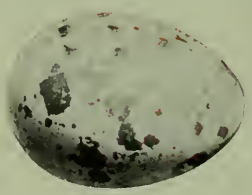

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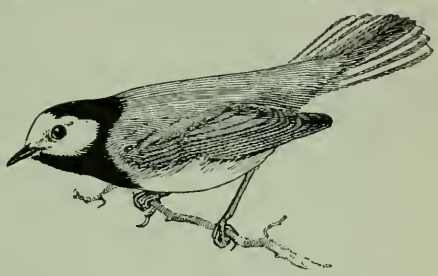

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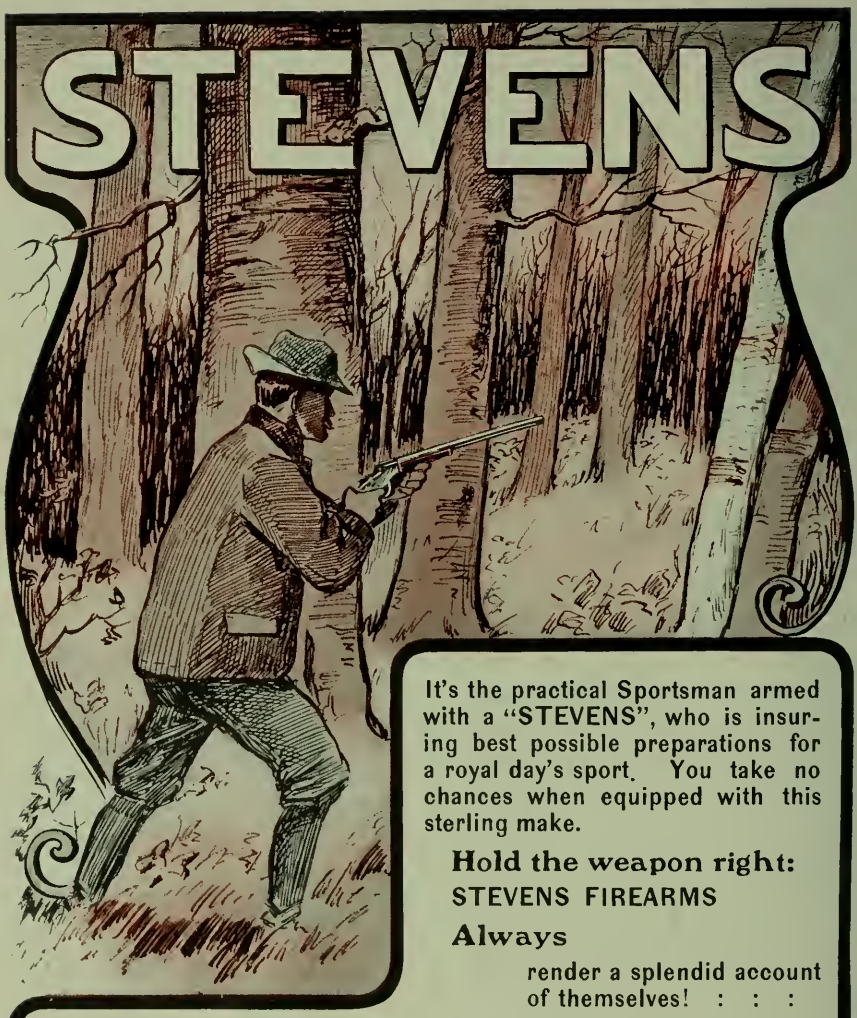

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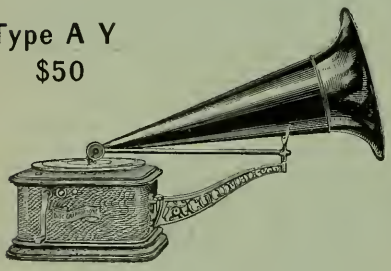

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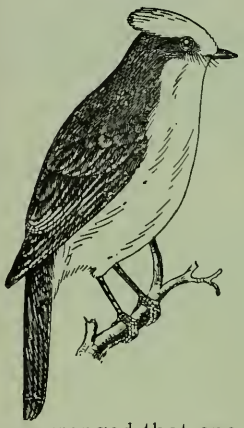

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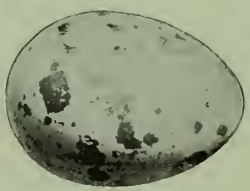

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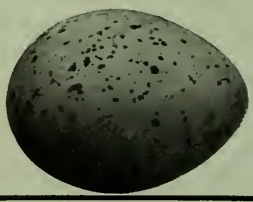

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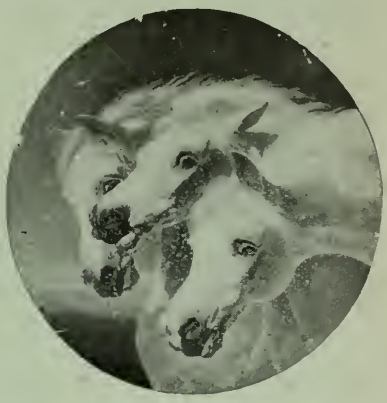

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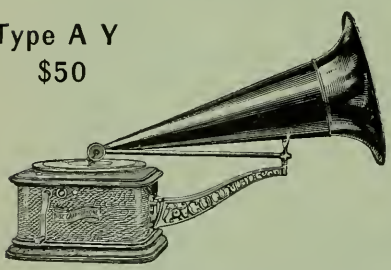

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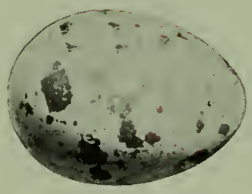

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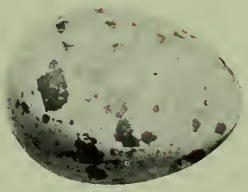

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